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NEWS

FROM THE

INVISIBLE WORLD;

OR,

INTERESTING ANECDOTES

OF

THE DEAD.

CONTAINING A PARTICULAR SURVEY OF THE MOST REMARKABLE AND WELL AUTHENTICATED

ACCOUNTS OF

APPARITIONS, GHOSTS, SPECTRES,

DREAMS AND VISIONS:

WITH SOME

VALUABLE EXTRACTS FROM THE WORKS

OF THE

Rev. JOHN WESLEY, the Rev. DAVID SIMPSON,

AND OTHERS.

There appeared Moses and Elias talking with him.—MATT.

LEEDS:

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The Introduction.

IT has been the general opinion of all nations, even of the most barbarous, that man does not die entirely, but that his better part subsists after the dissolution of the body; and this original notion of the soul's immortality, has induced the most learned, and most ancient nations to indulge the belief of the possibility of the visible interference of spirits, upon certain momentous and awful occasions.

There is nothing more commonly talked of than apparitions of departed spirits, of dæmons and ghosts. The reality of these visions passes for certain with a great number of people, while by as great a number they are laughed at, and treated as reveries and idle fears. Several respectable authors have written upon this subject, some which are expensive and voluminous. It was deemed no unwelcome task to collect and extract from the most learned and judicious the most remarkable narratives, which prove the reality of these several appearances. We have therefore treated the subject with all precision possible, and but rarely hazarded an opinion upon the matter ourselves. After giving the necessary relation most in the author's own words, and citing his name for the authority, the examination of the matter, and the manner in which they are affected, and upon what principles they may be explained, the reader is left to judge for himself whether they are natural or miraculous events.

Our superstitious ancestors may be supposed to have been full as ridiculous with regard to the belief of ghosts in general, as the present free-thinking age may be thought incredulous, in endeavouring wholly to discredit and explode them, But as men of understanding have certainly lived in all ages, there is as

little reason to condemn the former for their credulity, as there is the latter entirely for their unbelief.

It perhaps may be thought better to steer a middle course. That there have been apparitions is beyond all doubt, when we consider that such are recorded in holy writ. It were certainly to be wished, that a line could be drawn between idle delusions (the creatures of a disordered imagination) and real apparitions; for most intelligent persons are well aware, that many things of this kind, which are not real facts, are often related, to the discredit and certain confusion of the reporter.

Now to reconcile matters between the two extremes, may by some be thought difficult, but in order to set such bounds to our inquiries as right reason prescribes, it is our intention in the following sheets to relate nothing but what is upon the surest foundation of credit.

Many persons have been, and still are, very much alarmed at the bare mention of a spirit or apparition, and in consequence would not venture a step in the dark, or across a churchyard at midnight, for fear of meeting the awful form of some departed friend. This can be accounted for no otherwise than from the prejudice of education; for our infant ideas of this kind grow up to maturity with our stature, and fix so strong and strange an impression upon our minds, as even in future life to drive reason from her throne.

But the reader is not wished to presume from hence, for suppose that there is no certainty of the actual existence of spirits and apparitions; but on the contrary, that we have the best evidence that such have been seen in all ages according to the testimony of the soberest and wisest of mankind, and doubtless sent by providence as ministering spirits, to answer some fit decree of his divine wisdom.

Mr. Addison in one of his papers, (No. 110) where the scene is laid in the country, at the house of Sir Roger de Coverly in Worcester, observes, that they

are more excusable who believe in apparitions, than those who reject all extraordinary revelations of this kind, contrary to the report of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, think the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could we not give ourselves up to the general testimony of mankind, we should to the relation of particular persons who are living, and whom we know, and cannot distrust in other matters of fact.

For the return of spirits after death, the scripture supposes it in more instances than one: for instance, when the witch of Endor raised up Samuel at the desire of Saul. When Moses forbids enchanters, observers of times, and other sorts of diviners, he adds, prohibition of necromancy, or consulting the dead, Deut. xviii. 11. In Leviticus xx. 27. and elsewhere also, he mentions the frequency of persons that had familiar spirits by necromancy, and other unlawful and superstitious methods.

The book of Job, whose antiquity is supposed by some coeval with Moses himself, is full to the purpose, who had read particularly the thirty-third chapter, where Eliphaz observes, that God oftentimes calls man to repentance by visions and dreams.

If it were necessary, an innumerable collection of quotations might be brought from the books of the Bible to serve the present purpose; but a few will serve as well as many. When our Saviour walked upon the sea, the apostles cried out for fear, saying, "It is a spirit." When the rich man desired Abraham to send Lazarus unto his brethren, to testify the fatal situation his imprudence had brought him into, and to warn them, lest they also should come into that place of torment, he evidently supposed it possible for the dead to return, and converse with the living. Our Saviour in the gospel expressly refutes the error of the Sadducees, and proves the existence of the soul after the death of the body. The doubting apostle,

St. Thomas, did not hesitate at the possibility of Christ's second appearance, he only questioned the actual reality of his resurrection in the same body; and this seems to have been the opinion also of others of his disciples after his resurrection, for they at first supposed they had seen a spirit: but Jesus assured them of the contrary, saying, "Behold my hands and feet; handle me, and feel, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have. In the same manner he convinced his followers of the substantiability of his appearance, appealing to the then prevailing opinion among the Jews. Hence it is plain, that the belief of spiritual communication prevailed in the earliest times; and neither Christ, nor his apostles, nor after them the fathers of the church, took any pains to destroy or confute the notion. On the contrary, they have supposed, and in some degree authorized them, by their silence, their discourses, and their actions.

These proofs of scripture are so plain, and we have had so many extraordinary instances to verify it, that we cannot judiciously deny such facts as come to us attested upon the probity of our friends, who relate from their own experience such wonderful instances as might awaken the most unthinking wretch; and who dare deny, but that the all-gracious God, amongst other wise and tender methods which he makes use of to call sinners to himself, may, and often does, make use of this.

Many instances have happened of God's mercy, and more than ordinary occurrence in the conversion of great sinners, from St. Paul down to the facts related by Dr. Doddridge of the late unfortunate Colonel Gardiner, than which none can be more strange, sudden and wonderful, nor more worthy of being credited, as the reverend divine who relates it had not the least view or advantage in the publishing it; but through the hopes of its being useful to awaken others as great sinners, as in the instance of manifest

mercy, he himself records of the person whose life he writes.

The reality therefore of the apparitions of angels, demons, and departed souls, cannot be denied, without destroying the authority of the scriptures, which relate and suppose them.

But a little time more, and we shall be removed into that state, the experience of which we cannot know while here upon earth, as those who are gone before us, however willing, are not permitted upon every frivolous occasion to revisit their friends, though upon some momentous occasions we know it has happened, which makes Blair in his poem of the Grave, say,

" Tell us, ye dead, if ye in pity can,
Beyond this sphere what is the future plain ;
Some courteous ghost, if any such there be,
Tell us, in after life, what things ye see ;
For some of you, we know, in days of old,
The fatal story to mankind have told :
Forewarning them of death—Oh then comply,
And tell, in charity, what 'tis to die ?
But you're withheld ; no matter, death must call,
The curtain drop, and time will clear up all."

Upon the whole, from what has been said before, and what is hereafter related upon this head, we may conclude.

That angels, glorified spirits, or departed souls, are sometimes known to appear, and consequently, that these apparitions are not only possible, but real and actual, founded upon the authority of the Scripture, both of the Old and New Testament, upon the testimony of authors of credit, Greek, Latin, Christian and Heathen, ancient and modern, philosophers, divines, poets, and moralists, and the most sober living tradition asserts the facts, therefore, notwithstanding from the want of experience in ourselves, so

much is due to the probity of others, while they coincide with reason and religion.

Hence we find that the soul is immortal, and that there is a future state, with punishments for the wicked, and rewards for the good, and that nothing defiled shall enter into the kingdom of God. That there are good angels, which incline us to good; and evil spirits, which tempt us to irreligion and wicked practices; and these are the principal points upon which the ensuing sheets are compiled.

We may also confirm ourselves in this great truth, that spiritual beings, as well as departed souls, as angels and demons, are invested by the Supreme Being, the creator and preserver of all things, with an extensive power of acting upon sublunary bodies, and causing in them very great and very dreadful alterations.

We shall add no more than the following lines from Job ix. 12—21. *Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before my eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice saying. Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker? Behold, he put no trust in his servants, and his angels he charged with folly, how much less in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth? They are destroyed from morning to evening: they perish for ever, without any regarding it. Doth not their excellency which is in them go away? they die, even without wisdom.*

NEWS

From the INVISIBLE WORLD,

&c. &c.

An authentic Account of several APPARITIONS *seen by* ELIZABETH HOBSON. *Taken from the* REV. J. WESLEY'S *Journal.*

MAY 25, 1768, and the two following days, being at Sunderland, I took down from one who feared God from her infancy, one of the strangest accounts I ever read. And yet I can find no pretence to disbelieve it. The well-known character of the person excludes all suspicion of fraud. And the nature of the circumstances themselves, excludes the possibility of a delusion.

It is true there are several of them, which I do not comprehend. But this is with me a very slender objection. For what is it which I do comprehend; even of the things I see daily? Truly not

"The smallest grain of sand or spire of grass."

I know not how the one grows, or how the particles of the other cohere together. What pretence have I then to deny well attested facts because I cannot comprehend them?

It is true likewise, that the English in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions, as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it: and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest, against this violent compliment, which so many that believe the bible pay, to those who do not

believe it. I owe them no such service. I take knowledge these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised, and with such insolence spread throughout the nation, in direct opposition not only to the bible, but to the suffrage of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations. They well know, (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the bible. And they know on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air, (deism, atheism, materialism) falls to the ground. I know no reason therefore, why we should suffer even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands. Indeed there are numerous arguments besides, which abundantly confute their vain imaginations. But we need not be hooted out of one: neither reason nor religion require this.

One of the capital objections to all these accounts which I have known urged over and over is this, "Did you ever see an apparition yourself? "No; nor did I ever see a murder. Yet I believe there is such a thing: yea, and that in one place or another murder is committed every day. Therefore I cannot as a reasonable man deny the fact; although I never saw it, and perhaps never may. The testimony of unexceptionable witnesses fully co ninces me both of the one and the other.

But to set this aside, it has been confidently alledged, that many of these have seen their error, and have been clearly convinced, that the supposed preternatural operation was the mere contrivance of artful men. The famous instance of this, which has been spread far and wide, was the drumming in Mr. Mompesson's house at Tedworth; who, it was said, acknowledged, "It was all a trick, and that he had found out the whole contrivance. "Not so, My eldest brother then at Christ-Church, Oxon, inquired of Mr. Mompesson his fellow collegian, "whether

his father had acknowledged this or not?" He answered, "The resort of gentlemen to my father's house, was so great, he could not bear the expence. He therefore took no pains to confute the report that he had found out the cheat: although he and I and all the family knew the account which was published to be punctually true."

This premised, I proceed to as remarkable a narrative as any that has fallen under my notice. The reader may believe it if he pleases: or may disbelieve it, without any offence to me. Mean time let him not be offended if I believe it, till I see better reason to the contrary.

Elizabeth Hobson was born in Sunderland, in the year 1774. Her father dying when she was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man brought her up as his own daughter. She was serious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God. Yet she had deep and sharp convictions of sin, till she was about sixteen years of age, when she found peace with God, and from that time the whole tenor of her behaviour was suitable to her profession.

On Wednesday, May the 25, 1768, and the three following days, I talked with her at large. But it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows.

From my childhood, when any of our neighbours died, whether men, women, or children, I used to see them either just when they died or a little before. And I was not frightened at all it was so common. Indeed many times I did not then know they were dead, I saw many of them by day, many by night. Those that came when it was dark, brought light with them. I observed all little children and many grown persons had a bright, glorious light round them; but many had a gloomy dismal light, and a dusky cloud over them.

(To be continued.)

Extraordinary FOREWARNING, *as it really occurred in* LORD TYRONE'S *family in Ireland.*

LORD Tyrone and Lady Beresford were born in Ireland; they were both left orphans in their infancy to the care of the same person, by whom they were both educated in the principles of Deism by their guardian. When they were each of them about fourteen years of age they fell into very different hands. The person on whom the care of them now devolved used every possible endeavour to eradicate the erroneous principles they had imbibed, and to persuade them to embrace the revealed religion, but in vain; his arguments were insufficient to convince them, though they were powerful enough to stagger their former faith. Though now separated from each other, their friendship continued unalterable, and they continued to regard each other with a sincere and fraternal affection. After some years had elapsed, and they were each of them grown up, they made a solemn promise to each other, that whosoever should first die, would, if permitted, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most approved of by the supreme being. Lady Beresford was shortly after addressed by Sir Marcus Beresford, to whom, after a few years, she was married; but no change in condition had power to alter her friendship; the families frequently visited each other, often spent more than a fortnight together: a short time after one of these visits, Sir Marcus Beresford remarked, when his Lady came down to breakfast in the morning, that her countenance was unusually pale, and bore evident marks of terror and confusion; he inquired anxiously after her health, she assured him she was well, perfectly well; he repeated his inquiries, and begged to know if any thing had disordered her; she replied no, she was as well as usual. "Have you hurt your wrist, have you sprained it?"

said he, observing a black ribband bound round it, She replied no, she had not? but added, "let me conjure you, Sir M. never to inquire the cause of my wearing this ribband, you will never more see me without it; if it concerned you as a husband to know it, I would not for a moment conceal it from you, I never in my life denied you a request, but of this I must entreat you to forgive my refusal, and never to urge me further on the subject. "Very well, my Lady," said he, smiling, "since you so earnestly desire me, I will inquire no further."

The conversation here ended; but breakfast was scarcely over when Lady B. inquired if the post was come in; she was told it was not. In a few minutes she again rang the bell for her servant, and repeated the inquiry, is not the post yet come? she was told it was not. "Do you expect any letter?" said Sir M. "that you are so anxious concerning the coming of the post." "I do," she answered, "I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone's dead, he died last Teusday, at four o'clock, "I never in my life, "said Sir M. believed you superstitious, but you must have had some idle dream, which has thus alarmed you."

At that instant a servant opened the door, and delivered to them a letter, sealed with black, "It is as I expected," exclaimed Lady B; "he is dead." Sir M. open the letter; it came from Lord Tyrone's steward, and contained the melancholy intelligence that his master had died the Tuesday preceding, at the very time Lady B. had specified. Sir M. intreated her to compose her spirits, and to endeavour as much as lay in her power not to make herself unhappy. She assured him she felt much easier than she had done for some time past; and added, "I can communicate to you intelligence which I know will prove welcome, I can assure you, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that I am with child of a Son." Sir M. received the intelligence with that pleasure that might be expected, & expressed in the strongest

terms the felicity he should experience from such an event, which he had long so ardently desired.

After a period of some months, Lady B. was delivered of a son! she had before been the mother of two daughters only. Sir Marcus survived the birth of his son little more than four years. After his decease, his lady went but little from home; she visited no family but that of a clergyman who resided in the same village, with whom she frequently passed a few hours. The rest of her time was entirely devoted to solitude, and she appeared for ever determined to banish all other society. The clergyman's family consisted of himself, his wife, and one son, who at Sir M's death was quite a youth; to this son, however, she was afterwards married, in the space of a few years, notwithstanding the disparity of his years, and the manifest imprudence of such a connection, so unequal in every respect.

The event justified the expectation of every one; Lady B. was treated by her young husband with neglect and cruelty, and the whole of his conduct evinced him the most abandoned libertine, utterly destitute of every principle of virtue and humanity. To this, her second husband, Lady B. brought two daughters; afterwards, such was the profligacy of his conduct, that she insisted upon a separation. They parted for several years, when so great was the contrition he expressed for his former ill conduct that, won over by his supplication and promises, she was induced to pardon, and once more reside with him: and was, after some time, made the mother of another daughter.

The day on which she had lain in a month, being the anniversary of her birth-day, she sent for L— of whose friendship she had long been possessed, and a few friends, to request them to spend the day with her. About noon, the clergyman by whom she had been baptized, and with whom she had all her life maintained an intimacy, came into the room to in-

quire after her health; she told him she felt perfectly well, and requested him to spend the day with her, it being her birth-day. "For," said she, "I am forty-eight this day." "No, my Lady," answered the clergyman, "you are mistaken, your mother and myself have had many disputes concerning your age, and I have at length discovered I am right; happening to go last week to the parish you were born in, I was resolved to put an end to my doubt by searching the register, and find that you are forty-seven this day."

"You have signed my death-warrant," said she, "I have not much longer to live, I must therefore, entreat you to leave me immediately, as I have something of importance to settle before I die."

(*to be continued*)

The INTERMEDIATE STATE *considered.*

WHEN the souls of the righteous depart from the body; by whom are they received? By holy angels. The angels were ministering spirits to them, in the days of their flesh, and will be their guard and their convoy when they relinquish the earthly tabernacle. When Lazarus died, he was carried by angels: What a comfortable privilege is this! not to be left solitary and desolate, like a shipwrecked mariner on some unknown coast; but to be under the guidance and protection of those benevolent beings!

2dly. In what place are they lodged?—This is described, not from our ideas of locality, or any properties of space, but from the society and the enjoyments. It is not very material, whether they are above or below, in the heaven of heavens (which I think, is most probable) or in some separate mansion. A disembodied spirit, if under the wrath of God

must every where be extremely miserable; if surrounded with his favor, will every where be exceedingly happy. To such a spirit, that has no longer any connexion with sensible things, God's smile must be heaven, God's frown must be hell. Wherever this region lies, we are sure it lies, under the beams of the Sun of Righteousness; Christ is there, and where he is present, happiness cannot be absent. 'Thou shalt be with me,' is his promise to the penitent thief. Abraham is there, the friend of God, and the father of the faithful. Lazarus, we are told, was carried into Abraham's bosom, and where he resides; where all the children of God, and heirs of glory dwell, there must be pleasure. Such pleasure, that the place is called Paradise; thou shalt be with me in Paradise; the delightful garden of Eden, which the Lord himself planted, and which innocent men inhabited, was incomparably the finest, noblest spot in this sublunary world; and this is used to give us some faint representation of these blessed abodes, where the souls and spirits of the righteous remain till the shout of the arch-angel and the trump of God summon them.

3dly. How soon are they lodged in this desirable situation? Without delay. I find no mention or any intermediate purgation, or of any period for inactivity or forgetfulness. To day shalt thou be with me, is our Lord's expression; and it is observable, that the Jewish day was very near closing when our Saviour gave up the ghost; nearer still when that converted malefactor expired. I have a desire to be dissolved, says St. Paul, and to be with Christ, he speaks of his release from clay, and his introduction into the Redeemer's presence, as instantaneous. No sooner does the former commence, but the latter takes place.—What an encouragement is this to fight the good fight of faith, and finish our course with alacrity and diligence! since we are not to wait in wishful but disappointed expectation: No, the very

moment our warfare is accomplished, our reward begins. Which reminds me of another inquiry.

4thly. What is the condition of holy souls, in this separated state?

1st. They rest from their labors; from all the disorders that afflicted their bodies, from all the temptations that disquieted their souls. They are no longer ridiculed and persecuted by ungodly men. They have no more conflict with the powers of darkness and their own corruptions; sin and sorrow cease eternally. They are freed, entirely freed, from every evil.

2dly. They enter into peace. They have then peace with God, peace in their own thoughts, peace with fellow saints, which passeth all understanding. Peace implies a positive happiness. Peace, in the scriptural language, denotes all manner of blessings, and such is its import in the preceding passage. In this large extent will it be made good to the righteous. When they relinquish the earthly tabernacle, the scales of ignorance fall from their understandings; their will is wonderfully conformed to Christ's; every weight drops off from their affections; and their holiness is exceedingly confirmed; they are honored with nearer approaches to God, they are favored with clearer manifestations of his glory, they feel richer emanations of his love, and are more and more transformed into his image; every doubt vanishes, and they rejoice in the prospect, being assured of receiving all the fulness of their everlasting felicity—I said fulness, for though the felicity of the soul upon its dismission from mortality is great, is high, is to us inconceivable; yet it will not be complete till the body is re-united to it, re-animated by it. Then it will not only be rescued from corruption, but made like unto Christ's glorious body, will be dignified with divine approbation, and that before the largest assembly of men and angels; they will receive a crown of righteousness, they will sit on

thrones, and judge the apostate angels; they will then possess the kingdom prepared for them from the fonndation of the world.

What is said of the righteous may lead us to some proper conceptions with regard to the wicked and their state; the one is the reverse of the other; as they were quite dissimilar in their life, in their death they are equally different. If the righteous are committed to the care of benevolent angels, the wicked, it is very probable, are abandoned to the insults and rage of malevolent spirits. If the righteous are admitted into mansions of bliss, the wicked consigned over to places of horror and torment, where is all the misery which is expressed by weeping and wailing; all that self-condemnation and angnish, which is expressed by gnashing of teeth. If the righteous enjoy the calm of uninterrupted tranquillity, and the light of perpetual sunshine; the wicked are reserved in chains of darkness unto the judgment of the great day. Wearied by their ungovernable passions, stung by eager but unsatisfied desires, haunted by a stern upbraiding conscience. In a word, while the righteous are looking for the blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and their Saviour Jesus Christ; they are trembling under the dismal apprehensions of that dreadful day when Jesus Christ shall be revealed in flaming fire.

Death.

WERE death a rare and uncommon object; were it only once in the course of a man's life, that he beheld one of his fellow-creatures carried to the grave, a solemn awe would fill him; he would stop short in the midst of his pleasures; he would even be chilled with secret horror. Such impressions, however, would prove unsuitable to the nature of our present state. When they be-

came so strong as to render men unfit for the ordinary business of life, they would in a great measure defeat the intention of our being placed in this world. It is better ordered by the wisdom of Providence, that they should be weakened by the frequency of their recurrence: and so tempered by the mixture of other passions as to allow us to go on freely in acting our parts on earth.

Yet, familiar as death is now become, it ought not to pass over, as one of these common incidents which are beheld without concern, and awaken no reflection. There are many things which the funerals of our fellow-creatures are calculated to teach; and happy it were for the gay and dissipated, if they would listen more frequently to the instruction of so awful a monitor.

The Funeral.

WHEN we observe the funerals that pass along the streets, or when we walk among the monuments of death, the first thing that naturally strikes us is the undistinguishing blow, with which that common enemy levels all. We behold a great promiscuous multitude all carried to the same abode: all lodged in the same dark and silent mansions. There mingle persons of every age and character, of every rank and condition in life; the young and the old, the poor and the rich, the gay and the grave, the renowned and the ignoble. A few weeks ago most of those whom we have seen carried to the grave, walked about as we do on the earth, enjoyed their friends, beheld the light of the sun, and were forming designs for future days. Perhaps, it is not long since they were engaged in scenes of high festivity. For them, perhaps, the cheerful company assembled, and in the midst of the circle they shone with gay pleasing vivacity. But now—to them, all is finally

closed. To them no more shall the seasons return, or the sun rise. No more shall they hear the voice of mirth, or behold the face of man, they are swept from the universe, as though they had never been. They are carried away as with a flood: the wind has passed over them, and they are gone.

The Tomb.

A TOMB, it has been justly said, is a monument situated on the confines of both worlds. It at once presents to us the termination of the inquietudes of life, and sets before us the image of eternal rest.—*There,* in the elegant expressions of Job, *the wicked cease from troubling: and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there; and the servant is free from his master.* It is very remarkable that in all langnages, and among all nations, death has been described in a style of this kind; expressed by figures of speech, which convey every where the same idea of rest, or sleep or retreat from the evils of life. Such a style perfectly agrees with the general belief of the soul's immortality; but assuredly conveys no high idea of the boasted pleasures of the world. It shows how much all mankind have felt this life to be a scene of trouble and care; and have agreed in opinion, that perfect rest is to be expected only in the grave.

The New Heavens *and* Earth.

WE contemplate the dissolution of the world, as the introduction to a greater and nobler system, in the government of God. *We, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.* Temporal things

are now to give place to things eternal. To this earthly habitation is to succeed the city of the living God. The earth had completed the purpose for which it was created. It had been employed as a theatre, on which the human generations were successively to come forth, and to fulfil their term of trial. As long as the period of trial continued, much obscurity was of course to cover the counsels of Providence. It was appointed, that *all things* should appear as *coming alike to all;* that the righteous should seem often neglected by heaven, and the wicked be allowed externally to prosper; in order that virtue and piety might undergo a proper test; that it might be shown who were sincere adherents to conscience, and who were mere followers of fortune. The day which terminates the duration of the world, terminates all those seeming disorders. The time of trial is concluded. The final discrimination of characters is made. When the righteous go into everlasting happiness, and the wicked are dismissed into the regions of punishment, the whole mystery of human affairs is unravelled, and the conduct of providence is justified to man.

Suited to a condition of trial was the state and form of the world, which we now inhabit. It was not designed to be a mansion for innocent and happy spirits: but a dwelling for creatures of fallen nature and of mixed characters. Hence, those mixtures of pleasure nnd pain, of disorder and beauty, with which it abounds. Hence, some regions of the earth presenting gay and pleasing scenes; others, exhibiting nothing but ruggedness and deformity; the face of nature, sometimes brightened by a serene atmosphere, and a splendid sun; sometimes disfigured by jarring elements; and overcast with troubled skies, but far unlike shall be the everlasting habitations of the just. Though how they are formed, or what objects they contain, is not given us now to conceive, nor, in all probability would our faculties be equal

to the conception; the emblematical descriptions of them in Scripture are calculated to excite high ideas of magnificence and glory. This one particular we know with certainty, that *therein dwelleth righteousness:* that is, complete virtue and eternal order; and wherever these are found, the most perfect sources are opened of joy and bliss. This earth was never intended for more than the outer court, the porch, through which the righteous were to pass into the temple and sanctuary of the Divinity. *When that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.*

A remarkable Anecdote.

IN the Duke of Sully's Memoirs, book the tenth, there is a very remarkable account concerning the lady of the constable of France, then (in the year 1599) in the flower of her age, and supposed to be one of the most beautiful women in Europe. The account was given by several ladies who were then at her house. She was conversing cheerfully with them in her closet, when one of her women came in, who seemed to go under great emotion, and said, "My lady, a gentleman is just entering your anti-chamber, who is very tall, and quite black, and desires to speak with you. He says it is about affairs of great consequence, which he cannot communicate to any but you." At every circumstance relating to this extraordinary courier, which the woman was ordered to describe minutely, the lady was seen to turn pale, and was so oppressed with horror, that she was hardly able to tell her woman, to entreat the gentleman, in her name, to defer his visit to another time. This message she delivered; but he answered in a tone which filled her with astonishment. "If your Lady will not come to me, I will go and seek her in her closet," At last she resolved

to go to him ; but with all the marks of deep despair. In a short time she returned toher company, bathed in tears and half dead with dismay. She was able only to speak a few words to take leave of them ; particularly the three ladies who were her friends, and to assure them she should never see them more. That instant she was seized with exquisite pain ; all her beauty was gone. Every feature of her face was changed ; and she became a spectacle of horror. At the end of three days she died in the utmost agonies both of body and mind.

" Of this story (the Duke gravely adds) the wise thought as they ought to think." Suppose the story be true ; suppose it be related just as it occurred (and there is no shadow of reason to imagine the contrary,) all wise men ought to think, that God permitted an evil spirit to put an end to the life of an evil woman.

An awful WARNING, *in a* DREAM.

SOME time ago a lady dreamt that a frightful figure appeared at the window of her dining room, which was full of company. Upon her inquiring what it was, they told her it was death. She begged they would keep him out: but he forced his way in, and pointed his dart at her. She prayed very earnestly that he might be kept from her ; upon which he answered her, She might put him from her for nine days, but then he should return to her and take no denial. Immediately after, she was translated into heaven, where she saw a great company all singing, and very happy. But as she knew not the tune, nor the words, she was very melancholy. At length she sat down in a corner by herself, when an angel came to her, and asked her why she looked so melancholy, as nothing but happiness was there ? She replied, Because she could not join. He then asked her, how she came there ? She an-

swered, she did not know. Upon which he opened a door, and let her down into a most dreadful place which she found to be hell, where she heard such shrieks and cries of the damned, that she awaked.

This was the dream And it proved that the Lady died on the very day that death said he would return.

A remarkable Dream.

A COMMON hackney coachman had a most remarkable dream not long since, which is as follows: He dreamt one Saturday evening, that he was out with his coach plying for a fare: and being engaged, had directions given him where to drive. As he was carrying his passengers, he thought he was called to ascend an exceeding steep hill; and when he reached the summit, he found the declivity of the hill still more troublesome. However, with great difficulty he got down, and as he proceeded he arrived at a pair of great iron gates, wide open. When he had passed them, he found himself in an uncommonly dark and gloomy place in which were vast crowds of people dressed in mourniug, all of whom by their countenances seemed to be in a very pensive frame of mind. Hereupon he stopped and asked one of the men what place that was? He answered it was hell, Hell! (said the coachman) I have had more frightful ideas of hell than this appears to be; if this be hell I shall not be under such fearful apprehensions of hell as formerly. Upon this the person informed him, that hell was not so much outward, as it was inward; and as a proof of this he opened his waistcoat and showed him his heart, which was in a flame of fire.

This shocked the coachman to a great degree: but he proceeded to inform him that his case was not singularly shocking; for all whom he then saw were in the same condition; (and added) if he would ac-

company him, he should see worse than that. Here the coachman refused ; and in great confusion and consternation attempted to return ; but, to his surprise the person, in conjunction with the other, caught hold of him, and refused to let him go, except he would promise to come again. After he had used every effort to free himself to no effect, he at last promised, if they would let him go, he would certainly come again at twelve o'clock. Upon this condition they let him depart, and he drove off in haste. When he was got out, he awoke in great horror of mind. He then awoke his wife, and related the whole to her ; but she treated it with ridicule, and soon went to sleep again. But the poor man slept no more ; and in the morning said he was afraid he should die and go to hell ; and desired his wife to seek for some man to go out with the coach that day, for he could not ; and refused to eat or drink any thing. Hereupon his wife took fire, and used him with rough language ; and went among her acquaintance, ridiculing his fancy, and said her husband was going to hell at twelve o'clock. This passed on, and the man got worse in his mind, till the clock struck twelve ; when his wife damned him, and said, It is twelve o'clock, and you are not yet gone to hell. With that, he replied, hold your tongue, for I am going, and immediately fell down dead. This the person related to the minister, the Rev. Mr. W. who communicated it to me as certain, and subjoined, that the wife was then almost in a state of distraction.—*Wills' Spiritual Register.*

The Reprobate's Prayer, *on the* Morning *of the* Resurrection.

WHO burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
Ah! cruel death, that would no longer save,
But grudg'd me ev'n that narrow dark abode,
And cast me out into the wrath of God;
Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
Our only song, black fire's malignant light,
The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.
Must all those powers heaven gave me to supply
My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe;
And shall my voice ordained on hymns to dwell,
Corrupt to groans, and blow the flames of hell,
Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,
And with existence only measure pain?
What! no reprieve, no least indulgence given,
No beam of hope from any point of heaven!
Ah! mercy! mercy: art thou dead above?
Is love extinguished in the source of love?
Bold that I am, did heaven stoop down to hell,
The expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?
Have I not been industrious to provoke;
From his embraces obstinately broke,
Pursu'd and panted for his mortal hate;
Earn'd my destruction, labor'd out my fate?
And dare I on extinguish'd love exclaim?
Take, take full vengeance, rouze the slack'ning flame,
Just is my lot,—But oh: it must transcend
The reach of time, despair a distant end!
With dreadful growth shoot forward and arise
Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies
Never! where falls the soul at that dead sound!
Down an abyss how dark, and how profound!
Down, down (I still am falling, horrid pain!)
Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;

My plunge but still begun—And this for sin!
Could I offend, If I had never been?
But still increas'd, the senseless happy mass,
Flow'd in the stream or flourish'd in the grass.
Father of mercies! why from silent earth
Did'st thou awake and curse me into birth,
Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
And make a thankless present of thy light;
Push into being a reverse of thee,
And animate a clod with misery?
  The beasts are happy, they come forth and keep
Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep.
Pain is for man: and oh! how vast a pain
For crimes which made the Godhead bleed in vain!
Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
And flung his agonies and death away?
As our dire punishment for ever strong,
Our constitution too for ever young,
Curs'd with returns of vigor still the same,
Powerful to bear and satisfy the flame:
Still to be caught and still to be pursu'd!
To perish still, and still to be renew'd!
  And this, my help! my God! at thy decree!
Nature is chang'd, and hell should succour me.
And canst thou then look down from perfect bliss,
And see me plunging in the dark abyss,
Calling thee father in a sea of fire,
Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire!
With mortals' anguish wilt thou raise thy name,
And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
  Thou who canst toss the planets to and fro',
Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe:
Crush worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
On me almighty wrath is cast away.
Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,
Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage:
Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame,
But lose in me the greatness of thy name.
Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,

And shall I make those glories cease to shine,
Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
And from its course turn back omnipotence?
Forbid it! and oh! grant, great God, at least,
This one, this slender, almost no request;
When I have wept a thousand lives away:
When torment is grown weary of its prey,
When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire,"

Deep anguish but too late; the hopeless soul,
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming owns
He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain;
To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er,
To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.

The SEPULCHRE'S *pertinent* ADDRESS *to Man.*

"BE ye always ready; for in such an hour as ye think not."—Important admonition! Methinks it reverberates from sepulchre to sepulchre; and addresses me with line upon line, precept upon precept. The reitrated warning, I acknowledge is too needful; may co-operating grace render it effectual! The momentous truth, though worthy to be engraven on the table of the most tenacious memory, is but slightly sketched on the transient flow of passion. We see our neighbours fall; we turn pale at the shock; and feel perhaps, a trembling dread. No sooner are they removed from our sight, but driven in the whirl of business, or lulled in the languors of pleasures, we forget the providence, and neglect its errand. The impression made on our unstable minds,

is like the trace of an arrow, through the penetrated air ; or the path of a keel in the furrowed wave.

A Dream *which* saved *the* Life *of an* English Gentleman *in Flanders.*

A Merchant of London, being on the continent upon business, chanced to meet an old schoolfellow, who had turned Roman Catholic, and received priest's orders This meeting naturally recalled their former affection and friendship, and induced them, regardless of the difference of their sentiments, to spend the evening in a manner the most agreeable and convivial. This was in French Flanders ; and the wine being good, led them insensibly on to a midnight conversation, in which religion became the principal topic.—That, as is but too often the case between persons of different persuasions, was carried beyond all bounds of decency on both sides ; and the merchant, who had read many polemical books, got the better of the argument in favor of the reformed religion of his country, which the other had abandoned. The priest appeared to be much chagrined, and his countenance visibly discovered the emotions of his mind. At length, however, appearing to resume his pleasantry and good nature, he invited the merchant to breakfast with him the next morning at a convent, over which he presided,

They then parted in the utmost friendship, and the merchant soon after went to bed, where soon falling asleep, he fell into a dream of the most frightful nature. He thought he entered a den where were ten thousand of hissing serpents, one of which twisting its train round his neck, darting its sting into his bosom. The dread of this instantly awaked him, and caused him to start from his couch in the greatest agitation. His mind the remainder of the night

was in great agony. He again endeavoured to compose himself to sleep, but all in vain, the horror of the vision hung on his imagination, till the sun arose, when he got up, and walked out to a field to receive the cheering gales wafting the odors from the vines and the fragrant flowers.

Meeting a friend and countryman, who was a military captain, and headed a party of soldiers encamped in the vicinity, who quickly discovered the confusion his mind was in, he opened the whole business, told his dream: and promised to meet him again after he had breakfasted at the convent. Although I pay but little regard to dreams in general, said the captain, yet there is something in yours so extremely uncommon, that I verily believe it to be ominous of some disaster that awaits you this day. But, continued he, I would by no means have you go to the priest; for perhaps you may renew the argument, and he will by no means take it well to be overcome in his own convent. As I have given my promise, said the merchant, I must go and visit my old school-fellow, whose friendship was always sincere, and whose company always delighted me. My dear friend, quoth the captain, if you will go, I wish you well out again. These words so much struck the mind of the merchant, that he desired the captain to call upon him, as by accident, about half an hour after the time appointed, at the convent, which the captain promised to do.

At nine o'clock the merchant knocked at the gate of the convent, and was met by the priest, who welcomed him to the place with every expression of friendship. Then conducting him up a stair case, they came to a door, which the priest opened. After some ceremonies, they advanced along a gallery, at the end of which were two folding doors, which, on the priest's ringing a bell, flew open, and presented a fire, and two ruffian looking fellows, with instruments of torture in their hands. The merchant

that instant gave himself up for lost, and in vain remonstrated with his false friend, who calling him heretic, and other opprobrious names, commanded the waiting villains to perform their task without farther ceremony.

At that instant a dreadful alarm was given below, which greatly surprising the priest, he went to know the cause of it, and the ruffians followed him, leaving the merchant alone; who imagined that some unhappy sufferers below had gained the mastery over their tormentors, had courage enough to run down stairs, at the bottom of which he was agreeably surprised, to meet the captain with a file of musqueteers, who instantly took him under their protection, and conducted him safely from the convent to the inn, the captain declaring that he was obliged to have recourse to force, in order to make his way into the place.

The Appearance of the Duchess of Mazarine, Mistress to King Charles the II. to Madam De Beauclair, Mistress to King James the II.

THE author of the following narrative which was published some years ago, solemnly declared he was perfectly convinced of the truth of it; as well as several other persons of undoubted credit.

'Tis well known to most people acquainted with the English history, that the celebrated duchess of Mazarine was mistress to King Charles II.

Madam de Beauclair, was a lady equally admired and beloved by his brother and successor James the II. Between these two ladies there was an uncommon friendship, such as is rarely found in persons bred up in courts; particularly those of the same sex, and in the same situation.

But the singularity of their circumstances might contribute a good deal towards it; they having both

lost their Royal Lovers, the one by death, the other by abdication. They were both women of excellent understandings, had enjoyed all that the world could give them, and were arrived at an age in which they might be supposed to despise all its pomps and vanities. I shall without any further introduction, give the whole of the relation, in the author's own words, who declared himself to be an eye witness of the truth of it.

About this time it was that Reason first began to oppose itself to Faith, or at least to be set up against it by some who had an ambition to be thought more penetrating than their neighbours. The doctrine soon spread, and was too much talked on, not to be frequently a subject of conversation for these two ladies; and though I cannot say that either of them were thoroughly convinced by it, yet the specious arguments made use of by persons of high reputation for their learning, had such an effect on both, as to raise great doubts in them concerning the immateriality of the soul, and the certainty of its existence after death. In one of the serious consultations they had together on this head, it was agreed between them, that on which ever of them the lot should fall to be first called from this world, she should return, if there was a possibility of doing so, and give the other an account in what manner she was disposed of.—This promise it seems was often repeated, and the duchess happening to fall sick, and her life despaired of by all about her, Madam de Beauclair reminded her of what she expected from her; to which her grace replied, she might depend upon her performance. These words passed between them not above an hour before the dissolution of that great lady, and were spoken before several persons who were in the room, but at that time they were far from comprehending what they heard.

(*To be continueed*)

An authentic Account of Lord Lyttleton's Death.

SOME time since, I heard a surprising relation, which I had no reason to disbelieve. When I was on the spot, I hoped to procure a full account of all the circumstances. But I was disappointed; being not able to procure any at all; the matter was quite hushed up, I was glad therefore to find that Mr. Wills had procured the information which I could not. I believe every tittle of his relation is true, which follows almost verbatim.

J. W.

"A nobleman who had long pursued his abandoned courses, as he lay in bed one night, was awaked out of his sleep (as he himself described it) by a noise not unlike the fluttering of a bird, about the curtains. On opening his eyes he saw the appearance of a woman, (supposed to be the mother of one whom he had seduced, who died at this time of a broken heart.) He was shocked, and cried out, "What do you want?" She answered, "I am come o warn you of your dissolution." He answered, "What! shall I not live two months?" She replied "No: you will die within three days."

All the following day he was observed to be greatly agitated in his mind. In the afternoon he told the story to many of his friends in the House of Lords. At Breakfast on Saturday, which was the third day, he appeared very pensive. But he affected to carry it off, saying to those who were with him, "Why do you look so grave? What, are you thinking about the Ghost? I am as well as ever I was in my life." He then (probably to get rid of those unwelcome thoughts) invited company to dinner. In the evening he said to his company, "A few hours more, and I shall jockey the ghost." At eleven o'clock

he retired to his chamber. Sometime after he began to undress himself. Meanwhile his servant was preparing for him a rhubarb draught, according to his custom. But having nothing to mix it with, he went out of the room for a spoon. By the time he came into it again, his lordship was getting into bed. But before the man could give him the medicine, he reclined his head on the pillow, fell into convulsions and died. The cries of the servant alarmed the company; they flew to him, but all was over. Thus the event corresponded with the warning, which he had himself mentioned before to several persons. And his friends who were in the house at the time, related it afterwards. A minister (says Mr. Wills) who first told it me, had the account from one of those gentlemen: which was confirmed to me afterwards by a religious person, related to Lord.——"

A Meditation on Job, xxv. 6.

"*Man, that is a worm, and the son of man which is a worm.*"

HOW humbling, yet how just is this description! Proud mortal, review thine original. Is a worm from the earth? So art thou. Does the worm subsist on earthly productions? So dost thou. Is a worm subject to constant dangers? So art thou. Is a worm incapable of resistance? So art thou. Must the earth-bred worm return to the earth? So must thou. *Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return.* A worm thou art, and to worms shalt thou return.

Why then should man be proud? why should he swell above the clouds, or make his nest among the stars, when he must shortly mingle with the clods of the valley; and being a worm himself, become the food of worms?

Fellow worms, let us no more give flattering titles to one another. The titles given to man by the Spirit of God, are humbling titles. Let us think and speak of ourselves as the Holy Ghost speaketh. Awfully did God correct the flattery received by Herod. *It is the voice of God and not of a man, said* the Tyrians; but the mistake was discovered when this new made god was worm eaten.

Poor believer! envy not the rich and great and gay. Has my neighbour a little more wealth, beauty, learning, or influence than thyself? Be it so; he is yet a worm—a silk-worm perhaps—perhaps a glow-worm. O envy not the worms!

Afflicted Christian! this description of man suits thy experience well: but receive encouragement. *Fear not, says God, Fear not, thou worm Jacob: I will help thee, saith Jehovah, thy Redeemer.* Isa. xli. 14. A worm need not fear if Jehovah helps. Yea, so assisted, a worm shall thresh the mountains.

But O, what do feeble worms owe to Jesus! Sin degraded us from our original glory. We were once but a little lower than the angels; but we have fallen to the earth, and lick the dust. To raise us up again, Jesus the Lord of angels descended from heaven; and hear what he says in his low estate; *I am a worm and no man, a reproach of men, and despised of the people,* Psal. xxii. 5. Let Jesus be adored for his love! He has given wings; by faith they begin to forsake the ground; soon shall they soar aloft, and be as the angels of God.

On the Knowledge that Spirits may have of Occurrences in this World.

FEW persons have ever lost a beloved relative without feeling some anxiety on the above subject. The gospel which brings life and immortality

to light, assures us, that those we lose in this world, exist in another state ; and if they die in the Lord, we know that it is a state of knowledge, holiness, and true happiness But on these occasions we cannot help asking ourselves, Are they conscious of our state ? Do they know our sorrows, or witness our joys ? Who, in like circumstances, has not been ready to say with the author of the task, in one of the most admired of his charming productions,

" My mother, when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed,
Hover'd thy Spirit o'er thy sorrowing son ;
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?"

It seems highly probable, separate spirits may know what is passing in this world, from what the Scriptures teach us concerning angels, who appear to possess this knowledge, both fallen and elect ; hence the cautions against the dangers to be apprehended from the former ; and the promises of benefits from the latter, who are said to be " ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation."* We have many instances of good angels being employed on particular occasions. Our Lord seems to assent to the general notion prevailing among the Jews, that every person had his guardian spirit, when he says of infants, " Their angels do always behold the face of my Father†."

It is probable that they are present in our worshipping assemblies, from 1 Cor. xi. 10. We are told, that there is joy in heaven amongst the angels, over one sinner that repenteth ; and that the progress of divine truth, in the world, is an object which they desire to look into §. From these and other passages which might be produced, it is evident that there is nothing in the nature of a spirit which prevents it from discerning carnal and sensible objects ;

* Heb. i. 14. Ps. xci. 11. 12. † Matt. xviii. 10. ‡ 1 Pet. 1. 12.

and that these ministering spirits are acquainted with the transactions passing on earth. Now, if angels have this knowledge, is it not highly probable that saints have it likewise? Have they not the same desire to behold the manifold wisdom of God? Have they not the same interest, nay, a greater, in the concerns of the church on earth? Can we suppose angels praise God with renewed favor at every fresh triumph of divine grace over a son of fallen Adam, and imagine that glorified Saints, who are of the same kindred, through ignorance of the event, are excluded from the song?

Various passages seem to imply, if not positively assert, that the saints in heaven are no strangers to what is passing on earth*. The apostle Paul, after mentioning the worthies enumerated in the preceding chapter, says, "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, &c." The allusion is evidently to the games of the Greeks. Christians are represented as running a race; and are exhorted, like the ancient racers, to lay aside every weight: whilst those characters, who had before been mentioned, are described as surrounding them as spectators of their faith and patience. Having finished their course, they look with interest on the struggles and difficulties of those who are in the situation which they once filled. The account given by our Lord, of the concern felt by the rich man in hell, for his profligate brethren on earth, as well as the answer of Abraham to his request for cold water. "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime recivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things, &c." implies, that both Abraham and Dives, though the one was in Heaven and the other in hell, were not acquainted with occurrences in the world they had once inhabited. Agreeable to this sentiment, we find the saints in glory rejoicing over the fall of Antichrist, and praising God for the ac-

* Heb. xii. 2.

complishment of the divine predictions*. In Rev. vi. 10. the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, are represented as saying, "How long; O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood," &c. as if they were conscious that the enemies of the church were not yet punished, and, from the zeal they felt for the honor of God, were looking with impatience for the execution of the divine vengeance. Perhaps, "the glorified spirits of just men made perfect, may, like the angels, be employed in carrying on the purposes of God in the world. It is said of them, "His servants shall serve him†." Possibly, as ministering spirits, they may minister to the heirs of salvation; and watch over the interests of those who, on earth, were dear to them, either by the ties of nature or religion. One of them was employed to converse with the apostle John, and explain to him the wonderful things he saw in his vision‡.

The sentiment for which we are pleading, has the sanction of the highest antiquity. Philo speaks of it as a received notion among the Jews, that the souls of good men officiate as ministering spirits. The Pagans, in the earliest ages, imagined that the spirits of their deceased friends continued near them, and were frequently engaged in performing acts of kindness. Hence the deification of their kings and heroes, and the custom of invoking the names of those that were dear to them.

Cicero makes a better use of the doctrine, when he endeavours to comfort a father for the loss of his son, by the thought, that he might still be engaged in performing kind offices for him. And it is not improbable that this idea, though perverted by the heathen to the purposes of idolatry, might, like the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, be derived from a divine source.

It will perhaps be objected, that, if departed saints

* Rev. xix. 1. † Heb. xxii. ‡ Rev, xxii.

have this knowledge of what is passing on earth, it would oftener be a source of pain than pleasure. To this it may be replied, that, in that perfect state to which we refer, the will and affections will be so entirely under the influence of the blessed God, that whatever pleases him must please us. Complete resignation to the will of the Lord necessarily annihilates all pain and anxiety. The holy angels, doubtless, often behold the most awful scenes of sin and misery, and have been often employed as the ministers of the divine vengeance; yet we cannot suppose the peace of their minds is at all disturbed by what they see and know. The happiness of Abraham was not diminished by the sight of his son in torment. Of such a complete union of our will and affections to those of the holy and blessed God, so as to absorb and annihilate our own individual feelings, we can form no idea in this state; but it is what the "spirits of just men made perfect" most certainly attain; for otherwise, the general judgment, when so many of their fellow creatures will be doomed to endless misery, and that, in their view, would imbitter all the pleasures of heaven. T. P. B.

The Apparition of a Gentleman to the late Rev. and learned Dr. Scott. on account of an original deed belonging to his grandson's estate.

THE doctor was sitting alone by the fire, either in his study or in his parlour, in Broad-street, where he lived, and reading a book, his door being fast shut and locked; he was well assured there was nobody in the room but himself, when accidentally raising his head a little, he was exceedingly surprised to see sitting in an elbow chair, at the other side of the fire place or chimney, an ancient grave gentleman in a black velvet gown, a long wig, and look-

ing with a pleasing countenance towards the doctor as if just going to speak.

The doctor as we may reasonably suppose, was greatly surprised at the sight of him, and indeed the seeing him as sitting in the chair was the most likely to be surprising; because the doctor knowing the door to be locked, and then seeing a man sitting in the chair, he must immediately and at first sight conclude him to be a spirit, or apparition, or devil, call it as you will. Had he seen him come in at the door, he might at first have supposed him to be really a gentleman come to speak with him, and might think he had omitted fastening the door, as he intended to have done.

The doctor appeared in great disorder at the sight, as he acknowledged to those whom he told the story to, and from whom (says my author) I received this account with very little remove of hands between.

The spectre it seems began, for the doctor had not courage at first, as he said, to speak to it; I say the spectre or apparition spoke first, and desired the doctor not to be frighted, nor to be surprised, for that he would not do him any hurt; but that he came to him upon a matter of great importance to an injured family, which was in great danger of being ruined; and though he (the doctor) was a stranger to the family, yet knowing him to be a man of integrity, he had pitched upon him to do an act of very great charity, as well as justice; and that he could depend upon him for a punctual performance.

The doctor was not at first composed enough to receive the introduction of the business with a due attention, but seemed rather inclined to get out of the room if he could, and once or twice made some attempt to knock for some of the family to come up, at which the apparition appeared a little displeased.

But it seems he need not; for as the doctor said, he had no power to go out of the room if he had been

next to the door, or to knock for help if any had been at hand.

But here the apparition seeing the doctor still in confusion, desired him to compose himself, for he would not do him the least injury, or offer any thing to make him uneasy; but desired that he would give him leave to deliver the business he came about, which when he had heard, perhaps he would see less cause to be surprised or apprehensive than he did now.

By this time, and the calm way of discourse above mentioned, the doctor recovered himself so much, though not with any kind of composure, as to speak.

In the name of God, says the doctor, who art thou?

I desired you would not be frightened, says the apparition to him again; I am a stranger to you, and if I tell you my name, you do not know it, but you may do the business without inquiring.

The doctor continued discomposed and uneasy, and said nothing for some time.

The apparition spoke again to him not to be surprised, and received only for answer the old ignorant question.

In the name of God, what art thou?

Upon this the spectre seemed displeased, as if the doctor had not treated him with respect: and expostulated a little with him, telling him he could have terrified him into a compliance, but he chose to come calmly and quietly to him; and used some other discourses, so civil and obliging, that by this time he began to be a little more familiar, and at length the doctor asked,

What is it you would have with me?

At this, the apparition, as if gratified with the question, began his story thus:

(*To be continued*)

An Anecdote.

THE Rev. Mr. John Harmer has published ten Sermons on evangelical subjects. 18 mo. 1788. P. 178. in the note, he writes thus:

The following Anecdote is said to be really true:

A Baronet of the last century, whose mansion I have seen in Yorkshire, was supposed to be dead: when the following conversation took place between his jester or fool, and his servants:

Serv. Our master is gone!

Fool. Ah! Whither is he gone?

Serv. To heaven, we hope.

Fool. To heaven! No, that he is not, I am sure.

Serv. Why so?

Fool. Why! because heaven is a great way off; and when my master was going a long journey, he used for some time to talk about it, and prepare for it. But I never heard him speak of heaven, or saw him make any preparation for going; he cannot therefore be gone thither.

The Baronet however recovered; and this conversation being told him, he was so struck by it, that he immediately began to prepare for his journey to that country, "from whose bourne no traveller returns.

The Contrast.

For what shall it profit a Man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.

I See the wicked have their heaven here, and their hell hereafter; and on the contrary, good men have their hell here, and their heaven hereafter. Dives had his good things in this life, and likewise Lazarus evil things; now Lazarus is comforted, and Dives

is tormented. I would not envy the prosperity of the wicked, for what is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? nor would I be offended, at the affliction of the righteous, seeing one is drawn to hell in pomp, while the other swims in tears to heaven; and yet, how apt are many at the sight of a rich worlding to envy him for what he hath; but for my part, I rather pity him for what he wants; he hath a talent, but it wants improvement! he hath a lamp, but it wants oil; he hath a soul, but it wants grace; he hath the star, but he wants the sun; he hath the creature, but he wants the Creator. In his life he doth but float upon a torrent of vanity, which empties itself into an ocean of vexation; and after death, then, "Take this unprofitable servant, bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness!" go, set his soul adrift for ever in an impetuous lake of fire and brimstone! Where is now the object of your envy? It is not his silver that now will anchor him, nor his gold that shall land him, nor his friends that comfort him; therefore if he be worth the envying, who is worth the pitying? if this be the felicity, then give me misery. Lord! rather let me be poor with real grace in my heart, than to have riches for my portion here, and misery for my eternal inheritance.

F

Extraordinary Forewarning.

(*Continued from page 7.*)

WHEN the clergyman had left lady B. she sent to forbid her company coming; and at the same time to request Lady———, and her son of whom Sir M. Beresford was father, and who was then about twelve years of age, to come to her apartment. Immediately upon their arrival, having or-

dered her attendants to quit the room. "I have something to communicate to you both, before I die, a period which is not far distant. You, Lady, are no stranger to the friendship that always subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself; we were educated under the same roof, in the same principles—those of deism. When the friends into whose hands we afterwards fell, endeavoured to persuade us to embrace the revealed religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince us, were powerful enough to stagger our former faith, and to leave us wavering between two opinions. In this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other, that which ever should happen to die first would, if permitted by the Almighty, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most acceptable to him. Accordingly one night, when Sir M. and myself were in bed I awakened, and discovered Lord Tyrone, sitting by my bed side; I screamed out, and endeavoured, but in vain, to awake Sir M. For heaven's sake, Lord Tyrone, said I, by what means, or for what purpose came you here at this time of night?" "Have you then forgot our promise" said he? "I died last Tuesday at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you, to assure you that the revealed religion is the true and only religion by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you, that you are now with child of a son, which is decreed shall marry my daughter. Not many years after his birth Sir M. will die, and you will marry again, and to a man whose ill treatment you will be rendered miserable by! you will bring him two daughters, and afterwards a son, in child-bed of whom you will die, in the 47th year of your age."

(To be continued.)

Heaven.

Look up my soul, pant toward th' eternal hills;
  Those heav'ns are fairer than they seem;
There pleasures all sincere glide on crystal rills;
  There not a drag of guile defiles,
Nor grief disturbs the stream!
  That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No cursed soil, no tainted spring,
  Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

WITH how much skill, must the throne of God be erected? With what glorious designs is that habitation beautified, which is contrived and built by him who inspired Hiram with wisdom? How great must be the majesty of that place, where the whole art of creation has been employed, and where God has chosen to show himself in the most magnificent manner? What must be the architecture of infinite power under the direction of infinite wisdom? A spirit cannot but be transported after an ineffable manner with the sight of those objects, which were made to affect him by that Being who knows the inward frame of a soul, and how to please and ravish it in all its most secret powers and faculties. It is to this majestic presence of God we may apply those beautiful expressions in holy writ: "Behold! even to the moon, and it shineth not: yea the stars are not pure in his sight." The light of the sun, and all the glories of the world in which we live, are but as weak and sickly glimmerings, or rather darkness itself, in comparison of those splendors which encompass the throne of God.

As the glory of this place is transcendent beyond imagination, so probably is the extent of it. There is light behind light, and glory within glory. How far that space may reach, in which God thus appears in perfect majesty, we cannot possibly conceive, though it is not infinite, it may be indefinite; and though not immeasurable in itself, it may be so with

regard to any created eye or imagination. If he has made these lower regions of matter so inconceivably wide and magnificent for the habitation of mortal and perishable beings, how great may we suppose the courts of his house to be, where he makes his residence in a more special manner, and displays himself in the fulness of his glory, among an innumerable company of angels, and spirits of just men made perfect?

This is certain that our imagination cannot be raised too high, when we think on a place where omnipotence and omniscience have so signally exerted themselves; because that they are able to produce a scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we are able to imagine. It is not impossible but, at the consummation of all things, these outward apartments of nature, which are now suited to those beings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that glorious place of which I am here speaking, and by that means made a proper habitation for beings who are exempt from mortality, and cleared of their imperfections; for so the scripture seems to intimate, when it speaks of a "new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

A lewd young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him bare-footed, 'Father,' says he, 'you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world.' "True son, said the hermit; 'but what is thy condition if there is?' Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, in which of these two lives is it our chief interest to make ourselves happy? Or, in other words, Whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length, of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which

is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But, however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provision for this life, as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life, as though is were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally light upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would he not think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honors? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe: that we are constant to our duty, and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learned that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above "threescore and ten years!"

> What a poor value do men set on heaven;
> Heav'n the perfection of all that can
> Be said, or thought, of riches, delight, or harmony,
> Health, beauty; and all those not subject to
> The waste of time: but in their height eternal.

A THOUGHT *on* LIFE *and* DEATH.

THE cares of mortal life how vain!
How empty every joy!
While grief, and weariness and pain
The fainting mind employ.

But O that nobler life on high,
To which my hopes aspire!
Does it not promp the frequent sigh,
And wake the warm desire?

When now and then a heavenly ray
Attracts my upward view,
Almost I hail the approach of day,
And bid this world adieu.

Those happy realms of joy and peace,
Fain would my heart explore,
Where cries and pain for ever cease.
And I shall sin no more.

No darkness there shall cloud my eyes,
No languor seize my frame;
But ever active vigor rise
To feed the vital flame.

But ah! a dreary vale between;
Extends its awful gloom;
Fear spreads, to hide the distant scene,
The horrors of the tomb.

O for the eye of faith divine!
To pierce beyond the grave;
To see that friend and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save.

That Friend who left his throne above,
Who met the tyrant's dart;

And (O amazing power of love!)
Received it in his heart.

Here fix my soul—For life is here;
Light breaks amid the gloom:
Trust in the Saviour's Love; nor fear
The horrors of the tomb.

Apparition *to* Brutus.

THE apparition to Brutus is well known. He being to pass his army from Abydos to the opposite continent, laid himself down one night, as he used to do in his tent; he was not asleep, but thinking of his affairs, and the event of the war; for he was naturally of a watchful constitution, and no general ever required so little sleep. He thought he heard a noise at the door of his tent; and looking that way, by the light of his lamp which was almost extinguished, he saw a terrible figure, like that of a man, but of an extraordinary bulk and grim countenance. He was somewhat frighted at first, but seeing it neither did nor spoke any thing to him, but only stood silently by his bed side, he asked it at last, who it was. The spectre answered him, I am thy evil genius, Brutus, and thou shalt see me at Philippi. Brutus answered very courageously, well, I will see thee there. And immediately the apparition vanished. When the time was come, he drew up his army near Philippi against Antony and Cesar, and the first battle got the day, routed the enemy, and plundered Cesar's camp. The night before the second battle, the same spectre appeared to him again, but spoke not a word. He presently knew that his death was near, and exposed himself to all the danger of the battle; yet he did not die in the fight; but seeing his men defeated, he got up to the top of the rock, and there presenting his sword to his naked breast, and being assisted, as

they say, by a friend, who helped him to give the thrust died upon the spot.

Warning *of a* Murder *by a* Dream.

A Young gentleman in the city of Dublin, in Ireland, dreamed one night that his sister (who was lately married, and lived at some small distance) had been murdered: and waking, it gave him some uneasiness; but finding it was only a dream, he went to sleep again, when he dreamed the same thing. Then he got up, put on his night-gown, went to the apartment of an old lady, and told her his dream with great agitation of mind, she smiled at him, and said, she wondered that a gentleman of his understanding should be so troubled about a dream and bid him go to bed again. He did so; fell asleep, and dreamed the third time that his sister was murdered. He then got up and dressed himself with all speed, hastened to his sister's house, where he found her cut and mangled in a barbarous manner, by her most cruel husband, a rank papist: it seems they had been disputing about religion. She just lived to speak a few words to her brother, and then expired of her wounds; and the base villain was quickly apprehended, tried, and hanged for the same.

Now if this gentleman had not been so slow to believe the Divine warning, and had hastened to his sister's relief at the first dream, in all probability he had prevented the cruel murder, and saved two lives.

An authentic ACCOUNT *of several* APPARITIONS, &c.

(*Continued from page* 3.)

WHEN I told my uncle this he did not seem to be at all surprised at it. But at several times he said. "Be not afraid: only take care to fear and serve God. As long as he is on your side, none will be able to hurt you." At other times he said, (dropping a word now and then, but seldom answered me any questions about it) "Evil spirits very seldom appear, but between eleven at night and two in the morning. But after they have appeared to a person a year, they frequently come in the day time. Whatever spirits good or bad, come in the day, they come at sun rise, at noon, or at sunset."

When I was between twelve and thirteen, my uncle had a lodger, who was a very wicked man. One night as I was sitting in my chamber, about half an hour after ten, having by accident put out my candle, when he came in, all over in a flame. I cried out, "William why do you come in so to fright me? He said nothing, but went away. I went after him into his room: but found he was fast asleep in bed. A day or two after he fell ill, and within a week died in raging despair.

I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to cross into a low ground which was said to be haunted. Many persons had been frighted there: and I had myself often seen men and women, (so many, at times, that they are out of count) go just by me and vanish away. This morning, as I came towards it, I heard a confused noise, as of many people quarrelling. But I did not mind it, and went on, till I came near the gate. I then saw, on the other side a young man drest in purple, who

said, "It is too early; Go back from whence you came. The Lord be with you and bless you." And presently he was gone;

When I was about sixteen, my uncle fell ill, and grew worse and worse for three months. One day having been sent out on an errand, I was coming home through a lane, when I saw him in the field coming swiftly towards me. I ran to meet him; but he was gone. When I came home I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bedside, he clasped his arms round my neck; and bursting into tears, earnestly exhorting me, to continue in the ways of God, kept his hold, till he sunk down and died; and even then they could hardly unclasp his fingers. I would fain have died with him, and wished to be buried with him, dead or alive.

From that time I was crying from morning to night, and praying that I might see him. I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning about one o'clock, as I was lying crying as usual, I heard some noise, and rising up, saw him come to the bed-side. He looked much displeased, shook his head at me, and in a minute or two went away.

About a week after I took my bed and grew worse and worse, till in six or seven days my life was despaired of. Then about eleven at night, my uncle came in, looked well pleased, and sat down on the bed-side. He came every night after the same time, and staid till cock-crowing. I was exceeding glad, and kept my eyes fixt upon him, all the time he stayed. If I wanted drink or any thing, though I did not speak or stir he fetched it, and set it on the chair by the bed-side. Indeed I could not speak; many times I strove but could not move my tongue. Every morning when he went away he waved his hand to me, and I heard delightful music, as if many persons were singing together.

(To be continued.)

ALTAMONT.

THE sad evening before the death of this noble youth I was with him. No one was there, but his physician, and an intimate friend whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he said;

You and the physician, are come too late. I have neither life, nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead.

Heaven, I said was merciful.

Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless, and to save me? I have been too strong for Omnipotence! I plucked down ruin.

I said, the blessed Redeemer———

Hold! Hold! you wound me! This is the rock on which I split. I denied his name.

Refusing to hear any thing from me, or take any thing from the physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pains would permit, till the clock struck. Then with vehemence he cried out:

Oh, time! time! it is fit thou shouldest thus strike thy murderer to the heart. How art thou fled for ever! A month! Oh, for a single week! I ask not years; though an age were too little for the much I have to do.

On my saying we could not do too much: that heaven was a blessed place.

So much the worse. 'Tis lost! 'tis lost! Heaven is to me the severest part of hell!

Soon after I proposed prayer.

Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray. Nor need I. Is not heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own.

His friend being much touched even to tears, at this, (who could forbear? I could not) with a most affectionate look, he said:

Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee. Dost thou weep for me? That's cruel. What can pain me more?

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.

No stay. Thou still mayest hope. Therefore hear me. How madly have I talked? How madly hast thou listened and believed? But look on my present state as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain; but my soul, as if strung up by torment to a greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason; full mighty to suffer. And that, which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is doubtless, immortal. And, as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel.

I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary confessor, his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature; when he thus very passionately said:

No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak. My much injured friend! my soul, as my body, lies in ruins, in scattered fragments of broken thought: remorse for the past, throws my thoughts on the future. Worse dread of the future, strikes it back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no way. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake; and bless heaven for the flames; that is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire.

How were we struck. Yet soon after, still more. With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out;

My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife; And is there another hell? (O thou blasphemed,) yet most indul-

gent Lord God! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hides me from thy frown.

Soon after his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgot. And ere the sun arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont expired.

DR. YOUNG.

Ominous PRESAGE *to* ROBERT BRUCE *of Scotland.*

BRUCE, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy in the reign of Edward the second of England, being out one day to reconnoitre the enemy, lay that night in a barn belonging to a loyal farmer. In the morning, still reclining his head on a strawy pillow, he beheld a spider climbing a beam of the roof. The insect fell on the ground, and immediately made a second essay to ascend, this attracted the notice of the hero, who with regret saw the spider fall a second time from that eminence, it made a third attempt without success; and in short the monarch, not without a mixture of concern and curiosity, beheld the reptile no less than twelve times baffled in its aim; but the thirteenth trial carried its success. The spider gained the summit of the vases; when the King, starting from his couch, thus exclaimed in soliloquy "Behold, this despicable insect has taught me perseverance! I will follow its example. Have not I been twelve times defeated by the superior force of the enemy? On one fight more hangs the independency of my kingdom." In a few days was fought the memorable battle of Bannockbourn, in which Bruce proved victorious, slew thirty thousand of the invading enemy, and restored the monarchy of Scotland.

A Fact, *proving the unaccountable communication of* Spirits.

A FEW years ago a gentleman of character and serious carriage, and his wife, who lived near St. James', and had lived for many years together in great harmony and love, and who were never so happy as in each other's company, both at home and abroad: always walking arm in arm whenever they went out any where, and seemed as one soul and one body, they were so closely united in love to each other: but as the most near and dearest friends must part in this world, when God calls us hence, so it happened the Gentleman was taken sick and died; which so affected his dear-left companion, that she sickened also, and kept her bed, and had a servant, or some other always to attend her.

In about ten days after her husband's death, as she was sitting upright in bed, a friend and near relation was then sitting by her; she looked stedfastly towards the foot of the bed, and said, with a cheerful voice "My dear I will be with you in two hours." The gentlewoman, her friend, that was with her (and who firmly attested the same as most true,) said to her, "Child, whom did you speak to?" (for she saw nobody) she answered, "It is my husband, who came to call me hence, and I am going to him;" which surprised her friend very much, who thinking she was a little headed, called in somebody else, to whom she spoke very cheerfully and told the same story; but before the two hours were expired, she went off to her dear companion to be happy together for ever; to the great surprise of all present.

The soul receives not its perfections or activity from the body, but can live and act out of the body as well as in the body, yea and much better, having then its perfect liberty, divested of that heavy incum-

brance which only clogged and fettered it. "Doubtless, saith Tertullian, when the soul is separated from the body it comes out of darkness into its own pure and perfect light, and quickly finds itself a substantial being, able to act freely in that light, and participate of heavenly joys." A testimony of this sort I have in the case of a gentleman, one Mr. Jos. Reyner, deceased, who, in his last moments, though on a bed of sickness and pain, was in such raptures of joy, that he said he felt no pain at all, but declared that he was then in heaven, meaning his soul; and that he heard distinctly music, as of angels singing most melodiously, and would join with them as he did in the words of a hymn, with "Hallelujah, &c." and his soul soon departed in that most triumphant manner. This account was related by the Rev. Mr. Helliot, who preached his funeral sermon, 1762. Likewise several other instances of the soul or spirits of the godly, who have exceedingly rejoiced just before their leaving of the body, are mentioned by Mr. Flavel, Mr. Baxter, and others.

True ACCOUNT *of an* APPARITION *of one* BROTHER *in London, to* ANOTHER *at Boston in New England.*

THE party in London of whom we relate, lived there with a merchant; and as he drove a considerable trade beyond sea, he established a factory, or, as the language of trade calls it, a house, at a certain port in the English colonies in America, and sent over servants or apprentices thither, as is usual for merchants to do.

One of his said apprentices being fitted out, and ready to embark, his cargo being actually on board the ship, and the ship fallen down to Gravesend, his master was getting his letters and invoices and other dispatches, ready for him, he being to go down the river the same evening.

The hurry of dispatching him prevented his master from taking him up to dinner with him at the usual hour, and told him he must be content to stay in the counting-house till he came to relieve him.

Accordingly, dinner being over, he goes down to send him up to dinner. And when he came to the counting house door, there sat his man with the book-keeper also, writing as he left them.

It happened just that moment, some occasion extraordinary obliged him to step back again, and go up stairs to the dining room, from whence he came; and intending not to stay, he did not speak to the young man, but left him in the counting house, and went immediately up stairs.

It was not possible that he, or any one else except such as could walk invisibly, could go by, or pass him unseen: good manners would have hindered the young man from thrusting by his master upon the stairs, if he had been going up; but he is positive he did not, and could not pass without being seen.

But when he came to the top of the stairs, there sat the young man at dinner with the other servants; the room they dined in being a little parlour, which opened just against the stairs, so that he saw him all the way of the upper part of the stair case, and could not be deceived.

The master did not speak to him, which he was very sorry for afterwards; but the surprise made him pass by the room, and go into the dining room, which was to the right hand of it; but he sent one immediately to look, and he was there really at dinner; so that what he (the master) saw below in the counting-house, must be the apparition, as it certainly was.

But this was not all: The young gentleman embarked as above, and arrived safe with all his effects in America, though he never lived to return. However, I cannot say his apparition, in the manner as related, could have the least relation to his being sick, and dying abroad, which was not till three

years afterwards. But what followed was of another kind.

This young man had an elder brother, who lived in London, he was a gentleman and a scholar, and was at that time studying physic. He was also a stout man, and in particular understood a sword, that is to say, how to use a sword, as well as most gentlemen in England.

He had an accidental rencounter with a gentleman in the street, in that short street which goes out of Fleet-street into Salisbury-court: and being so complete a master of his weapon, he wounded his antagonist, and drove him into a tavern in the street, from whence came out two men more upon him, with their swords, but both of them found the gentleman so much an overmatch for them, that they left him as fast as the first; whereupon a fourth came out, not with a sword, but a fire-poker, taken hastily out of the tavern kitchen, and running at this gentleman with it, knocked him down and fractured his skull, of which wound he afterwards died.

While this was done in London, his brother as far off as Boston, in New England writing to his master the merchant, and who gives this account of it, after other business, wrote this postscript.

"SIR, I beg you will be pleased, in your return to this, to let me have some account, as much as conveniently may be, how my brother does and what condition he is in; which importunity I hope you will excuse, when you read the following account:

"On the 20th of June last, about six o'clock in the morning lying in bed, and broad awake, my brother came to the bed's feet and opened the curtain, looking full in my face, but did not speak: I was very much frighted, but however I so far recovered as to say to him, brother, what is the matter with you?

"He had a napkin-cap on his head, which was very bloody; he looked very pale and ghostly, and said, I am basely murdered by one, naming the person; but I shall have justice done me and then disappeared."

Now this letter was so dated, that it was impossible any account could have been sent of the disaster, that could reach thither in that time: for it was not dated above fourteen days after the fact was committed in London; and that it was genuine I am well assured, because I saw the letter within an hour after it was received in London, read it myself, and knew the young man's hand, and the young man also perfectly well, as I likewise did his brother that was killed, very intimately.

The young man was sober, religious, and sensible, not given to whimsey, or light-headed fancies, not vaporish, or distempered; not apt to see double, or to dream waking, as many of our apparition making people are; he was likewise a scholar, and a very serious person. The first I mention as a protection to him from foolish imagination, and the last from falsehood; I am satisfied the reader may depend upon both the stories, as to the truth of them. MORTON ON APPARITIONS.

The CERTAINTY *of* DEATH.

1. THERE is an unalterable statute of death, under which men are concluded, *It is appointed unto men once to die*, Heb. ix. 27. It is laid up for them, as parents lay up for their children: they may look for it, and cannot miss it, seeing God has designed and reserved it for them. There is no peradventure in it, we must needs die, 2 Sam. xiv. 14. Though some men will not hear of death, yet every man must see death, Psalm lxxxix. 48. Death is a champion all must grapple with; we must enter the

lists with it, and it will have the mastery, Eccles. viii. 8. *There is no man that hath power over the spirit, to retain the spirit: neither hath he power in the day of wrath.* They indeed who are found alive at Christ's coming, shall all be changed. 1 Cor. xv. 51. But that change will be equivalent to death, and will answer the purposes of it. All other persons must go the common road, the way of all flesh.

2. Let us consult daily observation. Every man seeth that wise men die, likewise the fool and brutish person: Ps. x. 10. There is room on this earth for us, notwithstanding the multitudes that were upon it before us; they are gone to make room for us, as we must depart to leave room for others. It is long since death began to transport men into another world, and vast shoals and multitudes are gone thither already: yet the trade is going on still; death is carrying off new inhabitants daily, to the house appointed for all living. Who could ever hear the grave say, It is enough? Long it has been getting, but still it asketh. This world is like a great fair or market, where some are coming in, others going out; while the assembly that is in are confused; and the most part know not wherefore they are come together: or like a town situate on the road to a great city, through which some travellers are past, some are passing, while others are only coming in. Eccles. i. 4. *One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth for ever.* Death is an inexorable, irresistible messenger, who cannot be diverted from executing his orders, by the force of the mighty, the bribes of the rich, nor the entreaties of the poor. It doth not reverence the hoary head, nor pity the harmless babe. The bold and daring cannot outbrave it; nor can the faint hearted obtain a discharge in this war.

3. The human body consists of perishing principles, Gen. iii. 19. *Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.* The strongest are but little earthen

vessels, easily broken in shivers. The soul is but meanly housed, while in this mortal body, which is not an house of stone, but a house of clay; the mudwalls cannot but moulder away, especially seeing the foundation is not on a rock, but in the dust: they are crushed before the moth, though this insect be so tender that the gentle touch of a finger will dispatch it. Job iv. 19. These principles are like gun-powder; a very small spark, lighting on them, will set them on fire, and blow up the house. The stone of a raisin, or a hair in milk, have choked men, and laid the house of clay in the dust. If we consider the frame and structure of our bodies, how fearfully and wonderfully we are made; and on how regular and exact a motion of the fluids, and balance of humors, our life depends; and that death has as many doors to enter in by, as the body hath pores; and if we compare the soul and body together, we may justly reckon, there is somewhat more astonishing in our life, than in our death, and, that it is more strange, to see dust walking up and down on the dust, than lying down in it. Though the lamp of our life be not violently blown out, yet the flame must go at length, for want of oil. And what are those distempers and diseases, we are liable to, but death's harbingers, that come to prepare its way? They meet us, as soon as we set our foot on earth, to tell us at our entry, that we do but come into the world to go out again. Howbeit some are snatched away in a moment, without being warned by sickness or disease.

4. We have sinful souls, and therefore have dying bodies; death follows sin, as the shadow follows the body. The wicked must die, by virtue of the threatening of the covenant of works. Gen. ii. 17. *In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.* And the godly must die too; that as death entered by sin, sin may go out by death. Christ has taken away the sting of death as to them, albeit he has not

as yet removed death itself. Wherefore though it fasten on them, as the viper did on Paul's hand, it shall do them no harm; but because the leprosy of sin is in the walls of the house, it must be broken down, and all the materials thereof carried forth.

Mr. Aubrey recites in his Miscellanies, the following awful Admonition of a Departed Friend to one yet in this world. His words are:

TWO persons (ladies) of fortune, both being not long since deceased, were intimate acquaintance, and loved each other sincerely. It so fell out, that one of them fell sick of the small-pox, and desired mightily to see the other, who would not come, fearing the catching the distemper; the afflicted lady at last died of them. She had not been buried long, before she appeared at the other's house in the dress of a widow, and asked for her friend, who was then at cards; she sent down her woman to know her business, the answer was, that she must impart it to none but her lady, who after she had received this message, bid her woman introduce her into a room, and desire her to stay till the game was done, and she would then wait on her. The game being finished, down stairs she goes to the apparition, to know her business. "Madam," (says the ghost turning up her veil, and her face appearing full of the small-pox,) "You know me very well, and that you and I loved entirely. Though I took it very ill of you that you was not so kind as to come and see me, yet I could not rest till I had seen you. Believe me my dear, I am not come to fright you; but only out of regard to your eternal happiness, to forewarn you of your approaching end, which I am sorry to say will be very miserable, if you do not prepare for it; for there is a righteous God above, and you know you have led a very unthinking giddy life

these many years. I cannot stay, I am going, my time is just spent, prepare to die; and remember this, that when you make the thirtieth at a ball, you have but a few days to live," She then vanished. To conclude, she was at a ball where she made the thirtieth in number; and was afterwards asked by the brother of the deceased, whether his sister had appeared to her as was reported; she made him no answer, but fell a weeping, and died in a little time after.

The solemnity of a visit from the dead is yet heightened by coming at a time of festivity when the heart is glad, and there is no room in the mind for serious reflection. How seriously we should esteem friendship and a solemn promise!

Anecdote *related by* Bishop Burnet.

BISHOP Burnet, from his zealous care of his diocese, made it a rule yearly to visit the various parishes of which it was composed; and with the most distinguished regard, such ministers as were eminent for their piety, and most attentive in their care of the souls of the people. One of these had frequently expressed the great importance of well understanding our Lord's meaning of the Beatitudes: and of this in particular, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Many anxious inquiries yet left this gracious minister unsatisfied in his own mind, of the just and true explanation of it, and many prayers were added to prevent any partial view of it, or hasty opinion from the learned, favored by him.

In this unresolved state, he took a morning walk some considerable distance from his parish; and observing an habitation more wretched than he had before seen, walked towards it, and, to his surprise heard a voice of great and joyous praise, drawing

nearer, he heard it as that of an individual only.—He wanted to learn the cause, and looking in at the window viewed the poor inhabitant in the most wretched state of outward want and poverty that he had ever beheld.—She had, on a little stool before her, a piece of black bread, a cup of cold water; and with her eyes and hands lifted up to heaven, as in a rapture of praise, added these words "What! all this and Jesus Christ, too? What! all this, and Jesus Christ, too!" It wants not to be added, that with the living lesson which this blessed man here learnt, he with holy gratitude, returned, well understanding who only inherited, in our Lord's sense, the whole earth, by possessing Him.

A letter from PLINY, *an* HEATHEN PHILOSOPHER, *to his* FRIEND SURA, *written above* SEVENTEEN HUNDRED *years ago.*

THE present recess from business we are now enjoying, affords you leisure to give, and me to receive instruction. I am exceedingly desirous therefore to know your sentiments concerning spectres, whether you believe they have a real form, and are a sort of divinities, or only the false impressions of a terrified imagination? What particularly inclines me to give credit to their existence, is a story which I heard of Curtius Rufus. When he was in low circumstances, and unknown in the world, he attended the governor of Africa into that province. One evening as he was walking in the public portico, he was extremely surprised with the figure of a woman which appeared to him, of a size and beauty more than human. She told him she was the tutelar power that presided over Africa, and was come to inform him of the future events of his life: that he should go back to Rome; where he should be raised to the highest honors, and return to that province

invested with the proconsular dignity, and there should die. Accordingly every circumstance of this prophecy was actually accomplished. It is said farther, that upon his arrival at Carthage, as he was coming out of the ship, the same figure accosted him upon the shore. It is certain, at least, that being seized with a fit of illness, though there were no symptoms in his cause that led his attendants to despair, he instantly gave up all hope of recovery; judging, it should seem, of the truth of the future part of the prediction, by that which had already been fulfilled, and of the misfortune which threatened him, by the success which he had experienced. To this story let me add another as remarkable as the former, but attended with circumstances of great horror; which I will give you exactly as it was related to me. There was at Athens a large and spacious house, which lay under the disrepute of being haunted. In the dead of the night, a noise, resembling the clashing of iron, was frequently heard, which, if you listened more attentively, sounded like the rattling of chains; at first it seemed at a distance, but approached nearer by degrees: immediately afterwards a spectre appeared in the form of an old man, extremely meagre and ghastly, with a long beard and dishevelled hair, rattling the chains on his feet and hands. The poor inhabitants in the mean time passed their nights under the most dreadful terrors imaginable. This as it broke their rest, ruined their health, and threw them into distempers, which, together with their horrors of mind, proved in the end fatal to their lives. Even in the day time, though the spirit did not appear, yet the remembrance of it made such a strong impression upon their imaginations, that it still seemed before their eyes and continually alarmed them, though it was no longer present. By this means the house was at last deserted, as being judged by every body to be absolutely uninhabitable, so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghost.

However, in hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this great calamity which attended it, a bill was put up, giving notice that it was to be let or sold. It happened that Athenodorus the philosopher came to Athens at this time, and reading the bill, inquired the price. The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion: nevertheless, when he heard the whole story, he was so far from being discouraged, that he was more strongly inclined to have it, and, in short, actually did so. When it grew towards evening, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the lower part of the house, and after calling for a light, together with his pen and tablets, he directed all his people to retire. But that his mind might not, for want of employment, be open to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and spirits, he applied himself to writing with the utmost attention. The first part of the night passed with usual silence, when at length the chains began to rattle; however, he neither lifted up his eyes, nor laid down his pen, but diverted his observation by pursuing his studies with greater earnestness. The noise increased and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked up and saw the ghost exactly in the manner it had been described to him; it stood before him, beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand that it should wait a litttle, and threw his eyes again upon his papers, but the ghost still rattling his chains in his ears, he looked up and saw him beckoning as before. Upon this he immediately arose, and with the light in his hand, followed it. The ghost slowly stalked, as if incumbered with his chains, and turning into the area of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus being thus deserted, made a mark with some grass and leaves where the spirit left him. The next day he gave information of this to the magistrates, and advised them to order that spot to be dug up. This was accordingly done, and the skeleton of a man in chains was there found;

for the body having lain a considerable time in the ground, was putrefied and mouldered away from the fetters. The bones being collected together were publicly buried, and thus after the ghost was appeased by the proper ceremonies, the house was haunted no more. This story I believe upon the credit of others: what I am now going to mention, I give you upon my own, I have a freed-man named Marcus, who is by no means illiterate. One night as he and his younger brother were lying together, he fancied he saw somebody upon his bed, who took out a pair of scissars, and cut off the hair from the top part of his head, in the morning, it appeared the boy's hair was actually cut; and the clippings lay scattered about the floor A short time after this an event of the like nature contributed to give credit to the former story. A young lad of my family was sleeping in his apartment with the rest of his companions, when two persons clad in white came in (as he tells the story) through the windows, and cut off his hair as he lay, and as soon as they had finished the operation, returned the same way they entered. The next morning it was found that this boy had been served just as the other, and with the very same circumstance of the hair spread about the room. Nothing remarkable indeed followed these events, unless that I escaped a prosecution, in which, if Domitian (during whose reign this happened) had lived some time longer, I should certainly have been involved. For after the death of that emperor, articles of impeachment against me were in his scrutoire, which had been exhibited by Carus It may therefore be conjectured, since it is customary for persons under any public accusation to let their hair grow, this cutting off the hair of my servants was a sign I should escape the imminent danger that threatened me. Let me desire you then maturely to consider this question. The subject merits your examination; as, I trust, I am not myself altogether un-

worthy to participate of the abundance of your superior knowledge. And, though you should, with your usual scepticism, balance between two opinions, yet I hope you will throw the weightier reasons on one side, lest whilst I consult you in order to have my doubts settled, you should dismiss me in the same suspence and uncertainty that occasioned this application. Farewel.

Daw-green, near Wakefield, Feb. 28. 1781.

The following Lines contain a Plain matter of Fact just as it was.

WHERE Humber pours her rich commercial stream
There dwelt a wretch, who liv'd but to blaspheme.
In subterraneous caves his life he led,
Black as the mine in which he wrought for bread:
When on a day emerging from the deep,
A sabbath day (such sabbaths thousands keep,)
The wages of his weekly toil he bore
To buy a cock, whose blood might win him more,
As if the noblest of the feather'd kind,
Were but for battle, and for death design'd!
As if the consecrated hours were meant,
For sport, to minds on cruelty intent.
It chanced (such chances providence obey,)
He met a fellow laborer on the way;
Whose heart the same desires had once inflam'd,
But now the savage temper was reclaim'd,
Persuasions on his lips had taken place,
(For all plead well who plead the cause of grace.)
His iron heart with scripture he assail'd,
Woo'd him to hear a sermon, and prevail'd,
His faithful bow the mighty preacher drew,
Swift as the light'ning glimpse the arrow flew,
The sinner trembling, cast his eyes around,
To find a worse than him, but none he found.

He felt his sins, and wonder'd he should feel:
Grace made the wound, and only grace could heal.
Now farewel oaths, and blasphemies and lies,
He quits the sinner's for the martyr's prize.
That holy day was washed with many a tear,
Gilded with hope, yet shaded too by fear.

The next, his swarthy brethren of the mine,
Learn'd from his alter'd lips the change divine: [day
Laugh'd where they should have wept, and swore the
Was nigh, when he would swear as fast as they:

No (said the penitent) such words shall share
This breath no more, henceforth employ'd in prayer.
Oh! if thou seest! (thine eye the future sees,)
That I shall yet again blaspheme like these,
Now strike me to the ground on which I kneel,
Ere yet this heart relapses into steel:
Now take me to that heaven I once defied:
Thy presence, thy embrace." He spake! He died!

Short was the time allotted him to run,
Just enter'd in the lists he gain'd the crown,
His prayer scarce ended, ere his praise begun.

The valor of an Atheist.

SOME years since, Dr. Barraby, then an eminent Physician in London was intimately acquainted with Str———t, Esq. who was a perfect Atheist, priding himself in the utter denial of the being of a God. After some time he was seized with a violent fever, and soon sent for Dr. Barraby, the doctor prescribed several medicines, but none of them took effect. At length he told him plainly, "Sir, I know

nothing more that can be done; you must die." Upon this he clenched his fists, gnashed his teeth, and said with the utmost fury, "God! God! I wont die!" and died immediately.

The Appearance of the Duchess of Mazarine.
(Continued from page 24.)

SOME years after the duchess' decease, happening, in a visit I made to Madam de Beauclair, to fall on the topic of futurity, she expressed her disbelief of it with a great deal of warmth; which a little surprised me, as being of a quite contrary way of thinking myself, and had always, by the religion she professed, supposed her highly so. I took the liberty of offering some arguments, which I imagined would have been convincing to prove the reasonableness of depending on a life to come; To which she answered, that not all that the whole world could say should ever persuade her to that opinion; and then related to me the contract made between her and her dear departed friend, the Duchess of Mazarine.

It was in vain I urged the strong probability there was, that souls in the other world might not be permitted to perform the engagements they had entered into in this, especially when they were of a nature repugnant to the divine Will—*Which, said I, has manifestly placed a flaming sword between human knowledge and the prospect of that glorious Eden, we hope, by Faith, to be inheritors of hereafter. Therefore, added I, her grace of Mazarine may be in possession of all those immense felicities which are promised to the virtuous, and even now interceding that the dear partner of her heart may share the same, yet be*

denied the privilege of imparting to you what she is, or that she exists at all.

Nothing I could say made the least impression; and I found, to my great concern, that she was become as great an advocate for the new doctrine of non-existence after death, as any of those who first proposed it; on which from that time forward, I avoided all discourse with her on that head.

It was not however many months after we had this conversation, that I happened to be at the house of a person of condition, whom since the death of the duchess of Mazarine, Madam de Beauclair had a greater intimacy with than any of her acquaintance. We were just set down together about nine o'clock in the evening, as near as I can remember, when a servant came hastily into the room, and acquainted the lady I was with, that Madam de Beauclair had sent to entreat she would come that moment to her; adding, if she ever desired to see her more in this world, she must not delay her visit.

So odd a message might well surprise the person to whom it was delivered: and not knowing what to think of it, she asked who brought it? And being told it was Madam de Beauclair's groom of the chambers, ordered he should come in, and demanded of him, if his lady were well, or if he knew of any thing extraordinary that had happened to her which should cause this hasty summons? To which he answered that he was entirely incapable of telling her the meaning; only as to her ladyship's health, he never saw nor heard her complain of any indisposition.

"Well, then," said the lady, (a little out of humor) "I desire you'll make my excuse, as I have really a great cold, and am fearful the night air may increase it, but to-morrow I will not fail to wait on her very early in the morning."

The man being gone, we were beginning to form several conjectures on his message of Madam de

Beauclair, but before we had time to agree to what might be the most feasible occasion, he returned again, and with him Mrs. Ward, her woman, both seemingly very much confused, and out of breath.

" O madam," cried she, " my lady expresses an infinite concern that you should refuse this request which she says will be her last. She says she is convinced of her not being in a condition to receive your visit to-morrow; but as a token of her friendship, bequeaths you this little casket containing her watch, necklace, and some jewels, which she desires you will wear in remembrance of her."

These words were accompanied with the delivery of the legacy she mentioned, and that as well as Mrs. Ward's words, threw us both into a consternation, we were not able to express. The lady would fain have entered into some discourse with Mrs. Ward concerning the affair: but she evaded it by saying, she had only left an under maid with Madam de Beauclair, and must return immediately; on which the Lady cried all at once, " I will go with you, there must be something very uncommon certainly in this." I offered to attend her, being, as well I might, desirous of getting some light into what at present appeared so mysterious.

In fine, we went that instant, but no mention was made of me, nor Madam de Beauclair might not probably be informed I was with that lady when her servant came; good manners and decency obliged me to wait in a lower apartment, unless she gave leave for my admittance.

She was however no sooner informed I was there, than she desired I would come up; I did so, and found her sitting in an easy chair near her bed side, and in my eyes, as well as all those present, seemed in as perfect health as ever she had been.

(*To be concluded in the next.*)

THOUGHTS ON JOHN xvii. 24.

Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am.

BRETHREN, if God be with you, you shortly shall be with God: You that lie among the pots, 'tis but a little time, and you shall hear that word, Come up hither, into the kingdom, the inheritance prepared for you. There are two comes or calls of our Lord: The first is, Come and work with me, come and watch with me, come and follow me: the second is, Come and rest with me, your work is done, your watch is over, your race is run, come and enter into my rest. The first is, Come down with me, from the pride, from the pomps and jollities of this present world; come with me into the wilderness, into the valley of tears; come and suffer with me, come and die with me: The second is, Come up with me, up out of the wilderness, up out of your prisons, up from your bonds; your jubilee is come, come up with me: Come, put off your prison garments, and put on your robes; shake off your fetters, and take up your palms; lay down your cross, and take up your crown; from your prisons to your palace, from the stocks to the throne: you that have descended with me, are the same who shall now ascend with me to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God. The first is the come of a suitor; Come, grant me your love; give me your hearts, and accept of mine. This is the errand upon which his ambassadors are dispatched, as Abraham's servant to take you as a wife for your Lord; this is the meaning of all those jewels, and the bracelets they bring in their hands: the Lord sends servant upon servant, epistle upon epistle, token upon token, and all speak the same word, Come, come, come away, and accept of your Lord, and be

married to him. The second come, is the come of the bridegroom; Come home with me, into my holy city, into my royal mansion; come into my chamber, come into my bosom, come and lodge between my breasts, live in my presence, and rest in my love for ever. Christians, will you now come and give up your souls to Christ? will you now give consent to make up the match? with whom? With a man, with a great man, with a prince, yea, even with the king himself, yea, the king of kings. I can give you assurance he will shortly come and make up the match: he will say unto you, as Naomi did to Ruth, sit still Christians, till you see how matters will fall. And however they fall with you in this world, know this for your comfort, your Lord will not rest till he has finished this thing, and brought you home to be with him where he is, and that for ever.

A Singular Dream.

WHEN the celebrated Dr. Harvey, being a young man, went to travel towards Padua, he went to Dover with several others, and showed his pass, as the rest did to the Governor there. The Governor told him that he must not go, but he must keep him prisoner. The doctor desired to know for what reason, and what he had done amiss. He said it was his will to have it so. The packet boat hoisted sail in the evening, which was very clear, and the Doctor's companions in it. A terrible storm ensued, and the packet boat, with all the passengers, were cast away. The next day the melancholy news was brought to Dover. The Governor was a total stranger to Dr. Harvey, but by name and face; only the night before he had a perfect vision, in a dream, of Dr. Harvey, who came to pass over to Calais; and an order to stop him. This the Governor told the

Doctor the next day, and the Doctor told the story again to several of his friends in London.

A Vision seen by Dr. Donne.

DOCTOR Donne and his wife lived for some time in London with Sir Robert Drury. Sir Robert, having occasion to go to Paris, took the Doctor along with him, whose wife was left big with child at Sir Robert's house. Two days after their arrival at Paris, Dr. Donne was left alone in the room where Sir Robert, and he, and some other friends had dined together. Sir Robert returned in half an hour, and as he had left, so he found the Doctor alone: but in such an ecstacy, and so altered in his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold. He inquired the cause; and after some time the Doctor told him he had seen a dreadful vision. I have seen, says he, my dear wife pass twice by me, through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: A messenger was immediately dispatched to England, to inquire after Mrs. Donne, and it appeared, that she had been brought to bed of a dead child, after a long and dangerous labor, about the very hour that Dr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber at Paris.

Abda to a Friend.

TIME'S being painted with a tuft of hair on his forehead only, is very emblematical. Occasion lost, how is it to be regained? Redeem the time: fight valiantly: for not on y the days are evil but see, Death is at the heel. Shall Satan be so active in his work, and his children in his service?

and shall we be so inactive, so dronish in the ways of the best and dearest of masters, whose service is perfect freedom? The Lord forbid it.

Time is running from us. Death following hard after these poor crazy bodies of ours. Yet, is there not a victory to be obtained? Yes. But how? *Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.* The battle is fought, the victory is won. Let us therefore stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord; lie passive in his hands, and, through grace, in the all-sufficient and never failing strength of Christ, pressing through a few difficulties and light afflictions, possess the good land, the heavenly Canaan; and as our days, so our strength shall be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

For what is your life! James iv. 14.

MAN'S life is a vain and empty thing, while it is: it vanisheth away, and lo! it is not, Job viii. 6. *My days are vanity.* If you suspect afflicted Job of partiality in this matter, hear the wise and prosperous Solomon's character of the days of his life, Eccl. viii. 15. *All things have I seen, in the days of my vanity*, i. e. *my vain days*. Moses who was a very active man, compares our days to a sleep, Psal. xc. 5. *They are as a sleep*, which is not noticed, till it be ended. The resemblance is to the point: few men have right apprehensions of life, until death awaken them; then we begin to know we were living. *We spend our years as a tale that is told*, ver. 9. When an idle tale is a telling, it may affect a little, but when it is ended, it is forgot; and so is man forgotten, when the fable of his life is ended. It is a dream or vision of the night, in which there is nothing solid: when one awakes, all vanisheth, Job. xx. 2. *He shall fly away as a dream and shall not be found; yea he shall be chased away*

as a vision of the night. It is but a vain show or image, Psal. xxxix. 6. *Surely every man walketh in a vain show.* Man in this world is but, as it were, a walking statue; his life is but an image of life; there is so much of death in it.

If we look on our life, in the several periods of it, we will find it a heap of vanities. *Childhood and youth and vanity.* Eccl. xi. 10. We come into the world, the most helpless of all animals; young birds and beasts can do something for themselves, but infant man is altogether unable to help himself. Our childhood is spent in pitiful trifling pleasures, which become the scorn of our own after-thoughts. Youth is a flower that soon withereth, a blossom that quickly falls off; it is a space of time in which we are rash, foolish, and inconsiderate, pleasing ourselves with a variety of vanities, and swimming as it were, through a flood of them. But ere we are aware, it is past, and we are in the middle age, encompassed with a thick cloud of cares, through which we must grope, and finding ourselves beset with pricking thorns of difficulties, through them we must force our way, to accomplish the projects and contrivance of our riper thoughts. And the more we solace ourselves in any earthly enjoyment we attain to, the more bitterness do we find in parting with it. Then comes old age, attended with its own train of infirmities, labor and sorrow, Psl. xc. 10. and sets us down next door to the grave. In a word, *All flesh is grass.* Isaiah xl. 9. Every stage or period in life, is vanity, *man at his best state* (his middle age, when the heat of youth is spent, and the sorrows of old age have not yet overtaken him) *is altogether vanity,* Psal. xxxix. 5. Death carries off some in the bud of childhood, others in the blossom of youth, and others when they come to their fruit; few are left standing, till like ripe corn they forsake the ground; all die one time or other.

2. Man's life is a short thing; it is not only a vanity, but a short lived vanity. Consider, First,

How the life of a man is reckoned in the scripture. It was indeed sometimes reckoned by hundreds of years; but no man has ever arrived at a thousand: which yet bears no proportion to eternity. Now hundreds are brought down to scores, three score and ten or four score, is its utmost length, Psal. xc. 10. But few men arrive at that length of life. Death does but rarely wait, till men be bowing down, by reason of age, to meet the grave. Yet, as if years were too big a word, for such a small thing as the life of man on earth: we find it counted by months, Job. xiv. 9. *The number of his months are with thee.* Our course, like that of the moon, is run in a little time; we are always waxing or waning, till we disappear. But frequently it is reckoned by days; and these but few, Job. xiv. 1. *Man that is born of a woman, is of a few days.* Nay, it is but one day in scripture account; and that a hireling's day, who will precisely observe when his day ends, and give over his work, ver. 6. *Till he shall accomplish as an hireling his day.* Yea the scripture brings it down to the shortest space of time, and calls it a moment. 2 Cor. ix. 17. *Our light affliction,* (though it last all our life long) *is but for a moment.* But elsewhere it is brought down to yet a lower pitch, further than which one cannot carry it, Psal. xxxiv. 5. *Mine age is as nothing before thee.* Agreeable to this, Solomon tells us, Eccl. iii. 2. *There is a time to be born, and a time to die?* but makes no mention of a time to live; as if our life were but a skip from the womb to the grave. 2. Consider the various similitudes by which the scripture represents the brevity, or shortness of man's life. Hear Hezekiah; Isa. xxxviii, 12. *Mine age is departed, and is removed from me like a shepherd's tent; I have cut off, like a weaver my life.* The shepherd's tent is soon removed, for the flocks must not feed long in one place; such is a man's life on this earth, quickly gone. It is a web, he is incessantly working; he

is not idle so much as one moment; in a short time it is wrought, and then it is cut off. Every breathing is a thread in this web; and when the last breath is drawn, the web is woven out, he expires; and then it is cut off, he breathes no more. Man is like grass, and like a flower, Isa. xl. 6. *All flesh*, even the strongest and most healthy flesh, is *grass, and all the goodliness thereof, is as the flower of the field.* The grass is flourishing in the morning, but, in the evening being cut down by the mowers, it is withered: so man sometimes is walking up and down at ease in the morning; and in the evening is lying a corpse, being knocked down by a sudden stroke with one or other of death's weapons. The flower, at best, is but a weak and tender thing, of short continuance wherever it grows; but observe, man is not compared to the flower of the garden, but to the flower of the field, which the foot of every beast may tread down at any time. Thus is our life liable to a thousand accidents, every day; any of which may cut us off. But though we should escape all these, yet, at length, this grass withereth, this flower fadeth of itself. It is carried off, as the cloud is consumed, and vanisheth away, Job vii. 9. It looks big as the morning cloud, which promiseth great things, and raiseth the expectations of the husbandman: but the sun riseth, and the cloud is scattered; death comes, and the man vanisheth. The apostle James proposeth the question, *What is your life?* Hear his own answer: *It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away,* Chap. iv. 14. It is frail, uncertain, and lasteth not. It is as smoke, which goes out of the chimney, as if it would darken the face of the heavens: but quickly is scattered, and appears no more: thus goeth man's life, and where is he? It is a wind, Job vii. 7. *O remember that my life is wind.* It is but a passing blast, a short puff, a wind that passeth away, and cometh not again, Ps. lxxxviii. 39. Our

breath is in our nostrils, as it were always upon the wing to depart; ever passing and repassing, like a traveller, until it go away for good and all, not to return till the heavens be no more.

3. Man's life is a swift thing; not only a passing but a flying vanity. Have you not observed how swiftly a shadow hath run along the ground, in a cloudy and windy day, suddenly darkening the places beautified before with the beams of the Sun, but as suddenly disappearing? Such is the life of man on the earth, for he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not, Job xiv. 2. A weaver's shuttle is very swift in its motion: in a moment it is thrown from one side of the web to the other: yet our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, chap. vii. 6. How quickly is man tossed through time into eternity! See how Job describes the swiftness of the time of life: *Now my days are swifter than a post: they flee away, they see no good. They are hasted away as the swift ship; as the eagle that hasteth to the prey,* chap. ix. 25, 26. He compares his days with a post, a foot-post, a runner, who runs speedily to carry tidings, and will make no stay. But though the post were like Ahimaaz, who over-ran Cushi, our days would be swifter than he, for they flee away, like a man fleeing for his life, before the pursuing enemy; he runs with his utmost vigor, yet our days run as fast as he. Howbeit that is not all. Even he who is fleeing for life, cannot run always; he must needs sometimes stand still, lie down, or run in somewhere, as Sisera did into Jael's tent, to refresh himself: but our time never halts. Therefore it is compared to ships, which can sail night and day without intermission, till they be at their port; and swift ships, ships of desire, in which men quickly arrive at the desired haven; or, ships of pleasure, that sail more swiftly than ships of burden. Yet the wind failing, the ship's course is marr'd: but our time always runs with rapid course. Therefore, it is compared to the eagle flying, not

with his ordinary flight, for that is not sufficient to represent the swiftness of our days; but when he flies upon his prey, which is with an extraordinary swiftness. And thus, even thus, our days fly away.

The Molehill.

TELL me, thou dust beneath,
Thou dust that once hadst breath,
Tell me, how many mortals meet
In this small hill of death?

The mole, that digs with curious toil
Her subterranean bed,
Thinks not she ploughs a human soil:
And delves among the dead.

Yet ah! where'er she turns the ground,
Their ashes still I see,
For every atom of this mould
Was once alive, like me.

Like me, those elder born of clay
A while enjoy'd the light;
They labor'd thro' their little day,
And went to rest at night.

My night is coming on apace,
And soon as seasons roll,
My dust, like theirs, shall mark the place
That hides the mining Mole.

Far in the regions of the morn,
The rising sun surveys,
Palmyra's palaces forlorn,
Unveiling in his rays.

The Spirits of the desert dwell,
Where eastern grandeur shone:

And vultures scream, hyænas yell,
Where beauty held her throne.

In wild magnificent decay,
The palsied fabrics frown,
For storms have rent their strength away,
Till breezes rock them down.

There oft the Pilgrim, as he stands,
Sees from the broken wall,
The shadow tottering on the sands,
Ere the loose fragments fall.

Destruction joys, amid those scenes,
To watch the sport of fate:
While Time between the pillars leans
And bows them with his weight.

But towers and temples, crush'd by time,
Stupendous wrecks appear,
To me less mournfully sublime,
Than the poor Molehill here.

Thro' all his hillocks crumbling mould,
Once the warm life-blood ran:
—Man! thy own ruins here behold!
Behold thy ruins, Man!

Methinks the dust yet heaves with breath;
I feel the pulses beat:
O in this little hill of death,
How many mortals meet!

All ages, and all nations rise;
For every grain of earth
Beneath my feet, before mine eyes,
Is starting into birth.

Where late the humble Molehill stood,
A mighty army stands.

From years beyond and since the flood,
From nigh and stranger lands.

Like rising mists, the shadowy forms
O'er the deep valley spread ;
And like descending clouds in storms,
Lower round the mountain's head.

O'er the wide champaign as they pass,
Their footsteps yield no sound ;
Nor shake from the light trembling grass
A dew-drop to the ground.

Among their undistinguish'd hosts,
With transport, I behold,
Awful, sublime, terrific ghosts,
Heroes and kings of old :

But lo! the phantoms fade in flight,
Like fears that cross the mind,
Like drowning seamen's shrieks by night,
That faint along the wind.

They were,—they were not—all is past,
Tell me, but who can tell ?
In what mysterious region's cast,
Immortal spirits dwell ?

I know not, but I soon shall know,
When life and suffering cease,
When this desponding heart lies low,
And I shall rest in peace.

For see, on death's bewildering wave,
The rainbow, Hope, arise;
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
That bends beyond the skies.

From earth to heaven it swells, and shines,
A pledge of bliss to man,

Time with eternity combines,
And grasps them in a span.

LETTER *from Mr.* THOMAS TILSON, *Minister of Aylesworth, in Kent,* CONCERNING *an* APPARITION *seen in Rochester, written to Mr.* BAXTER.

Rev. Sir,

BEING informed that you are writing about spectres and apparitions, I take the freedom, though a stranger, to send you this following relation.

Mary, the wife of John Goffe, of Rochester, being afflicted with a long illness, removed to her father's house, at West Mulling, which is about nine miles distant from her own: there she died, June the 4th, 1691.

The day before her departure, she grew impatiently desirous to see her two children, whom she had left at home, to the care of a nurse. She prayed her husband to hire a horse, for she must go home, and die with her children. When they persuaded her to the contrary, telling her she was not fit to be taken out of her bed, nor able to sit on horseback, she intreated them however to try: *If I cannot sit,* said she, *I will lie all along upon the horse, for I must go to see my poor babes.*

A minister who lives in the town, was with her at ten o'clock that night, to whom she expressed good hopes in the mercies of God, and a willingness to die: *but,* said she, *it is my misery that I cannot see my children.*

Between one and two o'clock in the morning she fell into a trance. One widow Turner, who watched with her that night, says, that her eyes were open, and fixed, and her jaw fallen: she put her hand upon her mouth and nostrils, but could per-

ceive no breath; she thought her to be in a fit, and doubted whether she were alive or dead.

The next day, this dying woman told her mother, that she had been at home with her children, *That is impossible,* said the mother, *For you have been here in bed all the while. Yes,* replied the other, *but I was with them last night, when I was asleep.*

The nurse at Rochester, Widow Alexander, by name, affirms and says, she will take her oath of it before a magistrate, and receive the sacrament upon it, that a little before two o'clock that morning, she saw the likeness of the said Mary Goffe come out of the next chamber, (where the elder child lay in a bed by itself, the door being left open,) and stood by her bed-side for about a quarter of an hour; the younger child was there lying by her; her eyes moved and her mouth went, but she said nothing. The nurse moreover says, that she was perfectly awake; it was then day-light, being one of the longest days in the year. She sat up in her bed, and looked stedfastly upon the apparition; at that time she heard the bridge clock strike two, and awhile after said, *In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou?* Thereupon the appearance removed, and went away; she slipped on her clothes and followed, but what became of it she cannot tell. Then, and not before, she began to be grievously affrighted, and went out of doors and walked upon the wharf (the house is just by the river side) for some hours, only going in now and then to look at the children. At five o'clock she went to a neighbour's house, and knocked at the door, but they would not rise; at six she went again, then they arose and let her in. She related to them all that had passed; they would persuade her she was mistaken, or dreamt: but she confidently affirmed, *If ever I saw her in all my life, I saw her this night.*

One of those to whom she made the relation (Mary the wife of J Sweet) had a messenger who came

from Mulling that forenoon, to let her know her neighbour Goffe was dying, and desired to speak with her; she went over the same day, and found her just departing. The mother, amongst other discourse, related to her how much her daughter had longed to see her children, and said she had seen them. This brought to Mrs. Sweet's mind, what the nurse had told her that morning, for till then, she had not thought fit to mention it, but disguised it, rather as the woman's disturbed imagination.

The substance of this, I had related to me by John Carpenter, the father of the deceased, next day after the burial. July 2, I fully discoursed the matter with the nurse, and two neighbours, to whose house she went that morning.

Two days after, I had it from the mother, the minister that was with her in the even, and the woman who sat up with her that last night: they all agree in the same story, and every one helps to strengthen the other's testimony.

They all appear to be sober intelligent persons, far enough off from designing to impose a cheat upon the world, or to manage a lie, and what temptation they should lie under for so doing, I cannot conceive.

THOMAS TILSON,
Minister of Aylesworth, near Maidstone in Kent.

Extraordinary *Forewarning, &c.*

(Continued from page 36.)

JUST heavens exclaimed I, and cannot I prevent this? "Undoubtedly you may returned he, you have a free assent, and may prevent it all, by resisting every temptation to a second marriage; but your passions are strong, you know not their power; hi-

therto you have had no trial, nor am I permitted to tell you ; but if after this warning you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable indeed."

" May I ask, said I, if you are happy ?" " Had I been otherwise," said he, " I should not have been permitted to appear to you." " I may thence infer you are happy," he smiled ; " But how, said I, when morning comes, shall I be convinced that your appearance has been real, and not the mere phantom of my own imagination ?" " Will not the news of my death said he, be sufficient to convince you ?" No, returned I, I might have had such a dream, and that dream might accidentally come to pass; I wish to have some stronger proof of its reality." You shall, said he ;" then waving his hand, the bed curtains which were of crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the tester of the bed, which was of an oval form, was suspended : " In that, said he, you cannot be mistaken, no mortal could have performed this." " True, said I, but sleeping we are often possessed of far greater strength than awake; though awake I could not have done it, asleep I might, I shall still doubt." He then said, " You have a pocket book in the leaves of which I will write ; you know my hand writing." I replied, " Yes," He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaves, " Still, said I, in the morning, I may doubt; though awake I may not imitate your hand, asleep I might." " You are hard of belief ; said he, I must not touch you, it would injure you irreparably, it is not for spirits to touch mortal flesh." I do not regard a small blemish, said I," " You are a woman of courage, said he, hold out your hand,"—I did ; he touched my wrist ; his hand was cold as marble : in a moment the sinews shrunk up, every nerve withered. " Now, said he, while you live, let no mortal eye behold that wrist; to see it would be sacrilege." He stopped, I turned to him again, he was

was gone. During the time in which I had conversed with him my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected, but the moment he was gone I felt chilled with horror and a cold sweat came over me; every limb and joint shook under me; I endeavoured to awake Sir M. but in vain; all my efforts were ineffectual. In this state of agitation I lay some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief. I dropped asleep. In the morning Sir Marcus arose and dressed himself as usual, without perceiving the state in which the curtains remained. When I awoke I found Sir Marcus was gone down. I arose, and having put on my clothes, went into the gallery adjoining our apartment, and took from thence a long broom, such a one as in a large house is frequently used to sweep the corners, with the help of which, though not without difficulty, I took down the curtains, as I imagined their extraordinary position would excite wonder among the servants, and occasion inquiries I wished to avoid. I then went to my bureau, locked up the pocket book, and took out a piece of black ribband which I bound round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of my mind on my countenance was too visible to pass long unobserved by Sir M., he instantly remarked my confusion, and inquired the cause, I assured him I was well, perfectly well, but informed him Lord Tyrone was no more, that he died on the preceding Tuesday at the hour of four, and at the same time intreated him to drop all inquiries concerning the black ribband he noticed on my wrist. He kindly desisted from further importunities, nor did he ever after imagine the cause. You my son, as I had been foretold, I brought into the world, and in a little more than four years after your birth your father died in my arms. After this melancholy event, I determined as the only probable means by which to avoid the dreadful sequel of the prediction, to give up every pleasure, and to pass the remainder of my days in solitude; but few can en-

dure to remain in a state of sequestration, I commenced an intercourse with one family, and only one; nor could I then see the fatal consequences which afterwards returned from it. Little did I imagine that their son, their only son, then a mere youth, would prove a person destined by fate to prove my undoing. In a few years I ceased to regard him with indifference; I endeavoured by every possible means to conquer a passion, the fatal consequences of which (if I should ever be weak enough to yield to its impulse) I too well knew, and fondly imagined, I should overcome its influence; when the evening of one fatal day terminated my fortitude, and plunged me in a moment down that abyss I had been so long meditating how to shun. He had frequently been soliciting his parents to go into the army, and at length obtained their permission, and came to bid me farewel before his departure.

(To be concluded in the next.)

A Remarkable *instance of* Divine Justice, *in the death of a* Drunkard.

IN the year 1743, there lived in London, one who was then foreman to a stay-maker, a good workman, but a very great drunkard. He married, and in a short time after, he and his wife removed to Yorkshire. They lived together till she bore him six children: but by his excess in drinking, he kept himself, his wife, and children, without even common necessaries. He then removed to the county of Durham. His wife then knew little more of religion than himself; though she had formerly heard Mr. John Wesley call sinners to the Lord Jesus. But she did not dare to do after her marriage, her husband swearing, if he had a wife who was inclined to the methodists, he would burn her.

As he now drew near his latter end, she got a clergyman to attend him. But the clergyman observing

a peculiar hardness in him, told his wife it was to no effect.

The night of his death, she read a prayer out of the prayer book to him ; but he cried out, away with that popish book. She then begged him to say the Lord's prayer. He uttered some words with the utmost contempt and indifference, and said, " Bearn, I cannot pray, I cannot pray, it is all over !"

About an hour or two before he died, his wife asked him if he had any thing against her ? He replied, " I have not ; but if I had taken thy advice I had not been brought to this deplorable condition."

About two o'clock in the morning, he said, " Hand me down my clothes, for I must away," and died.

In the winter, about six weeks after his death, she, with her helpless children, one of them sucking on her breast, was carried in a cart to her parish, whence they were ordered to the poor house, which was a place where they used to confine bad women and lunatics. Into this loathsome prison she and her infants were thrust, with nothing to lie on, save a little straw, and nothing to cover them. However after some time they all dropped asleep. Towards morning she awaked, began to bemoan her wretched condition, and calling her husband by his name, said, " To what a miserable state have you brought me and my innocent babes ? We are all to perish for want."

She had scarce spoke, when there was a terrible rustling noise, as if the place were going to be unroofed, and a glimmering light with a sulphureous smell. Then appeared her husband with fiends who formed a circle round him. He seemed in exquisite pain, and cringed and leapt while they scourged and tormented him.

He said, " do not grieve on account of your situation, you will be soon taken out of this place. And you and your children will be taken care of, and you will never perish for want. But as for me

this is to be my condition to all eternity;" and then disappeared.

Stockton Feb. 25, 1783. W. COLLINS.

Here we may inquire, What is this eternity? How shall we pour any light upon this abstruse subject? It cannot be the object of our understanding. And with what comparison shall we compare it? How infinitely does it transcend all these? What are any temporal things placed in comparison with those that are eternal? What is the duration of the long-lived oak, of the ancient castle, of Trajan's pillar, of Pompey's amphitheatre? What is the antiquity of the Tuscan urns, though probably older than the foundation of Rome; yea, of the pyramids of Egypt, suppose they have remained upwards of three thousand years; when laid in the balance of eternity? It vanisheth into nothing.

Nay, what is the duration of the everlasting hills, figuratively so called, which have remained ever since the general deluge, if not from the foundation of the world, in comparison of eternity? No more than an insignificant cypher. Go farther yet, consider the duration, from the creation of the first born sons of God, of Michael the archangel in particular, to the hour when he shall be commissioned to sound his trumpet, and to utter his mighty voice through the vault of heaven. "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" Is it not a moment, a point, a nothing in comparison of unfathomable eternity? Add to this a thousand, a million of years, add a million of millions of ages, before the mountains were brought forth, or the earth and the round world were made: what is all this in comparison to that eternity which is past? Is it not less, infinitely less, than a single drop of water to the whole ocean? Yea immeasurably less than a day, an hour, a moment, to a million of ages. Go back a thousand

millions still. Yet you are no nearer the beginning of eternity.

Are we able to form a more adequate conception of the eternity to come? In order to this, let us compare it with the several degrees of duration, which we are acquainted with. An ephemeron fly lives six hours, from six in the evening till twelve. This is a short life compared to that of a man, which continues threescore or fourscore years. And this itself is short, if it be compared to the nine hundred and sixty nine years of Methuselah. Yet what are these years, yea, all that have succeeded each other from the time that the heavens and the earth were erected, to the time when the heavens shall pass away, and the earth with the works of it shall be burned up, if we compare it to the length of that duration, which never shall have an end!

In order to illustrate this, a late author has repeated that striking thought of St. Cyprian. Suppose there were a ball of sand, as large as the globe of earth: suppose a grain of this sand were to be annihilated, reduced to nothing, in a thousand years: yet that whole space of duration, wherein this ball would be annihilating, at the rate of a grain in a thousand years, would bear infinitely less proportion to eternity, duration without end, than a single grain of sand would bear to all the mass.

To infix this important point the more deeply in your mind consider another comparison. Suppose the ocean to be so enlarged as to include all the space between the earth and the starry heavens. Suppose a drop of this water to be annihilated once in a thousand years; yet that whole space of duration, wherein this ocean would be annihilating, at the rate of one drop in a thousand years, would be infinitely less in proportion to eternity, than one drop of water to that whole ocean.

Look then at those immortal spirits, whether they are in this, or the other world. When they shall have

lived thousands of thousands of years, yea, millions of millions of ages, their duration will be but just begun ; they will be only upon the threshold of eternity.

But besides this division of eternity into that which is past and that which is to come, there is another division of eternity, which is of unspeakable importance. That which is to come, as it relates to immortal spirits, is either a happy or miserable eternity.

See the spirits of the righteous, that are already praising God in a happy eternity. We are ready to say. How short will it appear to those who drink of the rivers of pleasure at God's right hand? We are ready to cry out.

" A day without night
They dwell in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day !"

But this is only speaking after the manner of men. For the measures of long and short, are only applicable to time, which admits of bounds, and not to unbounded duration. This rolls on (according to our low conceptions) with unutterable, inconceivable swiftness; if one would not rather say, it does not roll, or move at all, but in one, still immoveable ocean. For the inhabitants of heaven cease not day or night, but continually cry, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord, the God, the Almighty: who was, and who is, and who is to come! And when millions of millions of ages are elapsed, their eternity is but just begun.

On the other hand, in what a condition are those immortal spirits, who have made a choice of a miserable eternity? I say, made choice: for it is impossible this should be the lot of any creature, but by his own act and deed. The day is coming, when every soul will be constrained to acknowledge, in the sight of men and angels.

"No dire decree of thine did seal,
Or fix the unalterable doom:
Consign my unborn soul to hell,
Or damn me from my mother's womb."

In what condition, will such a spirit be, after the sentence is executed, Depart ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels? Suppose him to be just now plunged into the lake of fire, burning with brimstone, where they have no rest day or night, but the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever! Why, if we were only to be chained down one day, yea one hour, in a lake of fire, how amazingly long would one day, or one hour appear? I know not if it would not seem as a thousand years, But, astonishing thought! After thousands of thousands, he has but just tasted of his bitter cup! After millions it will be no nearer the end, than it was the moment it began.

What then is he, how foolish, how mad, in how unutterable a degree of distraction, who seemed to have the understanding of a man, deliberately prefers temporal things to eternal? Who (allowing that absurd, impossible supposition, that wickedness is happiness: a supposition utterly contrary to all reason, as well as to matter of fact) prefers the happiness of a year, say a thousand years, to the happiness of eternity? In comparison of which, a thousand ages are infinitely less than a year, a day, a moment! especially when we take this into the consideration, (which indeed should never be forgotten) that the refusing of a happy eternity implies the choosing of a miserable eternity. For there is not, cannot be any medium between everlasting joy and everlasting pain. It is a vain thought, which some have entertained, that death will put an end to the soul as well as the body. It will put an end to neither the one nor the other; it will only alter the manner of their existence. But when the body returns to the dust, as it was, the

spirit will return to God that gave it. Therefore at the moment of death, it must be unspeakably happy or unspeakably miserable. And that misery will never end.

"Never! Where sinks the soul at the dread sound!
Into a gulph how dark, and how profound!"

How often would he, who had made the wretched choice, wish for the death of both soul and body? It is not impossible, he might pray in some such manner as Dr. Young supposes,

"When I have writh'd ten thousand years in fire,
Ten thousand thousand, let me then expire!"

Yet this unspeakable folly, this unutterable madness, of preferring present things to eternal, is the disease of every man born into the world, while in his natural state. For such is the constitution of our nature, that as the eye sees only such a portion of space at once, so the mind sees only such a portion of time at once. And as all the space that lies beyond this, is invisible to the eye, so all the time that lies beyond that compass, is invisible to the mind. So that we do not perceive, either the space or the time, which is at a distance from us. The eye sees distinctly the space that is near it, with the objects which it contains. In like manner, the mind sees distinctly those objects which are within such a distance of time. The eye does not see the beauties of China. They are at too great a distance. There is too great a space between us and them; therefore we are not affected by them. They are as nothing to us: it is just the same to us, as if they had no being. For the same reason the mind does not see either the beauties or the terrors of eternity.

We are not at all affected by them, because they are so distant from us. On this account it is, that they appear to us as nothing, just as if they had no existence. Meanwhile we are wholly taken up with things present, whether in time or space; and things appear less and less as they are more and more distant from us, either in one respect or the other. And so it must be; such is the constitution of our nature, till nature is changed by Almighty grace. But this is no manner of excuse for those who continue in their natural blindness to futurity; because a remedy for it is provided, which is found by all that seek it.—Yea, it is freely given to all that sincerely ask it.

This remedy is faith. I do not mean that which is the faith of a heathen, who believes that there is a God, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him; but that which is defined by the apostle. An evidence or conviction of things not seen: a divine evidence and conviction of the invisible and eternal world. This alone opens the eyes of the understanding, to see God and the things of God. This, as it were, takes away, or renders, transparent the impenetrable veil,

"Which hangs 'twixt mortal and immortal being."

When

"Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly:
The invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye."

Accordingly, a believer (in the spiritual sense) lives in eternity, and walks in eternity. His prospect is enlarged. His view is not any longer bounded by present things; no, nor by any earthly hemisphere, tho' it were, as Milton speaks, "Tenfold the length of his Terrene." Faith places the unseen, the eternal

world continually before his face. Consequently he looks not at the things that are seen:

> "Wealth, honor, pleasures, or what else,
> This short-enduring world can give."

These are not his aim, the object of his pursuit, his desire or happiness: but at the things that are not seen, at the favor, the image, and the glory of God: as well knowing, that the things which are seen are temporal, a vapor, a shadow, a dream that vanishes away; whereas the things that are not seen, are eternal, real, solid, and unchangeable.

Bishop HALL'S *Account of a* REMARKABLE *Dream.*

IN my youth, when I was at Cambridge, my brother Henry lying with me, early one morning I dreamed that my mother passed by with a sad countenance, and told me, that she would not come to my Commencement, (having promised at that time to come to Cambridge) when I related this dream to my brother (both of us waking together in a sweat) he protested he had dreamed the very same. The next Carrier brought us word of our mother's death.

How can this be accounted for on merely rational principles?

EXTRACT *of a letter to* RICHARD NASH, *Esquire.*

SIR,

I WAS not long since called to visit a poor gentleman, ere while of the most robust body, and of the gayest temper I ever knew. But when I visited him; Oh! how was the glory de-

parted from him! I found him no more that sprightly and vivacious son of joy, which he used to be; but languishing, pining away, and withering under the chastising hand of God. His limbs feeble and trembling, his countenance forlorn and ghastly, and the little breath he had left, sobbed out in sorrowful sighs! His body hastening apace to the dust, to lodge in the silent grave, the land of darkness and desolation. His soul just going to God who gave it, preparing to wing its way unto its long home, to enter upon an unchangeable and eternal state. When I was come up into his chamber, and had seated myself on his bed, he first cast a most wishful look upon me, and then began as well as he was able to speak; Oh; that I had been wise, that I had known this, that I had considered my latter end. Ah! Sir, death is knocking at my door: in a few hours more I shall draw my last gasp; and then judgment, the tremendous judgment! How shall I appear, unprepared as I am, before the all-knowing and omnipotent God. How shall I endure the day of his coming! When I mentioned, among many other things, that strict holiness, which he had formerly so slightly esteemed, he replied with a hasty eagerness, Oh! that holiness is the only thing I now long for. I have not words to tell how highly I value it. I would gladly part with all my estate, large as it is, or a world, to obtain it. Now my benighted eyes are enlightened, I clearly discern the things that are excellent. What is there in the place whither I am going but God? Or what is there to be desired on earth but religion? But if this God should restore you to health, said I, think you that you would alter your former course? I call heaven and earth to witness, said he, I would labor for holiness, as I shall soon labor for life. As for riches and pleasures, and the applauses of men, I account them as dross and dung, no more to my happiness, than the feathers that lie on the floor.—Oh! if the righteous judge would try me once more;

if he would but reprieve and spare me a little longer; in what a spirit would I spend the remainder of my days! I would know no other business, aim at no other end, than perfecting myself in holiness. Whatever contributed to that, every means of grace, every opportunity of spiritual improvement, should be dearer to me, than thousands of gold and silver. But alas! why do I amuse myself with fond imaginations? The best resolutions are now insignificant, because they are too late. The day in which I should have worked is over and gone, and I see a sad, horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness for ever. Heretofore, woe is me! when God called, I refused; when he invited, I was one of them that made excuse. Now therefore I receive the reward of my deeds; fearfulness and trembling are come upon me: I smart, and am in sore anguish already; and yet this is but the beginning of sorrows! it doth not yet appear what I shall be; but sure I shall be ruined, undone, and destroyed with an everlasting destruction.

This sad scene I saw with mine eyes: these words, and many more equally affecting, I heard with mine ears, and soon after attended the unhappy gentleman to his tomb.

The APPEARANCE *of the* DUCHESS *of* MAZARINE.

(*Continued from page* 65.)

ON our inquiring if she felt any inward disorder which should give room for the melancholy apprehensions her message testified, she replied in the negative; yet, said she, with a little sigh, you will soon, very soon, behold me pass from this world into that eternity which once I doubted, but am now assured of.

As she spoke these last words, she looked full in

my face, as it were to remind me of the conversation we frequently had held together on that subject.

I told her, I was heartily glad to find so great a change in her ladyship's sentiments; but that I hoped she had no reason to imagine the conviction would be fatal; which she only answered with a gloomy smile; and a clergyman of her own persuasion whom she had sent for, that moment coming in, we all quitted the room to leave him at liberty to exercise his function.

It exceeded not half an hour before we were called in again, and she appeared, after having disburthened her conscience, to be more cheerful than before; her eyes, which were as piercing as possible, sparkled with an uncommon vivacity; and she told us, she should die with more satisfaction, as she enjoyed in her last moments, the presence of two persons the most agreeable to her in this world, and in the next would be sure of enjoying the society of one, who in life, had been the dearest to her.

We were both beginning to dissuade her from giving way to thoughts, which there seemed not the least probability of being verified; when she put a stop to what we were about to urge, by saying, "Talk no more of that—my time is short, and I would not have the small space allowed me to be with you wasted in vain delusion. "Know," continued she, "I have seen my dear duchess of Mazarine. I perceived not how she entered, but turning my eyes towards yonder corner of the room, I saw her stand in the same form and habit she was accustomed to appear in when living; fain would I have spoke, but had not the power of utterance; she took a little circuit round the chamber, seeming rather to swim than walk; then stopped by the side of that Indian chest, and looked on me with her usual sweetness. Beauclair, said she, between the hours of twelve and one this night you will be with me.—The surprise I was in at first being a little abated, I began to ask some

questions concerning the future world I was so soon to visit; but on the opening of my lips for that purpose, she vanished from my sight I know not how."

The clock was now striking twelve; and as she discovered not the least symptoms of any ailment, we again aimed to remove all apprehensions of a dissolution; but we had scarce begun to speak, when on a sudden her countenance changed, and she cried out, "Oh! I am sick at heart!" Mrs. Ward, who all this time had stood leaning on her chair, applied some drops but to no effect; she grew still worse; and in about half an hour expired, it being exactly the time the apparition had foretold.

I have been so particular in relating all the circumstances of this affair, as well as to prove I could not be deceived in it, as to show that Madam de Beauclair was neither vaporish nor superstitious, as many believe all are who pretend to see any thing supernatural. I am, indeed, very ready to allow that the force of imagination may impose upon the senses, and that it frequently has done so, and that the stories told us in our infancy leave ideas behind them, which in our riper years are apt to make us fanciful: but in the case I have mentioned, there could be nothing of all this; the lady you may perceive was so far from any apprehensions or prepossessions of that nature, that on the contrary, she looked upon them as ridiculous and absurd, and convinced by nothing but the testimony of her own eyes and ears.

It must be confessed such extraordinary means of warning us of our fate but rarely happen, nor can it be supposed departed spirits have the power of visiting us at pleasure; for which reason I look upon all such agreements, as were made between these ladies, as highly presumptuous, and when permitted to be fulfilled, we are not to imagine it done to gratify the vain curiosity of those who doubt a future state,

but to strengthen the faith of those who believe in it.

I think, therefore, who am well assured of the truth of such an incident, I ought to communicate it to the public, especially in these times, when all the belief of another world, on which of consequence our good behaviour in this depends, stands in need of every help for maintaining any ground among us."

A Woman *cured of a* Cancer *by a* Dream.

JANE COTTERAL, of L——, was afflicted with a cancer in her mouth for several years, and was brought very low both in body and mind, and circumstances. Being in agony of pain one day, while the surgeon was dressing the sore, she cried out in great earnestness, " My good God, look down upon me in mercy, for Christ's sake." The surgeon being angry, immediately left off dressing the wound, bid her go to the God she called upon, and see if he would help her, for he himself would have nothing more to say to her. The poor afflicted woman was greatly shocked at his behaviour, and begged to know what he demanded for his attendance. His demand was exorbitant, and reduced her and her family almost to want. However, at last she paid all he required, and returned home with a light purse, and a heavy heart.

Some little time after this, the poor woman dreamt three or four nights together, that she saw a man who made a perfect cure of her cancerous complaint. Upon this she greatly importuned her husband to take her to the place where she saw the man. He thinking it was nothing but a dream, in consequence of her suffering, begged her not to think of going again from home, so ill as she was. Persisting, however, in the thought of going to the place where she saw the man, her husband consented. She went, and had not been long at the place before she saw

the very person walk into the room that she had seen in her sleep. She immediately started up, thanked God, and running to the man, said, She was rejoiced to see him. The man surprised (having never seen the woman before) asked what she meant? O Sir, said she, you are the person who is to cure my cancer. Good woman, said he, I never cured a cancer in my life. At this reply the poor woman was cast down, and cried out, then all is over. The man seeing the woman in such distress, and a deplorable object to look upon, asked the cause of her applying to him. She told him all the particulars before related; and added, if you can help me, do. He then bid her be comforted, for he knew of something which had been of use, if she would try it. Any thing, Sir, you advise, I will most certainly try, said she. He accordingly made her up an application, which she used; and, in a little time, she was quite cured of the cancer, and restored to perfect health. This happened upwards of fifteen years ago, I could mention the surgeon's name who treated her with such inhumanity, if it were expedient. He was a noted deist.

Simpson on Dreams.

A Narrative *of the* Death *of the Hon.* Fr. N.—, *Son to the late*——.

At sixteen he was sent to the university of——, where he continued five years, and behaved so agreeably to his religious education, that he was looked upon as a blessing and an ornament to his family. At twenty-one he came to town, and entered himself at——to study the law.

His new acquaintance began to rally him for his religion; to whom he would say, "Gentlemen, you who pretend to reason, cannot think laughter a conclusive argument. If religion be so absurd as

you would have me believe, why do not you give some fair reasons against it?" This, some of them would attempt, and though their argument at first was as unsuccessful as their raillery; yet the poison sunk by degrees, and at last tainted him as deeply as themselves. He was adopted into their society, which met to lay down rules, for being so critically wicked, that the law should not be able to take hold of them.

He still kept a fair correspondence with his friends, and in strange places was sober and reserved. But in secret, and among his acquaintance, as wicked, as good parts, abundance of temptation, and a fair estate enabled him to be.

On Nov. 30. 1692, he was taken ill, and found, notwithstanding all his precautions, he had not yet shook off the expectation of another life. This made him throw himself upon his bed, and break out into these expressions; "Whence this war in my breast? What argument is there now to assist me against matter of fact? Do I assert that there is no hell, while I feel one in my bosom? Am I certain there is no after-retribution, when I feel a present judgment? Do I affirm my soul to be as mortal as my body, when this languishes, and that is as vigorous as ever? O that any one could restore to me my ancient innocence! Wretch that I am, whither shall I fly from this breast? What will become of me?

One of his old companions now coming in said, "How, now, brother? Why this melancholy look and posture? What is the matter?" The matter; replied he; it is you, and your companions, who have instilled your principles into me, which now, when I have most need of them, leave me in confusion and despair! What comfort have you now to fortify me with against the fearful expectation of another life? Are you certain that the soul is material and mortal, and that it will dissolve with the body? So certain, replied the other, that I venture my whole

upon it. Here I interrupted them by coming into the room; and applying myself to the sick person, told him that I was a stranger to him, but hearing of his illness, I thought it my duty to offer him what service I was capable of. "I thank you, said he, and would desire you to engage that gentleman who sits there, and prove to him the soul is not matter nor mortal." "That, said I, is easily proved. Matter is universally allowed to be indifferent to motion or rest; that if it be in rest, it will rest to all eternity, unless something else moves it; and if it be in motion, it will eternally move, unless something else stops it. Now you who think the soul matter, say that it first moves the animal spirits, they the nerves, these the limbs. But to say this, is to say that matter moves itself, which is absurd. Therefore the soul is not matter, and consequently not liable to be dissolved as matter is."

The sick gentleman answered only with a groan, whilst his friend made haste out of the room. I was surprised, and desired to know the reason of his discontent. "Alas, Sir, said he, you have undeceived me now it is too late: I was afraid of nothing so much as the immortality of the soul. Now you have assured me of that, you have ascertained me of a hell, and a portion among those who have apostatized from their religion. You have now sealed my damnation, by giving me an earnest of it; I mean, an awakened conscience, that brings my sins to my remembrance, by reckoning up the numerous catalogue, for which I must go and give account. O apostate wretch! from what hopes art thou fallen! O that I had never known what religion was! Then I had never denied my Saviour, nor been so black an heir of perdition," I stood speechless for some time; but so soon as I could recollect myself, said, Sir, I would desire you would take care how you violate the mercy of God, and think so light of the sufferings of Christ, as if they were not sufficient for

the redemption of the greatest sinner. This may be a delusion of the devil. If you are convinced the soul is immortal, I hope it is for a good end. Now you have some time to prepare for your eternal welfare. To which he replied, "As to the mercies of God in Christ, I once knew and tasted what they are; which is now my present curse, in that I am now sensible of my loss. They are, I grant you, sufficient for those who have any share in them. But what is that to me, who have denied Christ? who have daily crucified him afresh, and put him to an open shame? The devil has nothing to do with the torture that I undergo. It is no delusion of his, but the best judgment of God. And you have given me sensible horror of my sins, by proving my soul immortal. Had I gone straight to hell in my old opinion, I had endured but one hell, whereas I now feel two: I mean, not only an inexpressible torture which I carry in my breast, but an expectation of I know not what change. O that I was in hell, that I might feel the worst! And yet I dread to die, because the worst will never have an end."

All this he spoke with so much eagerness, as is scarce to be imagined. He was now got to bed, refusing all sustenance, and exceedingly sweating through all the extremity of his torments. Before I took my leave, I desired to pray by him, which with much reluctance he consented to. In the midst of prayer he groaned extremely, tossing himself as if he was in the agonies of death. When prayer was over, I asked him the reason of it. He answered, "As the damned in hell, who lift up their eyes in torments, and behold afar off the saints in Abraham's bosom, have their torments thereby doubled, first, by reflecting on the misery they are in; and secondly, by observing the happiness they have lost: so I knowing myself to be hardened, and sealed unto damnation, hearing the prayer of the righteous, to which God's ears are always open; this increases my

torment, to think I am excluded from such a privilege, and having no portion left me, but weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth for ever. "Pray, Sir, said I, consider that there is a vast difference between you and those that are in hell. They are lost irrecoverably for ever, without any hope or pardon: you are yet alive, and have promises belonging to you in common with other sinners; Christ died for sinners; and God has sworn by himself, "I delight not in the death of a sinner, but would rather that he turn from his wickedness and live. He replied with his usual earnestness, I will grant there is as much difference between me and those that are in hell, as between a common devil, and a devil incarnate. If these are irrecoverably lost, without opportunity of reprief, or hopes of pardon, and I am yet alive, O, what then! what is the consequence! Not that the promises belong in common to me with other sinners; nor to any sinners but such as believe and repent. If Christ died for sinners, it was for such as repent and believe. But though I would, I can do neither; I have outstood the day of grace, and am hardened, and reprobated. If God delights not in the death of sinners, it is such sinners, as repent and turn to him. But his justice will vindicate itself on such obstinate sinners as me, who have denied his power and providence, both in my words and actions. Now he has met with me for it, and O! it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. If God was not against me, I should not value, though all the power and malice of men joined to engage me; though all the legions of hell contrived to torture me with the most consuming pains; but when an irreconcileable God looks down upon his creature in wrath, and consigns him over to eternal vengeance; this is intolerable! inexpressible! Ah! who can dwell with everlasting burning! O ye that have any hope, that have not yet passed your day of grace, cry mightily to God day and night,

think no labor too much to secure you from the wrath of God. O! Who can stand before him, when he is angry? What stubble can resist the consuming fire?"

(To be continued.)

Mr. THOMAS HALIBURTON.

Of his death.

You see the man; you see his hold on heaven:
His comforters he comforts: great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur *gives*, not *yields*
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.

ON Wednesday, September, 1710, and some days preceding, he was under great trouble of mind; and a friend asked him that morning, how he had rested in the night? He answered, "Not well. I have been this night tossed with the thoughts of eternity. I have been thinking on the terrible things of God, and all that is difficult in death to a Christian. All my enemies have been round about me. I had a great conflict, and faith was like to fail. O that I may be kept now in this last trial, from being an offence to his people."

In the afternoon, when some of his brethren visited him, he said, "I am but young and of little experience, but this death bed now makes me old; therefore I exhort you to faithfulness in the Lord's work. You will never repent this. He is a good master: I have always found him so. If I had a thousand lives, I should think all too little to be employed in his service."

Thursday, September 18, being asked in the morning, how he was? he said, O what a terrible conflict had I yesterday, but now I may say, I have

fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Now he hath put a new song in my mouth. Praise, praise is comely for the upright. Shortly I shall have another sight of God than ever I had, and be more fit to praise him than ever. O the thoughts of an incarnate God are sweet and ravishing! And O how I wonder at myself, that I do not love him more! that I do not admire him more! O that I could honor him! What a wonder I enjoy such composure under these pains, and in a view of approaching death! O what a mercy, that I have the use of my reason, till I have declared his goodness to me!"

To his wife he said, "he came to me in the third watch of the night, walking upon the waters, and he said, I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end; I was dead and am alive, and live for evermore, and have the keys of death and hell. He stilled the tempest of my soul, and there is a sweet calm."

When desired to be tender of his health, he said, I'll strive to last as long as I can. I have no more to do with my time, but to spend it thriftily for the glory of God. Then he said, "I shall see my Redeemer stand on the earth at the last day. But before then I shall see the Lamb in the midst of the throne. O it will be a glorious company, the spirits of just men made perfect, and Jesus the mediator of the new covenant: O for grace! Grace be patient to the end!"

When the physician came, he said, "Doctor, as to this piece of work, you are near at an end of it. God be with you, and persuade you to be in earnest: I return you thanks for your diligence. Is my pulse low? I am well pleased it is. I would have been content to have been away long ere now; a few more strokes, and victory, victory for ever, through the captain of our salvation.

Now get acquainted with God. The little acquaintance I have had with God within these two

days has been better than ten thousand times the pains I have been at all my life about religion. It is good to have him to go to, when we are turning our face to the wall. He is known in Sion for a sure refuge, a very present help in trouble.

(To be continued.)

An Authentic Account *of several* Apparitions, *&c.*

(Continued from page 44.)

IN about six weeks I grew better. I was then musing one night, whether I did well in desiring he might come? And I was praying that God would do his own will, then he came in, and stood by the bedside. But he was not in his usual dress: he had on a white robe which reached down to his feet. He looked quite well pleased. About one there stood by him a person in white, taller than him and exceeding beautiful. He came with the singing as of many voices, and continued till near cock crowing. Then my uncle smiled and waved his hand towards me twice or thrice. They went away with inexpressible sweet music, and I saw him no more.

In a year after this a young man courted me, and in some months we agreed to be married. But he proposed to take another voyage first, and one evening went aboard his ship. About eleven o'clock going to look for my mother, I saw him standing at his mother's door with his hands in his pockets, and his hat pulled over his eyes, I went to him and reached my hand to put up his hat. But he went swiftly by me and I saw the wall on the other side of the lane part as he went through, and then immediately close after him. At ten the next morning he died.

A few days after, John Simpson, one of our neighbours, a man that truly feared God, and one with

whom I was particularly acquainted, went to sea as usual. He sailed out on Tuesday. The Friday night following, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I heard one walking in my room, and every step sounded as if he was stepping in water. He then came to the bed side in his sea jacket all wet, and stretched his hand over me. Three drops of water fell on my breast, and felt as cold as ice. I strove to wake his wife, who lay with me; but I could not, any more than if she was dead. Afterwards I heard, he was cast away that night. In less than a minute he went away. But he came to me every night, for six or seven nights following, between eleven and two. Before he came and when he went away, I always heard sweet music. Afterwards he came both day and night; every night about twelve with the music at his coming and going, and every day at sun rise, noon, and sun set. He came whatever company I was in; at church, in the preaching house, at my class; and was always just before me, changing his posture as I changed mine. When I sat he sat; when I kneeled he kneeled; when I stood he stood likewise. I would fain have spoke to him, but I could not; when I tried my heart sunk within me: mean time it affected me more and more, so that I lost both my stomach, my color, and my strength. This continued ten weeks, while I pined away not daring to tell any one. At last he came four or five nights without any music, and looked exceeding sad. On the fifth night he drew the curtains of the bed violently to and fro; still looking wishfully at me, and as one quite distressed. This he did two nights. On the third, I lay down about eleven, on the side of the bed. I quickly saw him walking up and down the room. Being resolved to speak to him but unwilling any should hear, I rose and went into the garret. When I opened the door, I saw him walking toward me, and shrunk back; on which he stopped and stood at a distance. I said, "In the name

of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what is your business with me?" He answered, "Betsey, God forgive you, for keeping me so long from my rest. Have you forgot what you promised before I went to sea? To look to my children, if I was drowned? You must stand to your word or I cannot rest." I said. "I wish I was dead;" He said, "say not so. You have more to go through before then. And yet, if you knew as much as I do you would not care how soon you died. You may bring the children on in their learning while they live; they have but a short time." I said, "I will take all the care I can." He added, "your brother has wrote for you, to come to Jamaica: But if you go it will hurt your soul. You have also thought of altering your condition: but if you marry him you think of, it will draw you from God, and you will neither be happy here nor hereafter. Keep close to God, and go on in the way wherein you have been brought up." I asked, How do you spend your time?" He answered, "In songs of praise. But of this you will know more by and by: for where I am, you will surely be." I have lost much happiness by coming to you: And I should not have stayed so long without using other means to make you speak; but the Lord would not suffer me to fright you. Have you any thing more to say? It draws near two, and after that I cannot stay. I shall only come to you twice more before the death of my two children. God bless you." Immediately I heard such singing, as if a thousand voices joined together. He then went down stairs, and I followed him to the first landing. He smiled and said, "I desire you will come back." He stood still till I came to him, I asked him one or two questions, which he immediately answered; but added, "I wish you had not called me back; for now I must take something from you." He paused a little and said, "I think

you can best part with the hearing of your left ear." He laid his hand upon it, and in the instant it was deaf as a stone. And it was several years before I recovered the least hearing of it. The cock crowed as he went out of the door; and then the music ceased. The elder of his children died at about three years and a half, the younger, before he was five years old. He appeared before the death of each, but without speaking: after that I saw him no more.

A little before Michaelmas, 1763, my brother George, who was a good young man, went to sea. The day after Michaelmas day, about midnight, I saw him standing by my bed-side, surrounded with a glorious light, and looking earnestly at me. He was wet all over. That night the ship in which he sailed, split upon a rock, and all the crew were drowned.

On April 9th, 1767, About midnight I was lying awake, and I saw my brother John standing by my bedside. Just at that time he died in Jamaica.

By his death I became entitled to an house in Sunderland, which was left us by my grandfather, John Hobson, an exceeding wicked man, who was drowned fourteen years ago. I employed an attorney to recover it from my aunts, who kept possession of it. But finding more difficulty than I expected, in the beginning of December I gave it up. Three or four nights as I rose from prayer, a little before eleven, I saw him standing at a small distance. I cried out, "Lord bless me! what brings you here?" He answered, "You have given up the house: Mr. Parker advised you so to do: but if you do, I shall have no rest. Indeed Mr. Dunn, whom you have hitherto employed, will do nothing for you. Go to Durham; employ an attorney there, and it will be recovered." His voice was loud, and so hollow and deep, that every word went through me. His lips did not move at all, (nor his eyes) but the sound seemed to rise out of the floor. When

he had done speaking, he turned about, and walked out of the room.

(To be continued.)

King ALFRED'S *Dying* WORDS *to his* SON.

MY dear son, sit thee down beside me, and I will deliver thee true instruction. I feel that my hour is coming; my countenance is wan. My days are almost done. I shall go to another world, and thou shalt be left alone in all my wealth. I pray thee, strive to be a Father and a Lord to thy people. Be thou a father to the children, and a friend to the widow. Comfort thou the poor. Shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong. Govern thyself by law; then shall the Lord love thee, and God above all things shall be thy reward. Call upon him to advise thee in all thy need, and he hall help thee in all thou undertakest.

An ANECDOTE *of* ROBERT LEISTER, *of Upworth, delivered by himself.*

I HAVE known the goodness of God for near thirty years: but in spite of all my advice, my five sons, and two daughters, all grown up, ran on in the broad way to destruction. This cost me many a prayer and tear, yet I saw no fruit of all my labor. In January last, I dreamed the day of judgment was come. I saw the Judge of his great white throne. The holy angels sat round him in form of a half moon, and all nations were gathered before him. I and my wife were on the right hand: but I could not see any of my children. I said, I cannot bear this, I must go and seek them: so I went to the left hand, and found them all seven standing together, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, and cursing the day that ever they were born. As soon

as they saw me, they all catched hold of me, and said, "O Father we will never part any more." I said, "My dear children I am come to see, if I can get you out of this dismal situation, "So I took them all with me. But when we were come within a bow shot of the judge, I thought he cast an angry look, and said, "What do thy children with thee now? They would not take thy warning when upon earth. They shall not share the crown with thee. Depart ye cursed!" At these words I awoke bathed in sweat and tears.

A while after, as we were altogether on a Sunday evening, I related my dream to them. No sooner did I begin, but first one, then another, yea, all of them burst into tears. And God fastened conviction on their hearts. Five of them are now rejoicing in God their Saviour. And I know God is at work with the other two; so that I doubt not but he will give them also to my prayers.

The remainder of his children have since been converted, and walk according to the truth as it is in Jesus.

The Apparition *to Dr. Scott, &c.*

(*Continued from page 33.*)

I LIVED in the county of Somerset, where I left a very good estate, which my grandson enjoys at this time. But he is sued for the possession by my two nephews, the sons of my younger brother.

Here he gave his own name, the name of his younger brother, and the name of his two nephews; but I am not allowed to publish the names in this relation, nor might it be proper for many reasons.

The doctor then interrupted, and asked him how long the grandson had been in possession of the estate?

which he told him was seven years, intimating that he had been so long dead.

Then he went on, and told him that his nephews would be too hard for his grandson in the suite, and would deprive him of the mansion house and estate; so that he would be in danger of being entirely ruined and his family reduced.

Still the doctor could not see into the matter, or what he could do to remedy the evil that threatened the family, and therefore asked him some questions, for now they began to be a little better acquainted than at first.

Says the doctor, and what am I able to do in it, if the law be against him?

Why, says the spectre, it is not that the nephews have any right; but the grand deed of settlement, being the conveyance of the inheritance, is lost; and for want of that deed they will not be able to make out their title to the estate.

Well, says the doctor, and what still can I do in this case?

Why says the spectre, if you will go down to my grandson's house, and take such persons with you as you can trust, I will give you such instructions as that you shall find out the deed of settlement, which lies concealed in a place where I put it with my own hands, and where you shall direct my grandson to take it out in your presence.

But why then cannot you direct your graadson to do this? says the doctor.

Ask me not about that, says the apparition, there are divers reasons which you may know hereafter. I can depend upon your honesty in it, in the mean time, and you may dispose of matters that you shall have your expences paid you, and be handsomely allowed for your trouble.

After this discourse, and several other expostulations, (for the doctor was not easily prevailed upon to go, till the spectre seemed to look angrily, and

even to threaten him for refusing,) he did at last promise to go.

Having obtained a promise of him, he told him he might let his grandson know that he had formerly conversed with his grandfather, (but not how lately or in what manner) and ask to see the house: and that in such an upper room or loft, he should see a deal of old lumber, old coffers, old chests, and such things as were out of fashion now, thrown by and piled one upon another, to make room for fashionable furniture, cabinets, chests of drawers, and the like.

That, in such a particular corner, was such a certain old chest, with an old broken lock upon it, and a key in it, which could neither be turned in the lock, or pulled out.

In that chest, says he, and in that place, lies the grand deed or charter of the estate, which conveys the inheritance, and without which the family will be turned out of doors.

After this discourse, the doctor promised to go down into the country and dispatch this important commission: the apparition putting on a very pleasant and smiling aspect, thanked him, and disappeared.

After some days, and within the time limited by the proposal of the spectre, the doctor went down accordingly into Somersetshire, and finding the gentleman's house very readily, by the direction, knocked at the door, and asked if he was at home: and after being told he was, and the servants informing their master it was a clergyman, the gentleman came to the door, and very courteously invited him in.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A True *and* Awful *relation.*

IN the neighbourhood of Huddersfield in the West riding of Yorkshire, lived E. B. for many years he was held a respectable character, both for piety and industry. He was the principal cause of bringing the gospel into the place where he lived: and through his persuasion and influence many were brought to attend the word; and found it the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth.

Among others, a person of the name of J. M. was truly converted to God: and between him and E. B. there was a close, mutual friendship, which subsisted for many years. But, alas! in how many cases is that word verified, the first shall be last, and the last shall be first! E. B. forsook the good ways of God, fell from his stedfastness, and became an unbelieving apostate.

E. B's business led him to keep a cart, and frequently take considerable journies through the country. Hereby he became exposed to many temptations: especially from the conversation of men, who glory in their shame, by denying the Lord that bought them; and representing the word of truth as a fiction, or a cunningly devised fable. Their words *ate as a canker.* At first he withstood them; but by degrees, he lost his faith and love: and could hear, with indifference, the things of God abused; till at last he wallowed in drunkenness, blasphemed with the atheist, scorned with the deist, *set his mouth against the heavens,* and became a most profligate character. But the way of transgressors is hard. He one day, on setting off from an alehouse, his horses being unwilling to go, got into the cart, exclaiming "I will drive them to the devil;" immediately they set off on a gallop, and soon after the cart was overturned, and he, falling under it, was killed by the load falling on him. He was in a state of intoxica-

tion when the melancholy event happened; and had just before been giving free scope to his licentious principles, with all possible energy and spirit.

J. M. hearing of this, was greatly affected; and fearing that his friend was not happy, wished to see him in his disembodied state. Accordingly it pleased the Almighty to indulge him in his request. One night, just as J. M. was got into bed, he heard a voice from without, calling him distinctly by his name, J. M. J. M. J. M. three times. Judging it was some one who wanted his assistance, he got up, opened the window and looked out; but seeing no person, he fastened the window: and, after walking two or three times across the room, sat himself down on the side of his bed, and assayed to go into it; but before he could lie down, he heard a very loud knocking at his door, as if with a stick or cane, and presently the spirit of his deceased friend, came in and passed along the room, and turning round, stood still before him at his bed's feet, leaning with his arm on a chest of drawers. He had on (to appearance) the very clothes which he wore when he met his untimely fate; with his hat inclining on one side of his head, the way he usually wore it. The room was immediately filled with a gloomy kind of light. J. M. viewed him very distinctly; but he seemed a picture of horror and despair, impossible to be expressed.

J. M. now said, E. B. is it you?

E. B. Yes it is me.

J. M. I wished to see you.

E. B. I was informed so.

J. M. Do you believe there is a God now?

E. B. Yes, I know it to my sorrow.

J. M. Are the torments of the damned so great as the scripture would have us believe they are?

E. B. If all the devils in hell were assembled to describe them, they could not give you the idea of a thousandth part of them.

J. M. Who are those with you? (for there seem-

ed two black appearances visible, yet indistinct, one on each side) E. B. answered, they are my guards. Immediately those two fiends flew forward, with the greatest rage and fury, to seize on J. M; but he cried out, I plead the *blood of Christ*, I plead the *blood of Christ*, I plead the *blood of Christ*, three times; and they shrunk back again to their place. On this, E. B. said, Aye, plead but the *blood of Christ*, and all the devils in hell can never harm you.

J. M. I fear you are not happy.

E. B. *Lost* for ever! *Lost* for ever! *Lost* for ever!

On his departure, the room was filled with a strong offensive smell, like the smell of burning brimstone: at least this was the most exact description. J. M. could give it.

How awful is the above account: The detail is exact and correct. There is nothing labored; no new conceit, but plain matter of fact, a relation unvarnished and delivered with no other design than to alarm the careless, and to set forth that great truth, "Our God is a consuming fire." J. M. is now alive, and his integrity such, as to give the fullest assurance to every serious inquirer. Reader, be admonished. There is a God, and a just one. There is a hell, and a terrible one. Thy soul is immortal, and after death it will be required of thee. Wilt thou live in sin a few years, and dwell in torments for ever? God forbid! Arise and call upon thy God. Behold the Lord Jesus Christ, plead his precious blood, and God shall be merciful to thy unrighteousness, and thy sins and thy iniquities remember no more.

Some THOUGHTS *on an* EXPRESSION *of* ST. PAUL *in the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, chap.* 5. ver. 23.

THE words, as literally translated as the English tongue will bear, run thus: May the whole of you, the spirit, and the soul, and the body, be preserved blameless.

What does St. Paul here mean, by dividing man into three parts, the spirit, and the soul, and the body?

This creates what has been thought an insurmountable difficulty, by those who argue thus;

"How is it possible to contradistinguish the soul, both from the spirit and from the body? for it must be either material or immaterial, matter or not matter: there is no medium. But if it be matter, does it not coincide with the body? If it be not matter, does it not coincide with the spirit?

But perhaps a way may be found of untying this knot, of unravelling this difficulty, by simply declaring the (at least probable) meaning of these three terms.

May not the spirit mean (so it has been understood by the christians in all ages) the highest principle in man, the immortal Spirit made in the image of God endued (as all spirits are, so far as we can conceive) with self motion, understanding, will and liberty?

Is not the body, that portion of organized matter, which every man receives in the womb, with which he is born into the world, and which he carries with him to the grave? At present it is connected with flesh and blood. But these are not the body. They are only the temporary clothing of the body, which it wholly puts off in the grave.

The soul seems to be the immediate clothing of the spirit, the vehicle with which it is connected

from its first existence, and which is never separated from it either in life or in death. Probably it consists of ethereal or electric fire, the purest of all matter. It does not seem to be affected by the death of the body, but envelopes the separate, as it does the embodied spirit; neither will it undergo any essential change, when it is clothed upon with the immortal body at the resurrection.

May not the apostle have an eye to this, in those remarkable words (2 Cor. v. 4.) We that are in this tabernacle (this corruptible flesh and blood) do groan being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed (divested of all covering, which belongs only to the father of spirits) but clothed upon with the glorious resurrection-body, covering both our soul and spirit. This will swallow up, totally destroy that which was mortal, namely, the flesh and blood, which alone was liable to death.

If we understood the words of the apostle in this sense, all the difficulty vanishes away. We allow there can be no medium between material and immaterial. But still there is room for a wide and essential difference between the soul and the body: the latter implying that original portion of matter, which is clothed with flesh and blood; the former, that vehicle of ethereal fire, which immediately covers the immortal spirit.

See Bentley's Spiritual Telescope.

WARNING *given by a* STRANGE MESSENGER *to James IV. at Linlithgow church.*

THAT there is a spiritual world inhabited by spirits, angels, and happy beings, and that of a very different nature and constitution from what we live in here, is a truth acknowledged by the whole christian world; and, although no angel has come down from heaven to declare and explain the nature

of their being to us, nor any man whilst in the body hath ascended up and seen it, yet that we should not be entirely ignorant in this particular, it has happened from time to time, that many credible witnesses have, upon some extraordinary occasions, received warnings and messages from both the heavenly and hellish kingdom of Spirits.

The following relation is taken from the annals of the kingdom of Scotland.

While James IV. stayed at Linlithgow, previous to the battle of Flodden field, in which he was killed, he went into the church of St. Michael there, to hear the evening prayer. While he was at his devotion, a remarkable figure of an ancient man, with flowing amber colored hair hanging over his shoulders, his forehead high, and inclining to baldness, his garments of a fine blue color somewhat long, and girded together with a fine white cloth; of comely and very reverend aspect, was seen inquiring for the king; when his majesty being pointed out to him, he made his way through the crowd till he came to him, and then with a clownish simplicity, leaning over the canon's seat he addressed him in the following words. "Sir, I am sent hither to intreat you to delay your intended expedition for this time, and proceed no farther, for if you do, you will be unfortunate and not prosper in your enterprize, nor any of your followers. I am further charged to warn you, not to follow the acquaintance, company, or counsel of women, as you value your life, honor and estate." After giving him this admonition, he withdrew himself back again through the crowd, and disappeared. When service was ended, the king inquired earnestly after him, but he could not be found nor heard of any where, neither could any of the by-standers (of whom many narrowly watched him, resolving afterwards to have discoursed with him) feel or perceive how, when or where he passed from them, having in a manner vanished from their sight.

On the Shortness of Human Life.

LIKE as a damask rose you see,
Or like the blossoms on a tree,
Or like the fragrant flowers in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which *Jonah* had:
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so it's done:
Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,
The flower fades, the morning hastes,
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
The gourd consumes, and mortals die!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's just begun,
Or like a bird that's here to day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan:
E'en such is man who lives by breath,
Is here, is there, in life, in death:
The grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dews ascend,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, Man's life is done!

Like to a bubble on a brook,
Or (in a mirror) like a look,
Or like a shuttle in the hand,
Or like a writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream:
E'en such is man, whose life is breath,
Is here, is there, in life in death;
The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,

The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides,—Man's life is done!

Extraordinary *Forewarning, &c.*

(*Continued from page* 72.)

THE moment he entered the room he fell down on his knees at my feet, and told me he was miserable. That I alone was the cause of it. That instant my fortitude forsook me, I gave myself up for lost; and considering my fate as inevitable, without further hesitation consented to an union, the immediate result of which I knew to be misery, and its end death. The conduct of my husband after a few years, amply warranted my demand for a separation; I hoped by this means to avoid the fatal sequel of the prophecy; but won over by his repeated intreaties, I was prevailed on to pardon, and once more to reside with him, though not until after I had, as I supposed, passed my forty-seventh year; but alas! I have heard this day from indisputable authority, that I have hitherto laid under a mistake with regard to my age, that I am but forty-seven this day; of the near approach of my death, therefore, I entertain not the least doubt, but I do not dread its arrival; as armed with the sacred precept of Christianity, I can meet the king of terrors without dismay; and without a tear bid adieu to the regions of mortality for ever.

When I am dead, as the necessity of its concealment closes with my life, I wish that you my lady, would unbind my wrist and take from thence a black ribband, and let my son with yourself, behold it, Lady B. here paused for some time, but resuming her conversation, she intreated her son to behave as to merit the high honor he would in future receive from a union with Lord Tyrone's daughter. Lady B

then expressed a wish to lie down on a bed to compose herself to sleep. Lady—and her son immediately called her attendants, and quitted the room, after having first desired them attentively to watch their mistress, and should they observe any change in her, to call instantly. An hour passed and all was silent in the room, they listened at the door and every thing was still; but in about half an hour more a bell rung violently, they flew to her apartment, but before they reached the door of it they heard the servant exclaim, " my mistress is dead." Lady—then desiring the servants to quit the room, Lady B.'s son with herself approached the bed of his mother, they knelt down by the side of it. Lady—then lifted up her hand, unbound the black ribband, and found the wrist exactly in the same state Lady B. had described, every nerve withered every sinew shrunk up. Lady B's son as had been predicted, is now married to Lord Tyrone's daughter: the black ribband and pocket book are now in the possession of Lady Mary Cobb, by whom the narrative is stated in Ireland; who, together with the Tyrone family, and most of the principal nobility in that country, will be found ready to attest the truth.

DUBLIN, *August* 16th, 1802.

On LOOKING *at the* THINGS *that are not* SEEN.

HE that looks at the things that are not seen, is a person who is endowed with a blessed and holy second sight, by which he is distinguished from other men; He sees, not mournful objects only, such as coffins and corpses; but such objects as are most cheering and delightful. The eyes of his understanding are enlighteded by the Holy Spirit to know the things that the natural man perceiveth not; the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the

saints. Though the good and bad things of this vain world are always pressing on his senses, he is not chiefly influenced by them, as though they were the principal things. For the things above, and the things that are eternal, he judges to be no less real for their being invisible, and distant. He firmly believes, frequently thinks of, highly esteems, ardently desires, earnestly expects, and diligently labors after the enjoyment of them. He bestows the cream of his thoughts in meditating upon them: and talks about them, not by constraint, when he is not able to avoid the discourse, but naturally, and with a ready mind.

Some have thought him incapable of paying a sufficient attention to the necessary affairs of this world: as though one could not be fervent in spirit, without being slothful in business. But this is a vile slander. For, moderate industry is not a diversion from serious religion, but a singular help unto it; and the spiritual man who holds the plough, or handles the axe, is even in these common actions, more holy than the carnal man in his most solemn devotions.

2. He esteems a man much more because he is gracious, than because he is rich; and can never be induced to think, that proud sinners are happy, tho' they be elevated to the very summit of fortune. He would much rather choose to see his children tinctured with the principles of true religion, than put in a condition to make a figure in the world. If he is in adversity, he derives not his comfort from earthly enjoyments, but eternal things; these are the hills to which he lifts his eyes, and from whence cometh his aid. If he is in prosperity, his earthly blessings are not the chief source of his joy and happiness; but in this he rejoices, that his name is written in heaven.

3. As he who ascends a high mount, and from its top surveys the plains below, will think large

fields, but inconsiderable spots of land; so he who is set on the high places of eternity, and converses much with everlasting things, will regard in a very diminutive light, the most important business of this transitory life. His mind acquires a sublime turn, and an elevated way of thinking, not to be easily taken with slight and trifling vanities.

4. By this blessed temper of mind, he is habitually disposed to perform spiritual duties; the frown is struck from the blow of death; his mind is strongly fortified against afflictions of every sort; and the edge of all temptations is most effectually blunted. Having obtained a view of that ineffably glorious prize of the high calling of God, he cannot possibly think any pains too great to reach it. For this he can instantly serve God day and night. For this he can both labor and suffer reproach; take joyfully the spoiling of his goods; and sometimes even resign his breath in cruel flames. In vain does the present world spread her blandishments, and arm her face with frowns, to shake his steady purpose, who looks not at the things that are seen. What though the advantages of religion are, in great measure, future; yet his wise and enlightened soul is at no loss which he should prefer. For an eternal advantage, that will certainly come, is far to be preferred to a present one, that is of a short duration. O faith, it is thine to realize and render present the things that are invisible to the corporeal eye; whether by reason of the nature of the things themselves, or by reason of their distance from us in time and place. By thee inspired, we can choose the sharpest afflictions, before the most poignant pleasures: and esteem the most grievous reproaches, greater riches than the peculiar treasure of the most wealthy kings."

An authentic Account of several Apparitions, &c.

(*Continued from page* 107.)

IN January, as I was sitting on the bedside, a quarter before twelve he came in, stood before me, looked earnestly at me, then walked up and down, and stood and looked again. This he did for half an hour; and thus he came every other night, for about three weeks. All this time he seemed angry, and sometimes his look was quite horrid and furious. One night as I was sitting up in bed crying, when he came and began to pull off the clothes. I strove to touch his hand but could not; on which he shrunk back and smiled.

The next night but one, about twelve, I was again sitting up and crying, when he came and stood at the bedside. As I was looking for an handkerchief, he walked to the table, took one up, brought and dropt it upon the bed. After this, he came three or four nights and pulled the clothes off, throwing them on the other side of the bed.

Two nights after, he came as I was sitting on the bedside, and after walking to and fro, snatched the handkerchief from my neck, I fell into a swoon.—When I came to myself he was standing just before me. Presently he came close to me, dropt it on the bed, and went away.

Having had a long illness the year before, having taken much cold by his frequent pulling off the clothes and being worn out by these appearances, I was now mostly confined to my bed. The next night, soon after eleven, he came again. I asked, "In God's name why do you torment me thus? You know, it is impossible for me to go to Durham now. But I have a fear that you are not happy, and beg to know whether you are or not?" He answered, after a little pause, "That is a bold question for you to

ask. So far as you knew me to do amiss in my life time, do you take care and do better." I said it is a shocking affair, to live and die after that manner. " He replied, it is no time for reflections now; what is done, cannot be undone." I said, it must be a great happiness to die in the Lord." He said, " Hold your tongue! Hold your tongue! At your peril never mention such a word before me again;" I was frighted and strove to lift up my heart to God. He gave a shriek and sunk down at three times, with a loud groan at each time. Just as he disappeared there was a large flash of fire, and I fainted away.

Three days after, I went to Durham, and put the affair into Mr. Hugill the attorney's hands. The next night, about one, he came in; but on my taking up the bible, he went away. A month after, he came about eleven. I said, " Lord bless me! What has brought you here again?" He said, " Mr. Hugill has done nothing but write one letter: you must write or go to Durham again. It may be decided in a few days." I asked, " why do not you go to my aunts, who keep me out of it?" He answered I " have no power to go to them. And they cannot bear it. If I could, I would go to them, were it only to warn them; for I doubt where I am, I shall get too many to bear me company." He added, " Take care, there is mischief laid in Peggy's hands; she will strive to meet you coming from your class. I do not speak to hinder you from going to it, but that you may be cautious.— Let some one go with you and come back with you; though whether you will escape or no, I cannot tell." I said, " she can do no more than God will let her." He answered, " we have all too little to do with him. Mention that word no more. As soon as this is decided meet me at Boyldon Hill, between twelve and one at night." I said, " That is a lone place for a woman to go to at that time

of night, I am willing to meet you at the ballast hills, or in the church-yard." He said,—"That will not do. But what are you afraid of?" I answered, "I am not afraid of you, but of rude men." He said, "I will see you safe, both thither and back again." I asked, "May I not bring a minister with me?" He replied, "Are you thereabout? I will not be seen by any but you. You have plagued me sore enough already. If you bring any with you, take what follows."

From this time he appeared every night, between eleven and two. If I put out the fire and candle, in hopes I should not see him, it does not avail. For as soon as he came, all the room was light, but with a dismal light, like flaming brimstone. But when ever I took up the bible, or kneeled down, yea, or prayed in my heart, he was gone.

On Thursday, May 12, he came about eleven, as I was sitting by the fire, I asked, "In God's name, what do you want?" He said, "you must either go or write to Durham. I cannot stay for you till it is decided; and I cannot stay where I am." When he went away, I fell into a violent passion of crying, seeing no end to my trouble. In this agony, I continued till after one, and then fell into a fit. About two I came to myself, and saw standing at the bedside, one in a white robe, which reached down to his feet. I cried, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.—" He said, "The Lord is with you. I am come to comfort you. What cause have you to complain and murmur thus? Why do you mourn thus for your friends? Pray for them, and leave them to God. Arise and pray." "I said I can pray none." He said, "But God will help you; only keep close to God; you are backward likewise in praying with others, and afraid to receive the Lord's supper. Break through that backwardness and that fear. The Lord bless you and be ever with you!" As he went away, I heard

many voices singing Hallelujah, with such melody as I never heard before. All my trouble was gone, and I wanted nothing but to fly away with them.

Sat 28. About twelve, my grandfather stood at the bedside. I said, "In God's name what do you want?" He said, "You do not make an end of this thing: get it decided as soon as possible. My coming is as uneasy to myself, as it can be to you." Before he came, there was a strong smell of burning and the room was full of smoke, which got into my eyes, and almost blinded me for some time after.

Wednesday, July 21, About sunset, I was coming up stairs at Mrs. Knott's, and I saw him coming towards me out of the opposite room. He went close by me on the stair-head. Before I saw him I smelt a strong smell of burning; and so did Miss Hosmer. It got into my throat and almost stifled me. I sat down and fainted away.

On Friday, July the third, I was sitting at dinner when I thought I heard one coming along the passage. I looked about, and saw my aunt Margaret Scott of Newcastle, standing at my back. On Saturday I had a letter informing me that she died on that day. Thus far Elizabeth Hobson

On Sunday, July 10, I received the following letter from a friend to whom I had recommended her.

"Sunderland, July 6, 1768.

"I wrote you word before, that Elizabeth Hobson was put in possession of the house. The same night her old visitant, who had not troubled her for some time, came again and said; "You must meet me at Boyldon hill, on Thursday night a little before 12. You will see many appearances, who will call you to come to them; but do not stir, neither give them any answer. A quarter after twelve, I shall come and call you; but still do not answer nor stir." She said, "It is an hardship upon me for you to desire me to meet you there. Why cannot you take your leave now?" He answered "it is for your good that I

desire it. I can take my leave of you now. But if I do I must take something from you which you would not like to part with." She said, "May not a few friends come with me?" He said, "they may; but they must not be present when I come."

That night, twelve of us met at Mr. Davison's and spent some time in prayer. God was with us of a truth. Then six of us went with her to the place, leaving the rest to pray for us. We came thither a little before twelve, and then stood a small distance from her. It being a fine night, we kept her in our sight, and spent the time in prayer. She stood there till a few minutes after one. When we saw her move we went to meet her. She said, "thank God it is all over and done. I found every thing as he told me. I saw many appearances, who called me to them; but I did not answer or stir. Then he came and called me at a distance; but I took no notice. Soon after he came up to me and said, "You are come well fortified." He then gave her the reason, why he required her to meet him at that place; and why he could take his leave there, and not in the house, without taking something from her. But withal he charged her to tell this to no one; adding, "If you disclose this to any creature, I shall be under a necessity of troubling you as long as you live. If you do not, I shall never trouble you, nor see you any more, either in time or eternity." He then bid her farewel, waved his hand, and disappeared.

Reflections *on our* Saviour's *coming to judgment.*

HOW awful an event does our great Redeemer here offer to the serious contemplation of all mankind! In the glory of his Father accompanied with a mighty host of angels. He shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel,

and with the trump of God, making all heaven, earth, and hell to resound. The dead of all countries and times hear the tremendous call. Hark! the living filled with joy exult at the approach of God; or, seized with inexpressible terror, send up doleful cries, and are all changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Behold; the dead press forth from their graves, following each other in close procession, the earth seems quick, and the sea gives up its dead. Mark the beauty, the boldness, and the gladness of some, springing up to honor; but the ghastly countenances, the trembling, the despair of others, arising to shame and everlasting contempt. See how amazed and terrified they look! with what vehemence they wish the extinction of their being! Fain would they fly, but cannot: impelled by a force as strong as necessity, they hasten to the place of judgment. As they advance, the sight of the tribunal from afar strikes new terror; they come on in the deepest silence, and gather round the throne by thousands of thousands. In the mean time, the angels having brought up their bands from the uttermost parts of the earth, fly round the numberless multitudes, singing melodiously with loud voices, for joy that the day of general retribution is come, when vice shall be thrown down from its usurpation, virtue exalted from its debasement to a superior station, the intricacies of providence unravelled, the perfections of God vindicated, the church of God purchased with his blood, cleared of them that do iniquity, and of every thing that offendeth, and established unpeccable for ever. Let God arise! let his enemies be scattered! as smoke is driven away, so drive them away; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God. But let the righteous be glad! let them rejoice before God! yea, let them exceedingly rejoice! Psal. lxviii. 1. "For strong is the Lord God who judgeth." Rev: xviii. 8.

And now the Son of man appears on the throne of

his glory, and all nations, princes, warriors, nobles, the rich, the poor, all entirely stripped of their attendance, and every external distinction, stand naked and equal before him, silently waiting to be sentenced to their unchangeable state; and every individual is filled with an awful consciousness that he in particular is the object of the observation of the Almighty God, manifest in his sight, and actually under his eye, so that there is not one single person concealed in the immensity of the crowd. The judge, who can be biassed by no bribe, softened by no subtle insinuations, imposed upon by no feigned excuses, having been himself privy to the most secret actions of each, needs no evidence, but distinguishes with an unerring certainty.

He speaks! "Come from among them my people that ye receive not of their plagues. They separate, they feel their judge within them, and hasten to their places, the righteous on the one hand of the throne, and the wicked on the other; not so much as one of the wicked daring to join himself to the just. Here the righteous, most beautiful with the brightness of virtue, stand serene in their looks, and full of hope at the bar of God, a glad company! Whilst the wicked confounded at the remembrance of their lives, and terrified with the thought of what is to come, hang down their heads, inwardly cursing the day of their birth, and wishing a thousand and a thousand times that the rocks would fall on them, and the mountains cover them; but in vain, for there is no escaping nor appealing from this tribunal.

Behold, with mercy shining in his countenance and mild majesty, the King invites the righteous to take possession of the kingdom prepared for them from the creation of the world: but with angry frowns he drives the wicked away, into punishment that shall have no end, no refreshment, no alleviation, everlasting punishment! O the rejoicing! O the lamenting! The triumphant shouting of ascend-

ing saints, caught up in the clouds, to be ever with the Lord! The horror, the despair, the hideous shriekiug of the damned, when they see hell gaping, hear the devils roaring, and feel the unspeakable torment of an awakened conscience.

Now they bitterly cry for death: but death flies from them. Now they envy the righteous, and gladly would be such: but all too late! Lo! the Son of God bows his head, the signal for his servants, the heavens and the earth depart, their work being at an end. See, with what a terrible thundering noise the heavens pass away, the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth, and all the works that be therein, are burnt up! the frame of nature dissolves! earth, seas, skies, all vanish together, making way for the new heaven and the new earth. It appears! The happy land of promise, formed by the hand of God, large, beautiful and pleasant, a fit habitation for his favorite people, and long expected by them as their country. Here all the righteous, great and small, are assembled, making one vast blessed society, even the kingdom and city of God.

Here God manifests himself in a peculiar manner to his servants, wipes away all tears from off their faces, and adorns them with the beauties of immortality, glorious to behold. Here they drink fulness of joys, from the crystal river proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, and eat of the tree of life; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; but every one happy in himself, imparts the blessing to his fellows; for mutual love warms every breast; love like that which subsists between the Father and the Son; mutual conference on the sublimest subjects refreshes every spirit with the divine repasts of wisdom, and joys flowing from the tenderest friendship, fixed on the stable foundation of an immoveable virtue, gladden every heart. All the servants of God serve him in perfect holiness, see his

face, feel transports of joy, and by the reflection of his glory, shine as the sun in the firmament for ever and ever. And there shall be no night there: and they need no candle, neither the light of the sun: for the Lord God hath given them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Happy day, happy place, and happy people! O blest hope of joining that glorious society! All the servants of God shall serve him, and see his face. Serve God, and see his face! What an immensity of felicity is here! Imagination faints with the fatigue of stretching itself to comprehend the vast, the unmeasurable thought.

The Apparition *to Dr. Scott, &c.*

(*Continued from page* 110.)

AFTER the doctor had been there some time, he observed the gentleman receive him with unexpected civility, though a stranger, and without business. They entered upon many friendly discourses, and the doctor pretended to have heard much of the family, (as so indeed he had) and of his grandfather; from whom sir, says he, I perceive the estate more immediately descends to yourself.

Aye, says the gentleman, and shook his head, my father died young, and my grandfather has left things so confused, that for want of one principal writing, which is not yet come to hand, I have met with a great deal of trouble from a couple of cousins, my grandfather's brother's children, who have put me to very great expences about it. And with that the doctor seemed a little inquisitive.

But I hope you have got over it, sir? says he.

No truly, says the gentleman, to be so open with you, we shall never get quite over it, unless we can find this old deed; which, however, I hope we

shall find, for I intend to make a general search after it.

I wish with all my heart you may find it, sir, says the doctor.

I dont doubt but we shall; I had a strange dream about it last night, says the gentleman.

A dream about the writing! says the doctor, I hope it was that you should find it then.

I dreamed, says the other, that a strange gentleman came to me, that I had never seen in my life, and helped me to look for it. I don't know but you are the man.

I should be very glad to be the man, I'm sure, says the doctor.

Nay, says the gentleman, you may be the man to help me to look after it.

Aye, sir, says the doctor, I may help you to look after it indeed, and I'll do that with all my heart; but I would much rather be the man that should help you to find it; Pray when do you intend to search?

To-morrow, says the gentleman, I have appointed to do it.

But says the doctor, in what manner do you intend to search?

Why replies the gentleman, 'tis all our opinions that my grandfather was so very much concerned to preserve this writing, and had so much jealousy that some that were about him would take it from him if they could, that he hid it in some secret place; and I am resolved to pull half the house down but I'll find it, if it is above ground.

Truly, says the doctor, he may have hid it, so that you may pull the whole house down before you find it, and perhaps not then. I have known such things utterly lost by the very care taken to preserve them.

If it was made of something the fire would not

destroy, says the gentleman, I would burn the house down, but I would find it.

I suppose you have searched all the old gentleman's chests and trunks and coffers over and over, says the doctor,

Ay, says the gentleman, and turned them all inside outward, and there they lay in a heap up in a great loft, or garret with nothing in them; nay, we knocked three or four of them in pieces to search for private drawers, and then I burnt them for anger, though they were fine old cypress chests that cost money enough when they were in fashion.

I am sorry you burnt them, says the doctor.

Nay, says the gentleman, I did not burn a scrap of them till they were all split to pieces, and it was not possible there could be any thing there.

This made the doctor a little easy, for he began to be surprised when he told him he had split some of them and burnt them.

Well, says the doctor, if I cannot do you any service in your search, I'll come to see you again tomorrow, and wait upon you during it with my best good wishes.

Nay, says the gentleman, I dont design to part with you, since you are so kind as to offer me your help; you shall stay all night then, and be at the first of it.

The doctor had now gained his point so far as to make himself acquainted and desirable in the house, and to have a kind of intimacy; so that though he made as if he would go, he did not want many entreaties to make him stay; therefore he consented to lay in the house all night.

A little before evening, the gentleman asked him to take a walk in the park; but he put it off with a jest. I had rather, sir, said he, smiling, you'd let me see this fine old mansion house, that is to be demolished to-morrow; methinks I'd fain see the house once before you pull it down.

With all my heart, says the gentleman. So he took him immediately up stairs, showed him all the best apartments, and all his fine furniture and pictures; and coming to the head of the stair-case where they came up, offered to go down again.

But, sir, says the doctor, shall we not go up higher?

There is nothing there, says he, but garrets and old lofts full of rubbish, and a place to go out into the turret, and the clock-house.

O, let me see it all, now we are going, says the doctor, I love to see the old lofty towers and turrets, the magnificence of our ancestors, though they are out of fashion now; pray let us see all now.

Why, 'twill tire you, says the gentleman.

No no, says the doctor, if it don't tire you that have seen it so often, it won't tire me, I assure you: pray let us go up. So away the gentleman goes, and the doctor after him.

After they had rambled over the wild part of this large house, I need not describe, he passed by a great room, the door of which was open, and in it a great deal of lumber.—And what place is this, pray? says the doctor, but not offering to go in.

O! that's the room, says the gentleman, softly, because there was a servant attending them, that's the room I told you of where all the rubbish lay, the chests, coffers, and trunks: look there, see how they are piled up one upon another almost to the ceiling.

With this the doctor goes and looks about him: for this was the place he was directed to, and which he went to see. He was not in the room two minutes but he found every thing just as the spectre in London had described: he went directly to the pile he had been told of, and fixed his eye upon the very chest with the old rusty lock upon it, with the key in it, which would neither turn round or come out.

On my word, sir, says, the doctor, you have taken

pains enough, if you have rumaged all these drawers, chests, and coffers, and every thing that may have been in them.

Indeed, sir, says the gentleman, I have emptied every one of them myself, and looked over all the old musty writings one by one; with some help indeed; but they every one passed through my hand, and under my eye.

Well, sir, says the doctor, I see you have been in earnest, and I find the thing is of great consequence to you; I have a strange fancy come into my head this very moment: will you gratify my curiosity with opening and emptying one small chest or coffer that I have cast my eye upon? There may be nothing in it; you are satisfied I believe that I was never here before, yet I have a strange notion there are some private places in it; which you have not found, perhaps there may be nothing in them when they are found.

The gentleman looking at the chest, said, smiling, I remember opening it very well; and turning to his servant, Will, says he, don't you remember, that chest? yes, sir, says Will, very well, I remember you were so weary you sat down upon the chest when every thing was out of it; you clapped down the lid, and sat down, and sent to my lady to bring you a dram of citron; you said you was ready to faint.

Well, sir, it is only a fancy of mine, and very likely to have nothing in it.

No matter for that, says the gentleman, you shall see it turned bottom up again before your face, and so you shall the rest, if you do but speak the word.

Well, sir, says the doctor, if you will oblige me with this one I will trouble you no farther.

Immediately the gentleman causes the coffer to be dragged out and opened; for it could not be locked, the key would neither lock it nor unlock it. When the papers were all out, the doctor turning his face another way, as if he would look among the papers,

but taking little or no notice of the chest, stooped down, and as if supporting himself with his cane, strikes his cane into the chest, but snatched it out again hastily, as if it had been a mistake, and turning to the chest, he claps the lid of it down, and sits down upon it, as if he was weary too.

However he takes an opportunity to speak to the gentleman softly, to send away his man, a moment; for I would speak a word or two with you, sir, says he, out of his hearing: and then recollecting himself continued aloud, cannot you send for a hammer and a chisel?

Yes, sir, says the gentleman: go Will, fetch a hammer and chisel,

As soon as Will was gone, Now sir, says he, let me say a bold word to you, I have found your writing; I have found your grand deed of settlement: I'll lay you an hundred guineas I have it in this coffer.

The gentleman takes up the lid again, handles the chest, looks over every part of it; but could see nothing: he is confounded and amazed! What do you mean, says he, to the doctor? you have no unusual art I hope, no conjuring in hand, here is nothing but an empty coffer.

Not I, upon my word, says the doctor, I am no magician, no cunning man, I abhor it: but I tell you again the writing is in this coffer.

The gentleman knocks, and calls as if he was frighted, for his man with the hammer, but the doctor sat composed again upon the lid of the coffer.

At last up comes the man with the hammer and the chisel, and the doctor goes to work with the chest, knocks upon the flat of the bottom: hark! says he, don't you hear it, sir? don't you hear it plainly?

Hear what? says the gentleman; I don't understand you, indeed.

Why the chest has a double bottom, sir, a false bottom, says the doctor; don't you hear it sound hollow?

In a word, they immediately split the inner bottom open, and there lay the parchment spread abroad flat on the whole breadth of the bottom of the trunk, as a quire of paper is laid on the flat of a drawer.

It is impossible for me to describe the joy and surprise of the gentleman, and soon after of the whole family; for the gentleman sent for his lady, and two of his daughters, up into the garret among all the rubbish, to see not the writing only, but the place where it was found, and the manner how.

You may easily suppose the doctor was caressed with uncommon civilities in the family, and sent up, (after a week's stay) in the gentleman's own coach to London. I do not remember whether he disclosed the secret to the gentleman or no: I mean the secret of the apparition, by which the place where the writing was to be found was discovered to him, and who obliged him to come down on purpose to find it; I say, I do not remember that part, neither is it material. As far as I have had the story related, so far I have handed it forward: and I have the truth of it affirmed, in such a manner that I cannot doubt it.

The Brevity *of* Human Life.

WHAT is life?—a Breath: a Dream:
A Bubble, on a rapid stream:
A lurid shade, with scarce a ray:
A short, and stormy Winter's Day:
A falling Star:—a morning Flower:
A passing Cloud:—an Autumn Shower:
A flying Shuttle:—nay,—a Span:
So short and frail the Life of Man.

Singular Dream,

A Poor, but pious woman, now living at Deershaw, in the neighbourhood of Holmfirth, Yorkshire, having a large family, chiefly dependant upon her for subsistence, was necessitated, during those days of scarcity with which Britain lately was afflicted, to attempt making brooms, in order to procure a homely and but scanty meal for her helpless children. She disposed of them in the adjacent villages: but being self-taught, this necessary article of her manufacture was not so neat and serviceable as those sold by others: the consequences were, her customers complained—her trade declined—her children were nearly starving—her mind was much pained—and she earnestly cried unto the Lord, humbly and simply intreating him to instruct her in her little and mean employment. The Lord God of Elijah, whose eyes are over the righteous, and whose ears are open unto their prayers, condescended to listen to her petition.

That the High and Lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, taketh knowledge of our mean affairs; and that even the hairs of our head are numbered, is sufficiently demonstrable from Scripture. To this truth, experience also adds its testimony; and assures us, that as he is not unmindful of the "fowls of the air," neither is he regardless of the most trivial circumstance that happens to his meanest follower.

Not many nights had elapsed, after soliciting the kind regard of heaven, ere she had the following remarkable dream. She fancied herself at work, deeply reflecting on her helpless situation; when a young person, of graceful figure and lovely countenance, came to her with a broom, and with the greatest affability presented it to her; at the same time requesting her carefully to examine it. She readily complied. He then began to unfold it by little and little

and charged her to observe the manner thereof. After this, he proceeded to put it again together, enjoining her to give diligent attention thereto. This completed he suddenly disappeared, and she instantly awoke. So powerfully was her mind impressed by the circumstance, that, though it was midnight, she immediately arose, and began to fold a broom as nearly as possible in the way she had been directed; which, when finished, was, as she supposes, the handsomest she ever made.

Her business from that time increased;—her wants were liberally supplied;—and, by means of this gracious interposition, her family has ever since been decently apparelled, and comfortably supported.

Thus verified are the words of Inspiration, "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Observations *on* Dreams.

THERE may be dreams without apparitions, as there may be apparitions without dreams; but an apparition in a dream may be as really an apparition as if the person who saw it was awake: the difference may be here, that the apparition in a dream is visible to the soul only, for the soul never sleeps: and an apparition to the eye-sight is visible in common perspective.

How is it then that we see in our dreams the very faces and dress of the persons we dream of: nay, hear their voices, and receive due impressions from what they say, and oftentimes speak to them with our own voices articulately and audibly, although we are fast asleep. What secret power of the imagination is able to represent the image of any person to itself, if there was not some appearance, something placed in the soul's view, by a secret but invisible hand, and in an imperceptible manner? which something is

in all respects and to all purposes, as completely an apparition, as if it was placed in open sight when the person was really awake. *Deacon and Walker's Dialogical disquisitions on Spirits.* 4to. 1611.

The scripture confirms this opinion by many expressions directly to the purpose, and particularly this of appearing, or apparition in dream, Gen. xx. 3. "God came to Abimelech in a dream;" had it been said, that Abimelech dreamed that God came to him, there might have been exception to the parallel; but God actually came to him; and although Abimelech was asleep, and in a dream, it was not the less an apparition, for God came to him, and spoke, and said to him: and in the 4th verse, Abimelech spoke to the apparition. Whatever the shape was that the text does not mention, but Abimelech knew whom he talked with too, that's evident, for the text mentions it fully; "And he said, Lord, wilt thou slay also a righteous nation?" and so he goes on, verse 5th, to expostulate and plead for himself and his people, said he not unto me, she is my sister? so that he knew he was speaking to the Lord. The text is very remarkable; it is plain that there was an apparition, but the man was asleep, and in a dream.

Again, in the case of Laban pursuing Jacob, Gen. xxxi. 24. "God came to Laban the Sirian in a dream by night, and said unto him." Here again is an apparition, and a speaking apparition too: God came to him, and God spoke to him: and Laban owns, not that he dreamed of God's appearing, but that God really spoke to him, ver. 29. "The God of your father spake to me yesternight, saying."

Certainly in those dreams God spoke to them, and they answered: and when they were awake, they knew that it was God that spoke, and gave heed to the vision or apparition of God to them.

There are many more instances of the like in the sacred history; as first, in the remarkable case of King Solomon, 1 Kings, iii. 5. "The Lord ap-

peared to Solomon in a dream by night, and God said, ask what shall I give thee.

This is called in the scripture, a dream, ver. 15. "And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream;" and yet it is all confirmed: and the petition that Solomon made, though in his sleep or dream, is accepted and answered as his real act and deed, as if he had been awake.

That passage of Solomon is very remarkable to the case in hand: If my readers please to believe that there was such a man as Solomon, and that he had such a dream: they must allow also that it was a real apparition. God appeared to him in a dream.

To bring it down a step lower: as God had thus personally appeared to men in dreams, so have inferior spirits, and we have examples of this too in the scripture, Matt. i. 20. "While he thought on these things, behold the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream. And again, Matt. ii. 13. "Behold the angel of the Lord appeared unto Joseph in a dream, saying; And a third time it is repeated: "The angel came again to him in Egypt," ver, 19. of the same chapter: When Herod was dead, "Behold an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt."

I will for once suppose that no man need desire any farther evidences than these, for the reality of the thing itself: we may bring it down from hence, by just parallels, to matters within our own reach; experience will furnish us with particular passages sufficient: and some account I shall give you within the compass of our own times, such as come within the verge of my own knowledge, or of the knowledge of such as I have good reason to give credit to. I believe a variety will be acceptable, and much more useful than a bare repeating of what others have said. If I find it needful to quote what others have published, you have it justly marked as quotation, that you may search for the truth in its original.

Before I come to quotation, or to collection of story, it is needful to observe, that as it has pleased God to appear in this manner, and to cause angels to appear also in the same manner, and upon special occasions, so I make no question but the devil often appears in dreams too: and I might give but too many examples of it, as particularly one in the scripture.

It is apparent that God gave Satan a kind of general licence to afflict Job, only not to kill him; with such a terrible commission, it might be expected that the devil would fall upon him with the utmost fury he was capable of, or allowed to take: he ruined his fortune, reduced him to misery, murdered his children, tormented him with boils and sores: in short left him nothing but potsherds and an ill wife to relieve him: as he had worried him, to use a moderate phrase, within an inch of life, he followed him in the night with apparitions, lest he should recruit nature with rest, and be a little refreshed with sleep. Job himself complains of it. Job vii. 14. "Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me with visions." Not that God appeared to Job in any frightful or terrible form; but the devil, to whom God was pleased to give a liberty of afflicting Job, took that liberty, and exerted his malice to the utmost of his power. We are not indeed told what methods the devil took to scare and terrify the poor distressed sufferer; but as he can show us nothing uglier and more frightful than himself, so it is very likely he appeared to him in person, and that in the most surprising manner possible, with all the circumstances of horror that he was able. But to pursue my subject.

The great and perhaps one of the greatest difficulties of life, I mean that relates to dreams, is to distinguish between such as are real apparitions, and such as are only the product of an incumbered brain, a distempered head, or which is worse, a distempered mind: but some dreams are so significant, and

there follows such an immediate visible effect, answering the designed illumination, that it cannot but be significant,—*Beaumont on spirits.*

The following story I had from the mouth of the very person who was chiefly concerned in it. I mean the captain of the ship itself.

One Captain Thomas Rogers, commander of a ship called the Society, was bound on a voyage from London to Virginia, about the year 1694.

The ship was hired in London, and being sent light, as they call it, to Virginia, for a loading of tobacco, had not many goods in her outward bound, suppose about two or three hundred tons, which was not counted a loading, or indeed half her loading, the ship being very large, about five hundred tons burden.

They had a pretty good passage, and the day before had an observation, whereupon the mates and proper officers had brought their books and cast up their reckonings with the captain, to see how near they were to the coast of America; they all agreed that they were at least about an hundred leagues distant from the cape of Virginia. Upon these customary reckonings, and withal heaving the lead, and finding no ground at an hundred fathoms, they set the watch, and the captain turned in (as they call it at sea,) that is went to bed.

The weather was good, a moderate gale of wind, and blowing fair for the coast; so that the ship might have run about twelve or fifteen leagues in the night, after the captain was in his cabin.

He fell asleep, and slept very soundly for about three hours, when he waked again, and lay till he heard his second mate turn out and relieve the watch, and then he called his chief mate, as he was going off from the watch, and asked him how all things fared: who answered, that all was well, and the gale freshened, and they run at a great rate; but it was a fair

wind and a fine clear night; so the captain went to sleep again.

About an hour after he had been asleep again, he dreamed that a man pulled him, or waked him, and he did wake. I am not sure, but I think he said, the thing bade him get up and look abroad. But whether it was so or no, he lay still and composed himself to sleep, and was suddenly awaked again, and thus several times; and though he knew not what was the reason, yet he found it was impossible for him to go to sleep: and still he heard the vision say, or thought he heard it say, turn out and look abroad.

(to be continued.)

A NARRATIVE *of the* DEATH *of the Hon.* FR. F——T *Son to the late* ———.

(Continued from page 101.

HE now spoke with so deep a concern, the tears all the while trickling down his cheeks, that no one in the room could forbear weeping; which he perceiving, said, "and can ye weep at the bare relation of the effects of God's wrath? What then do I suffer, who actually lie under the very weight of his fury? Refrain your tears for me; it is in vain; pity is no debt to me. Nothing is so proper for me as some curse to complete my misery, and free me from the torment of expectation." Here he paused a little, then looking toward the fire, he said, "O that I was to broil upon that fire a hundred thousand years, to purchase the favor of God, and be reconciled to him again! But it is a fruitless wish! Millions of millions of years will bring me no nearer to the end of my tortures than one poor hour! O Eternity! Eternity! Who can properly paraphrase on those words for ever and ever!"

It now began to grow late, so I took my leave of him for that night, promising to come again the next day when I found his mind in the same condition; but his body much weakened. There were with him three or four divines, who had been at prayer, which they told me had the same uneasy effect upon him as before. One of them reminded him, that St. *Peter* denied his master with oaths and curses, and was yet received again into his favor. He replied, It is true, St. *Peter* did deny his Master as I have done, but what then? His Master prayed for him, that his faith should not fail, and accordingly he looked him into repentance, and assisted him by his Spirit to perfect it. Now if he would assist me to repent, I should do so too: but he has justly withdrawn his intercessions from me. I have so often grieved the Holy Spirit, that God has taken him away from me, and in the room thereof, has left me the Spirit of Impenitence and Reprobation.

The night being far worn, we all took our leaves, wishing him good rest, and a happier condition the next day: to which he replied, "Gentlemen, I thank you, but my happiness is at an end, and as for my rest to night, all the ease I expect, will be in wishing for the day; as in the day time I wish for the night. Thus I spend the little remainder of my miserable moments, in a fearful expectation of my dissolution, and the account I must make upon it. But, Gentlemen, a good night to you, and remember me to confirm you in the religion I have disowned, that you may stand more cautiously by my folly, and secure the happiness I have forfeited."

The next day came several of his friends out of the country, having had an account of his circumstances. One of them told him, that he and several more of his relations came to town on purpose to see him, and were sorry to find him in so weak a condition, (for now he was nothing but skin and bone, the agonies he lay under, doing the work of the quickest

consumption.) He answered, " I am obliged in common civility to thank you all; but who are my relations? Our Saviour said that such only as did the will of his heavenly Father were his relations; I may properly say that none but the Atheist, the reprobate, and all such as do the work of the devil, are my relations. The little tie of flesh and blood, will dissolve in a moment, but the relation I have to the damned is permanent. The same lot, the same place of torment, the same exercises of blasphemy, and the same eternity of horror, will be common to us all. So that similitude of torments, place and duration, will join us in a very strict union." His friends who had only heard he was distracted, hearing him deliver himself in such terms, were amazed, and began to inquire of some of us, what made him talk at such a rate. He hearing them whispering together, and imagining the cause, called them all to him, and said: " You imagine me melancholy, or distracted: I wish I were either, but it is part of my judgment that I am not. No, my apprehension of persons and things is rather more quick and vigorous, than it was when I was in perfect health, and it is my curse; because I am thereby more sensible of the condition I am fallen into. Would you be informed, why I am become a skeleton, in three or four days? Know then, I have despised my Maker, and denied my Redeemer; I have joined myself to the atheist and prophane, and continued this course under many convictions, till my iniquity was ripe for vengeance; and the just judgment of God overtook me, when my security was the greatest, and the check of my conscience the least. Since I have denied that salvation which cometh by Christ Jesus, there is no other Mediator or Intercessor for sinners. If there be, who is he, that can redeem my soul from hell, or give a ransom for my life? No, no, if we sin wilfully after we have received a knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for

sin, but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall consume the adversary.— There remains no more sacrifice for sin ! That is the wound that pierces my soul ! Christ Jesus was the only expiatory sacrifice God would accept. I not accepting, I would say, I despising this, there now remains no other for me to accept of; no other to make an atonement and satisfaction for me. " There is no other name under heaven given, but the name of Jesus whereby we may be saved." And it is this Jesus whom I have reproached, ridiculed, and abused in his members, nay, to whom I have induced others to do the same. I know not what some Divines mean, who say, " He that desires to repent, in some measure does it," I experience the contrary. A fruitless wish, that comes not to act, is no more than a conviction, which shall lay such persons under greater damnation. You would have me supplicate that mercy I have abused ? Alas, that I have no hopes but what depend upon abused mercy ! But why said I, hopes ? I have no hopes ? My hopes are frustrated, my expectations are cut off; and what remains behind ? Why am I bid to hope and believe ? O what mockery is this upon me ! To find me in misery, and bid me be happy, without affording me any power of being so ! But I am spent, and can complain no more; would to God the cause of my complainings would cease ! The cause of my complainings ! This renews my grief, and summons up the little strength I have left to complain again. Like an extinguishing flame, that collects at once all its elementary matter, for one great blaze before it expires. It is just so with me; but whither am I going?" As he said this he fainted away, and lay in a swoon for a considerable time; but by the help of some spirits, we brought him to himself again; as soon as he opened his eyes, he said, " O cruel, unkind friends ! To awaken me from a dream in which I had a cessation from my tortures." This he spoke with

so lively a concern, that no one of his relations could refrain from tears. "You weep, (said he,) but your very tears come too late: was I like another person that goes out of the world, it would be one of my greatest troubles to see you weep; or at least it would add much to my pains. For he must be unnatural and senseless, that would not be troubled at the afflictions of others, especially his friends, and relations. But the case is otherwise with me; my cup is full, and runs over already: the bitterness of my soul is as great as it possibly can be in this world, and my heart is full of horror and anguish. No grief can add to mine, being already so great that it is incapable of receiving more. Perhaps this may seem a paradox to you at first; but what think you of *Time and Eternity?* Can one add an hour to Eternity, which comprehends and swallows up all time? Can one add any thing to the wrath of God, which includes the fury of devils and men, this being dependant on that? And can any one add to my grief and torture, who am fallen into the hands of the living God? No, no, reserve your tears for your sins, and cast them not away upon one, who is neither the better nor the worse for them."

You may easily imagine, what impressions this would make upon the spirits of his friends. However, in the midst of their grief and amazement, they had the prudence to think of the reputation of their family, and to provide for as much secrecy as possible. They therefore conveyed him by night to other lodgings; but he was grown so weak that he fainted away several times in the chair. They got him into his chamber, and to bed as soon as they could.

After a little rest he yet found strength to express himself thus; I am not concerned to inquire whither you have brought me, or your reasons for so doing. It had been something, had you changed my state with my lodgings; but my torments are rather greater than before. For I see that dismal hour just at hand, when I must bid you a sad farewel."

(To be continued.)

Mr. Thomas Haliburton.

(*Continued from page* 103.)

WHAT a strange hardness is in the hearts of men! But whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, it is our duty to speak; and when we are dead and gone, what we spoke in the name of the Lord, may take hold of them.

To the apothecary he said, "Study religion in youth, when you come to be as I am, you will find no comfort without it. I give you this as a solemn warning from God, if you come to be hardened by the frequent sight of men in my state: you may come to be hardened for ever."

When advised to be quiet a little, he said, how should a man bestow his last breath, but in commending the Lord Jesus Christ, God clothed in our nature dying for our sins!" And when again pressed to be tender of his body, he said, "O but my heart is full!" And then desiring a minister to pray for him, he said, "Pray that God may have pity on a weak thing, he is not able to bear much in the conflict!"

In the night time he said, "This growing weakness of my eyes is a sign of a change approaching. If he shut my eyes, he will open my eyes no more to behold vanity. But I shall behold him in righteousness, and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with his likeness."

Afterwards he said, "If this be the last day of my conflict, I could humbly desire the Lord, that he would condescend to be tender to one that loves his appearing; that as he has dealt wonderfully with me hitherto, so he may deal tenderly with me, even to the end, in loosing the pins of my tabernacle, and helping me to honor him by a composed resignation of myself into his hands."

Finding some sweat on his face, he said, "I fancy a

greater change is near. I can compose myself, I bless his name, I know not how it comes to pass, that one who has met with so much of God, should be so unthankful as to doubt him in the least! O what an evil heart of unbelief have I! O that I should yet have an enemy in my bosom!"

When one said, "Sir I think you have need of rest; he answered, "I have no need of rest, were it not to put me in ease, to finish my course with joy. Lo, here is the power of Christ's death, and the efficacy of his resurrection! I find the advantage of one at the right hand of God, who is able to save to the uttermost, that is the sight I long for: he will but shut my eyes, and open them in glory. To have my soul entirely submissive to him in all things, that is my desire. And so it will be shortly, then never will there be a reluctant thought, never one more estranged thought from God!"

To one who asked if he was not faint, he answered, "I am not faint; I am refreshed as with wine. O there is a sweet calm in my soul. My desires are towards him, and the remembrance of his name. Remember him! Why should not I remember him, that remembered me in my low condition? He passed by and said, Live! And when he says, he gives life."

When he was desired to sleep, he answered, "Those I am going to, sleep not day or night, but cry, Holy, Holy, Holy! They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, and mount up with wings as of an eagle. I cannot get my heart in a right tune, as I would have it; but it will be so in a short time. After he had lain still a little, one said, "You have not slept." He answered, No; I had much work; but blessed be God, pleasant work."

Afterwards, when his wife asked how he was, he said, "My dear, I am longing for the salvation of God, and hastening to it." Then seeing her very sad, he said, "My dear, encourage yourself; here is a

body going to clay, and a soul going to heaven, where I hope you are to come."

Friday, Sept. 19. About five in the morning, when he was desired to try if he could sleep, he answered, "No, no: should I lie here altogether useless? Should I not spend the last of my strength, to show forth his glory?" He then held up his hands, which were much swelled, and said, "Lame hands and lame feet: but see a lame man leaping and rejoicing."

Feeling some pain, he said, "This is one of the forerunners of the change, the great change. O when shall I be admitted to see the glory of the higher house? Instead of that clouded night of a created sun, to see that clear and perfect glory."

(To be concluded in the next.)

The APPARITION *of* SIR GEORGE VILLIERS, *father of the then Duke of Buckingham, to one Mr. Parker, to warn the Duke against something, which if not prevented, would end in his death; which so fell out, he not regarding the advice; and soon after he was stabbed by one John Felton an officer.*

THERE were many stories scattered abroad at that time of several prophecies and predictions of the duke's untimely and violent death; amongst the rest, there was one that was upon a better foundation of credit. There was an officer in the king's wardrobe in Windsor Castle, of good reputation for honesty and discretion, and then about the age of fifty or more. This man had in his youth been bred in a school in the parish where Sir George Villiers, the father of the duke, lived, and had been much cherished and much obliged in that season of his age by the said Sir George, whom afterwards he never saw. About six months before the miserable end of the Duke of Buckingham, at midnight, this man being

in his bed at Windsor, where his office was, and in very good health, there appeared to him at the side of his bed, a man of a very venerable aspect, who undrew the curtains of his bed, fixed his eyes upon him, and asked him if he knew him?

The poor man, half dead with fear and apprehension, being asked the second time whether he remembered him, and having in that time called to his memory the presence of Sir George Villiers, and the very clothes he used to wear, in which, at that time, he seemed to be habited, he answered him, that he thought him to be that person, he replied, he was in the right, that he was the same, and that he expected a service from him, which was that he should go from him to his son, the Duke of Buckingham, and tell him, if he did not something to ingratiate himself to the people, or at least to abate the extreme malice which they had against him, he would be suffered to live but a short time.

After this discourse he disappeared, and the poor man (if he had been at all waking) slept very well till morning, when he believed this to be a dream, and considered it no otherwise.

The next night, or shortly after, the same person appeared to him again, in the same place, and about the same time of the night, with an aspect a little more severe than before, and asked him whether he had done as he had required of him; and perceiving he had not, gave him some severe reprehension, told him he expected more compliance from him, and that if he did not perform his commands, he should enjoy no peace of mind; but should always be pursued by him; upon which he promised to obey him. But the next morning, waked out of a good sleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively representation of all particulars to his memory, he was still willing to persuade himself he had only dreamed; and considered that he was a person at such a distance from the duke, that he knew not how to

find out any admission to his presence, much less to be believed in what he should say; so with great trouble and unquietness, he spent some time in thinking what he should do, and in the end resolved to do nothing in the matter.

The same person appeared to him a third time with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproached him for not performing, what he had promised to do. The poor man had, by this time, recovered the courage to tell him, in truth he had deferred the execution of his commands upon considering how difficult a thing it would be for him to get any access to the duke, having acquaintance with no person about him, and if he should obtain admission to him, he never would be able to persuade him that he was sent in such a manner: that he should at least be thought to be mad, or to be set on, and employed by his own, or the malice of other men to abuse the duke, and he should be sure to be undone.

The spectre replied as he had done before, that he should never find rest till he had performed what he required, and therefore he had better to dispatch it; that the access to his son was known to be very easy, and that few men waited long for him; and for the gaining him credit, he would tell him two or three particulars, which he charged him never to mention to any person but the duke himself; and he should no sooner hear them than he should believe all the rest he should say; and so repeating his threats he left him.

In the morning, the poor man, more confirmed by the last appearance, made his journey to London where the court then was; he was very well known by Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the masters of requests who had married a lady that was nearly allied to the duke, and was himself well received by him. To him this man went, and though he did not acquaint him with all the particulars, he said enough to let him know there was something extraordinary in it; and

the knowledge he had of the sobriety and discretions of the man, made the more impressions on him ; he desired that by his means he might be brought to the duke in such a place, and in such a manner as should be thought fit, affirming that he had much to say to him, and of such a nature as would require much privacy, and some time and patience in hearing.

Sir Ralph promised that he would speak first to the duke of him, and then he should understand his pleasure: and accordingly the first opportunity, he did inform him of the reputation and honesty of the man, and then what he desired, and what he knew of the matter.

The duke, according to his usual openness and condescension, told him, that he was the next day early to hunt with the king ; that his horses should attend him at Lambeth Bridge, where he should land by five of the clock in the morning: and if the man attended him there at that hour, he would walk and speak with him as long as should be necessary.

Sir Ralph carried the man with him the next morning, and presented him to the duke at his landing, who received him courteously, and walked aside in conference near an hour ; none but his servants being at that hour in the place, and they and Sir Ralph at such a distance, that they could not hear a word, though the duke sometimes spoke loud, and with great emotion, which Sir Ralph the more easily observed and perceived, because he kept his eye always fixed upon the duke, having procured the conference up somewhat he knew was very extraordinary.

The man told him in his return over the water, that when he mentioned those particulars that would gain him credit, (the substance whereof he said he durst not impart unto him) the duke's color changed, and he swore that he could come at that knowledge only by the devil; for that those particulars were

only known to himself and to one person more, who he was sure would never speak of it.

How strongly does this confirm the opinion, that the soul, when departed, has a knowledge of the actions of the living, and willing to do them any offic of good, if permitted. e

The duke pursued his purpose of hunting, but was observed to ride all the morning with great pensiveness in deep thought without any delight in the exercise he was upon ; and before the morning was spent, left the field, and alighted at his mother's lodgings in Whitehall, with whom he was shut up for the space of three or four hours, the noise of their discourse frequently reached the ears of those who attended in the next rooms. And when the duke left her, his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger ; a countenance that was never before observed in him in any conversation with her, towards whom he had a profound reverence ; and the countess herself (for though she was married to a private gentleman, Sir Thomas Compton, she had been created countess of Buckingham shortly after her son had first assumed that title) was at the duke's leaving her, found overwhelmed in tears, and in the highest agony imaginable.

Whatever there was of all this, it is a notorious truth, that when the news of the duke's murder (which happened within a few months after) was brought to his mother, she seemed not in the least degree surprised, but received it as if she had foreseen it ; nor did afterwards express such a degree of sorrow as was expected from such a mother, for the loss of such a son.

This story is related with some little circumstantial difference by several considerable authors, who all seem to agree in the most material parts of it, *Vide Baker's Chronicle.*

Fame, though with some privacy, says that the secret token was an incestuous breach of modesty

between the duke and a certain lady too nearly related to him, which it surprised the duke to hear of; and that, as he thought he had good reasons to be sure the lady would not tell it of herself, so he thought none but the devil could tell it besides her; and this astonished him, so that he was very far from receiving the man slightly, or laughing at his message.

A considerable time before this happened, Sir Clement Throckmorton dreamed that an assassin would kill his grace, therefore he took the first opportunity to advise him to wear a privy coat; the duke thanked him for his counsel very kindly, but gave him this answer, that he thought a coat of mail would signify little in a popular commotion, and from any single person he apprehended no danger.—*Relique Wotton*, p. 144.

This relation is recorded by three different authors; viz. Mr. Lilly, the astrologer, in a work of his; Lord Clarendon's History of England; and Mr. Baker's Chronicle. It is also mentioned by Mr. Flavel, in his Treatise on the Soul.

A Dying Prostitute.

A YOUNG man, scarcely nineteen, and at that time an apprentice to an eminent merchant in the city, had for some months unhappily indulged himself in every kind of licentiousness, especially with the most abandoned of the female sex. He seldom neglected any opportunity of frequenting the most infamous brothels, during his master's excurtions to his country house. At one time his whole attention was engrossed by a most beautiful young woman, not more than sixteen years of age. On a certain day, which was Monday, he went with rapture to the infernal house she was kept at; but how is it possible to express the distraction and astonishment which seized him, when he was informed, the

unhappy wretch died the preceding Friday evening, and that in a shocking manner, that humanity must shudder at the bare imagination ; and the bosoms of the guilty be chilled with a terror at the thought. She, with great distress, declared on Friday morning, that she knew herself to be struck with death and damned to all eternity. In her raving, she frequently cried out, that the devil told her so, and that he would drag her to endless torment at six o'clock. Her agonies were inexpressible, so that even the wretches, her companions and sisters in iniquity, whom she earnestly exhorted to repent, or they would assuredly follow her to the bottomless pit, were so much affected at it as to mention a necessity for sending for a clergyman : but the miserable girl, with screams of horror exclaimed, nothing could save her, that the fatal sentence was already pronounced, and that there was no probability of forgiveness or escape. The wicked man who kept the house, desired earnestly to see her : but she would by no means consent to his request. O tell him, (said she) that I curse him in the bitterness of my soul, and wish him with latest breath, that he may very soon follow me to endless misery. I shall long for his arrival, that I myself may help to torment him. It is to him I owe my destruction. He at first seduced me to guilt and ruin when I was but thirteen years of age. Perdition, no doubt, will be his portion, as well as of numbers besides, who, like him, have labored for the destruction of innocence and virtue. She several times jumped out of bed, and screaming in a most dreadful manner, cried out, You shall not have me yet ! it is not six o'clock. She continued raving thus till the hour she had so often mentioned : the clock struck six and she expired.

The Vision.

(From the Fourth Chapter of Job.

'TWAS at the dark and silent hour of night,
When airy visions skim before the sight,
When men entranced in balmy sleep are laid,
And deeper slumbers every sense invade:
A voice, shrill sounding, pierced my listening ear,
The solemn accent still methinks I hear.
And lo! arose before my wondering eyes,
A shapeless spectre of stupendous size:
Sullen, it me approached with awful grace,
And frowning dreadful stared me in the face,
Deep sunk my heart, my hair erected stood,
And sweaty drops my shaking limbs bedewed.
At length a voice the solemn silence broke:
And thus, in hollow tone, the phantom spoke.
What art thou, mortal man? thou breathing clod?
Thou daring rival of thy author, God?
Is then this heap of animated dust,
Pure as his maker? as his maker just?
What are the gifts to human nature given,
That man usurps the attributes of heaven?
The angelic hosts, that on the Godhead wait,
And issue forth his ministers of fate;
Not of themselves perform his great command,
But own his guidance and o'er-ruling hand.
Shall then presumptuous man his actions sway,
This lordly tenant of a lump of clay?
Who from a sordid man derives his birth,
And drops again into his mother earth:
Whose carcass mouldering in the silent tomb,
Devouring reptiles mangle and consume.
Look round the surface of this earthy ball;
See grandeur vanish, and even nations fall!
What millions die, the race of being run,
Between the rising and the setting sun!

See man each hour resign his fleeting breath,
And sink unheeded in the jaws of death!
Thus falls thy boasted wisdom, mortal man,
A cloud its substance, and its date a span!
Thy short perfection on thy life depends,
At death's great period all thy knowledge ends.

Apparition *of the* Laird *of* Cool.

WHAT I know concerning the matter is this: The servant of Dr. Menzie, Physician at Dumfries, told his master and many others, that the Laird of Cool, lately dead, appeared to him, rode him down, and killed his horse: that he appointed him to meet him some time after, at such a place, which he promised to do. But Mr. P. (then minister of Dumfries) advised him to break that promise.

Mr. Ogilvie (then minister at Innerwick, near Dunbar) on hearing this blamed Mr. Paton much, saying, Had he been there, he would not only have advised him to keep his promise, but would have gone with him. The ensuing relation of what followed, wrote in Mr. O's own hand, was found in his desk after his death, by Mrs. Ogilvie. She gave it to Mr. Lundie, now minister at Oldhamstocks, who gave it to me.

JAMES HAMILTON.

What follows is transcribed from Mr. Lundie's Copy.

On Feb. 3. 1722, at seven o'clock at night, as I was coming up the burial-road, one came riding up after me. Looking back, I called, Who is there? He answered, the Laird of Cool. Thinking it was some one who wanted to put a trick upon me, I struck at him with my cane. It found no resistance, but flew out of my hand, to the distance of about twenty yards. I alighted and took it up, but found some difficulty in mounting, partly by reason of the

ramping of my horse, partly by a trembling which ran through my joints. He stopt till I came up to him again, and said, "If you are laird of Cool, what is your business with me." He answered, "You have undertaken what few in Ridsdale would. I asked in surprise, "What have I undertaken?" He answered, last sabbath you blamed Mr. Paton for advising the young man not to keep his promise, and said. You would be willing to go with him yourself! Og. Who informed you, that I said so? C. We that are dead know many things that the living know nothing about. All I want is, that you would fulfil your promise, and deliver my commission to Dumfries upon such an errand? It never entered into my thoughts. C. What was in your thoughts I do not know: but I can depend upon my information, that these were your words. But I see you are in some disorder: I will wait upon you again when you have more presence of mind.

By this time we were come below the church-yard, and while I was considering whether I had promised or no, he broke from me through the church-yard with amazing violence, and with such a whizzing noise, as put me into more disorder than before. When I came to my house, my wife seeing me very pale, inquired, What ailed me; I told her I was a little uneasy, and desired something to drink. Being thereby eased and refreshed, I retired to my closet, to meditate on this astonishing adventure.

On the fifth of March, 1722, as I was riding about sun-set, near William White's Marsh, the laird of Cool came riding up to me again, and said, "Be not afraid: I will do you no harm." I replied, "I am not afraid; for I know he in whom I trust is stronger than all of you put together." C. You are as safe from me, as when I was alive. O. Then let us have a free conversation together, and give me some information about the affairs of the other world.

C. What information do you want from me? O. Are you in a state of happiness or not? C. That is a question I will not answer? Ask something else. O. I ask then, What sort of a body is that you appear in? C. It is not the same body wherein I was witness to your marriage, nor that in which I died. That is rotting in the grave. But it is such a body as answers me in a moment. I can fly as fast in this body as without it. If I would go to London, to Jerusalem, or to the moon, I can perform all these journies equally soon, For it costs me nothing but a thought. This body is just as fleet as your thought. In the same time you can turn your thoughts to Rome. I can go there in person. O. But tell me. Have you not yet appeared before God, and received sentence from him as a judge? C. Never yet. O. It is commonly believed, there is a particular judgment immediately after death, and a general one at the last day. C. No such thing, no such thing. There is no trial, no sentence till the last day. The heaven good men enjoy immediately after death, consists in the serenity of their minds, the satisfaction of a good conscience, and the certain hope of glory everlasting, and in being with Christ and his saints.

To be continued.

A remarkable OCCURRENCE *extracted from* MORTON, *who took it from Dr.* H. MORE.

IN the northern part of England (I think Lancashire for I had the story from a clergyman of that county) the minister before he began to read prayers at church, saw a paper lying in his book, which he supposed to be the bands of marriage. He opened it, and saw written in a fair and distinct hand, words to the following purport. "That John P. and James D. had murdered a travelling man, had rob-

bed him of his effects, and buried him in such an orchard." The minister was extremely startled, and asked his clerk hastily, if he had placed any paper in the prayer book. The clerk declared he had not; but the minister prudently concealed the contents of the paper, for the two names therein contained were those of the clerk, and the sexton of the church.

The minister then went directly to a magistrate, told him what had happened, and took the paper out of his pocket to read it, when to his great surprise nothing appeared thereon, but it was a plain piece of white paper! The justice on that accused the minister of whim and fancy, and said that his head must certainly have been distempered, when he imagined such strange contents upon a blank piece of paper. The good clergyman plainly saw the hand of God in this matter, and by earnest entreaties prevailed on the justice to grant his warrant against the clerk and sexton; who were taken upon suspicion, and separately confined and examined, when so many contradictions appeared in their examination: for the sexton, who kept an alehouse, owned the having lodged such a man at his house, and the clerk said he was that evening at the sexton's, but no such man was there, that it was thought proper to search their houses, in which were found several pieces of gold, and goods belonging to men that travel the country; yet they gave so tolerable an account of these, that no positive proof could he made out, till the clergyman, recollecting, that the paper mentioned the dead body to be buried in such an orchard, a circumstance which had before slipped his memory, the place was searched, and the body was found: on hearing which the sexton confessed the fact, accusing the clerk as his accomplice, and they were both accordingly executed.

Thoughts *on* 1 Cor. xv. 28.

Then shall the Son *also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that* God *may be all in all.*

SOME understand that by the Son here is meant, only the *human* nature of Christ, but the human nature is subject *now;* and St. Paul speaks of a subjection that *commences when all things are subdued. Cameron* and others, understand it of a clearer *display,* of the natural subjection of the human nature of Christ to the Deity than we have now, for now the Deity reigns by the *man;* but the human nature of Christ hath no share in the government of the church now.

The essential attributes of the Deity are incommunicable, and so is the *exercise of them.* We shall then indeed enjoy felicity as the human nature of Christ enjoys it now, by an immediate communication from God: but this will be owing not to Christ's subjection; but to our elevation. The passage cannot be understood of the human nature *merely;* because St. Paul says, the *Son* shall be subject: now it is not usual with St. Paul to express merely the human nature of Christ by his word. Besides, he opposes the *subjection* of the Son to his *dominion.*—Now it is certain he reigns by his *divinity,* and not merely by his humanity.

In short, the Apostle speaks of a *momentary* subjection, the last act of his *mediatorial* kingdom, consequently an economical act agreeing with his divine nature, without prejudice to his equality. It is what St. Paul calls, ver. 24. a *delivering up of the kingdom to the Father.* Glorious act! the son presents to the Father, at the last day, an account of his whole economy, for public approbation: The world judged—the righteous rewarded—the wicked punished—devils confined—death swallowed up in victory

—eternal salvation finished—heaven peopled with a holy multitude—*Behold me and the children whom thou hast given me!* Then will *God be all in all,* that is, all things in all his *saints;* this imports that God will extend his divine communion—will bestow an absolute perfection, and will become the plenitude of man.

God has communicated himself to man in nature by dividing his favors: one creature is an image of his power, another displays his wisdom. So in grace, Godhas distributed his gifts, to one a word of wisdom, to another a gift of healing, to another divers kinds of tongues. But when God becomes *all in all,* he will communicate all his blessings in all their extent, assembling all in one. God will also bestow perfection. God might give to one creature all graces in kind, and at the same time he might leave them in low degrees of excellence. But when he becomes *all in all,* he will give a perfection of degree, and all graces shall be carried to their highest pitch of excellence. God also will become the plenitude of man. God was not all things in Adam. Mutability, a possibility of erring, and dying, were parts of humanity, vacuities not filled up.—God is not all things in the militant church. Sin, trouble, sickness, death, all these are ours as men: or ours as fallen men deriving from Satan. Here in our best state, we resemble the moon, of which half only is illuminated at a time by the sun; but when God becomes *all in all,* we shall be immersed in the eternal light of our God, as those, who at noon have the sun in their zenith, are all involved in the rays of the sun. Hence this happy state is neither called nature, nor grace, but glory; for glory is an assemblage of all the benedictions of God—in a degree supremely perfect—filling the whole man.

A Remarkable Narrative *of the* Apparition *of a young gentlewoman to her sweetheart (taken down in writing from the Young Man's own Mouth, by the Editor, who, from the Young Man's sober Behaviour, believes the Account to be true.*

THIS young gentlewoman lived at St. Ives', in Cornwall, and died of the small pox in September, 1764; and her sweetheart was the son of Mr. Haine, a very reputable butcher and grazier, at Scar, about twenty miles from Plymouth. The match was not approved of by the young woman's friends; and during her illness they would not suffer the young man to come to see her, though she greatly desired to see him. About the time of her illness, he also was taken sick of a fever, and confined to his room; so that it was above a month after her death, before she made her first appearance to him; which is as follows:

After I had recovered from my illnesss, says he, I went out one afternoon on my father's horse for a little airing; and, returning home just at dusk, about a mile from my father's house, I saw something, as on horseback, pass very swiftly by me; which so affrighted my horse, that he flew home with me as fast as possible, and I was also much affrighted. A short time after this she appeared again to me, and then I knew her; and what is remarkable, when I was on horseback, she appeared on horseback; and when I was on foot, she appeared so too; and her appearances to me were so frequent, that she became quite familiar, and I had no fear at all on seeing her; which she never failed to do if I was abroad: but she never appeared to me in my father's house.

It was above a month before I had any power given me to speak to her, although I thought to do it from time to time, but could not speak; though she gave me all the opportunity she could, by walk-

ing often by my side, or very near me. This was a great trouble to me, as well as to her; and it began to bring a great weakness upon me.

I related the thing to my father and mother, and some others; but they, not believing my relation, gave little heed to what I said, and thought it was only phrenzy; till the following circumstance happened, which was about a week before God gave me power to speak to her.

My father and mother used to go to a place of worship belonging to Mr. Wesley, about a mile off; and one evening about this time, I went with them to light them home, as I often did, with a large lanthorn and candle, and coming home along the high road, she appeared to me as usual; I said to my father, Now don't you see her? there, there she is! and at the very moment I spoke, the lanthorn was twisted violently out of my hand, and flung to a considerable distance from me, the ring of it remaining in my hand; my father and mother were now both somewhat affrighted at this, and began to believe what I had so often related to them of the apparition, that there was some truth in it. A doctor, who attended me in my illness, to whom I had also related the story, urged me by all means to speak to her, telling me what words to use; and said, it might be of bad consequence, if I neglected it longer.

A few nights after this, as I was sitting in my father's house, it was strongly impressed upon my mind to go out that night, and with God's leave to speak to her. Accordingly, about ten o'clock, I went out with all the courage imaginable, and she appeared to me as usual; and I said to her, In the name of the Lord Jesus, why do you thus trouble me! and I was going to lay hold on her arm. She shrunk back, and said, do not touch me, I am as cold as clay; she spoke out, and blamed me for not speaking to her sooner: and said, that this was the very last night of her liberty to appear to me: and had you not spoken to

me now, said she, I should have had power to do you some mischief. Then she related to me what she had to say about her family, who had cruelly hindered her from seeing some of her dear relations.* After telling me out her whole mind, she gave me plain directions concerning herself. We conversed together near two hours, till twelve o'clock: and I promised, if possible to fulfil all her instructions. Accordingly, I set out early next morning, rode near fifty miles, to different parts, fulfilled her commands, and got back safe to my father's house. She appointed me to meet her that night, if I had done my business before twelve, at the church-door where she was buried; this was about two miles from my father's house. She met me at the church porch, expressed her entire approbation of all that I had done, saying, she should now be at rest, and would trouble me no more.

After a short discourse, which she charged me never to divulge, she said, My time is nearly expired, follow me into the church. The door opening, she entered the church, which was illuminated with the most glorious light; and my hearing the most soft and heavenly music betokened her happiness. She bid me take notice when the music began to cease, to go then out of the church; which I did; and being very glad that all my trouble in this affair was ended, I hastened away and saw her no more.

J. HAINE.

* This young lady lived and died with her relations, who having most of her property in their hands, concealed her sickness from her friends: their not being suffered to visit her, was supposed to be the cause of her disquiet, and of Mr. Haine's conference with her.

An Anecdote.

SIR *John Mason*, Privy-counsellor to King Henry the Eighth, on his death bed, delivered himself to those about him to this purpose: "I have seen five princes, and have been Privy-counsellor to four. I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts, and been present at most state transactions for thirty years together, and have learned this, after so many years experience, that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, and a good conscience the best estate; and was I to live my time over again, I would change the court for a cloyster; my Privy-counsellor's business, for a quiet retirement; and the whole life I have lived in the palace, for one hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel; all things else forsake me, beside my God, my duty, and my prayer.

A remarkable Punishment *of* Murder.

THE following melancholy account was given me by a worthy man, Mr. Thomas Marshall of Edal, in Derbyshire, Dec. 17*th*. 1778.

Twenty years ago, a young gentleman and lady came out of Scotland, as is supposed, upon a matrimonial affair. As they were travelling through that country, they were robbed and murdered, at a place called the Winnets, near Castleton. Their bones were found about ten years ago, by some miners who were sinking an engine-pit at the place.

One James Ashton, of Castleton, who died about a fortnight ago, and who was one of the murderers, was most miserably afflicted and tormented in his conscience. He had been dying it was thought, for ten weeks; but could not die before he had confessed

the whole affair. But when he had done this, he died immediately.

He said, Nicholas Cock, Thomas Hall, John Bradshaw, Francis Butler, and himself, meeting the above gentleman and lady in the Winnets, pulled them off their horses, and dragged them into a barn belonging to one of them, and took from them two hundred pounds. Then seizing on the young gentleman, the young lady (who Ashton said was the fairest woman he ever saw) intreated them, in the most piteous manner, not to kill him, as she was the cause of his coming into that country. But, notwithstanding all her entreaties, they cut his throat from ear to ear! They then seized the young lady herself, and, though she entreated them, on her knees, to spare her life, and turn her out naked! yet one of the wretches drove a miner's pick into her head, when she dropt down head at his feet. Having thus dispatched them both, they left their bodies in their barn, and went away with their booty.

At night they returned to the barn, in order to take them away; but they were so terrified with a frightful noise, that they durst not move them: and so it was the second night; but the third night, Ashton said, it was only the devil, who would not hurt him; so they took the bodies away, and buried them.

They then divided the money; and as Ashton was a coal-carrier to a Smelt-mill, on the Sheffield road, he bought horses with his share; but they all died in a little time. Nicholas Cock fell from a precipice, near the place where they had committed the murder, and was killed. Thomas Hall hanged himself. John Bradshaw was walking near the place where they had buried the bodies, when a stone fell from the hill and killed him on the spot, to the astonishment of every one who knew it. Francis Butler attempted many times to hang himself, but was prevented; however, he went mad, and died in a most miserable manner.

Thus, though they escaped the hand of human justice (which seldom happens in such a case) yet the hand of God found them out, even in this world. How true then is it, that thou, O Lord, art about our path, and about our bed, and spiest out all our ways!

THOUGHTS *concerning* SOULS *departed.*

(Extracted from an ancient Author.)

IT was the opinion of the most ancient and learned fathers, of the greatest philosophers, and many excellent men among the moderns, that souls departed are embodied in ethereal vehicles. In such they suppose that the souls of *Moses* and *Elias* appeared at the transfiguration on the Mount. They were not glorified bodies without souls; for how could they then converse with our Lord? Angels are said to be ministering spirits: but may not reasonable human creatures be made so too; and (as they are *like unto angels*) may they not be as proper at least for the service of men! They have the same nature and affections. They feel our infirmities, and consider us more than abstract spirits do. For which reason our Saviour took not upon him the nature of angels, but of men. Souls departed have life, sense, and motion, capacity of being employed, and no doubt have inclination to it; and whither may they be more properly sent, than to those of their own nature, to whom they are allied, and from whom they so lately came? It is supposed both by Jews and Christians, that the soul of the Messiah appeared to the patriarchs, and was the angel of the covenant. He appeared to St. *Stephen,* though then in glory. Of the apparitions of angels recorded in Scripture, we have reason to think that some were human souls, called angels from their office.

A Narrative *of the* Death *of the Hon.* Fr. N.—t *Son of the late.*———

(*Concluded from page* 107.)

MY business calling me away for a day or two, I came again on Thursday morning pretty early. When I came in, I inquired of his friends how he had spent his time. They told me his expressions were much shorter than before; but what he did speak, seemed to have more horror and despair in it. I went to his bed-side, and asked him how he did! He replied, *Damned and lost for ever!* I told him the decrees of God were secret. Perhaps he was punished in this life to fit him for a better.—He answered, "They are not secret to me, but discovered, and are my greatest torment. My punishment here is for an example to others, and an earnest to me of my own damnation. I wish there was a possibility of getting above God; that would be a heaven to me." I entreated him not to give way to so blasphemous a thought;—for—Here he interrupted me. "Read we not in the *Revelations* of those that blasphemed God, because of their pains; I am now of that number. O how I do but envy the happiness of *Cain* and *Judas!*" But, replied I, you are yet alive and do not feel the torments of those that are in hell. He answered, "This is either true or false. If it be true, how heavy will those torments be, of which I do not yet feel the uttermost? But I know that it is false, and that I now endure more than the spirits of the damned. For I have the same torture upon my spirit as they have, besides those I endure in my body. I believe that at the day of judgment the torments of my mind and body will both together be more intense; but as I now am, no spirit in hell endures what I do. How gladly would I change my condition for hell!" Here he closed

his eyes a little, and began to talk very wildly every now and then, groaning and gnashing his teeth; but soon after opening his eyes, he grew sensible again, and felt his own pulse, saying, "How lazily my minutes go on! When with the last breath, the last pulse that shall beat my spirit out of this decayed mansion, into the desired regions of death and hell! O! I find it just at hand; and what shall I say now? Am I not afraid again to die? Ah, the forlorn hope of him that has not God to go to! Nothing to fly to for peace and comfort!" Here his speech failed him! we all believing him to be dying, went to prayer, which threw him into an agony; in which, though he could not speak, he turned away his face, and made what noise he could, to hinder himself from hearing. Perceiving this we gave over. As soon as he could speak (which was not till some time after) he said, "Tygers and monsters! are ye also become devils to torment me, by giving me a prospect of heaven, to make hell more intolerable? Alas! Sir, said I, it is our desire of your happiness that casts us down to the throne of grace. If God denies assistance who else can give it? If he will not have mercy, whither must we go for it? He replied, "Aye, there is the wound; God is become mine enemy, and there is none so strong as to deliver me out of his hands! He consigns me over to Eternal Vengeance, and there is none that is able to redeem me! This cannot be; for I—Here his voice failed again, and he began to struggle, and gasp for breath: which having recovered, with a groan so dreadful and loud, as if it had been more than human, he cried out, the insufferable pangs of hell and damnation!" and expired.

Mr. Thomas Haliburt on.

(Concluded from page 150.*)*

AFTER some time's silence, he took leave of his wife and children, saluting and speaking to them all, one by one. Then he said, "A kind and affectionate wife you have been to me. The Lord bless you, and he shall bless you." To a minister that came in, he said, "Brother, I am upon a piece of trying work. I am parting with my wife and children, I am resolved, I bless his name; though I have had one of the best of wives, yet she is no more mine, but the Lord's." Then to his son he said, "God bless the lad, and let my name be named upon him. But O, what is my name! Let the name of the Lord be named upon him. Tell the generation following, how good God is, and hand down this testimony."

After that he spoke to his servants, and said, My dear friends, make religon your business. I charge you all, beware of graceless masters; seek to be with them that fear the Lord."

Then he said, "Here is a demonstration of the reality of religion; that I, a poor, weak, timorous man, once as much afraid of death as any; I that have been many years under the terrors of death, come now, in the mercy of God, and by the power of his grace, composedly, and with joy to look death in the face. I have seen it in its paleness, and in all its circumstances of horror. I dare look it in the face in its most ghastly shape, and hope within a while to have the victory."

A while after he said to those about him, "O this is the most honorable pulpit I was ever in! I am preaching the same Christ, the same holiness, the same happiness I did before. I have much satisfaction in that.—I am not ashamed of the gospel I have

preached. I was never ashamed of it all my days, and I am not ashamed of it at the last. Here am I a weak man, in the hands of the king of terrors, rejoicing in hope of the glory that shall be revealed ; and that by the death and resurrection of despised Christ. When the beginning of this trouble was upon me, I aimed (as my strength would allow) at that, show me some token for good ; and indeed, I think, God hath showed me a token for good."

Then perceiving his spirits faint, he said, " Come Lord Jesus, receive my spirit, fluttering within my breast, like a bird to be out of the snare.—When shall I hear him say, the winter is past ; arise my love and come away ; come and take me by the hand, that I stumble not in the dark valley of death !"

Then he desired a minister to pray ; and after prayer, said, " Lord, I wait for thy salvation. I wait as the watchman watcheth for the morning. I am weary with delay ! O why are his chariot-wheels so long a coming ; I am sick of love, I am faint with delay !"

O ! I am full of matter ! I know not where to begin or end. The spirit of the Lord hath been mighty with me ! O the book of God is a strange book ! It is written within and without. I never studied it to the half of what I should ; but now God hath given me much of it together. Never was I more uneasy in my life : and yet I never was more easy. All my bones are ready to break ; my hand is a burden to me ; and yet all is easy !"

When awakened out of sleep, he said, " I am now hand in hand, grappling with my last enemy ; and I find he is a conquerable enemy ; yea, I am more than conqueror. One said, " A strange champion, indeed !" He answered, " I, not I, but the grace of God that is in me. By the grace of God, I am what I am ; and the God of peace hath bruised Satan under my feet. I have often wondered how the martyrs could clap their hands in the fire : I do

not wonder at it now, I could clap my hands though you held burning candles to them, and think it no hardship, though the flames were going about them. And yet, were the Lord withdrawn I should cry, and not be able to bear it, if you but touched my foot."

Monday, Sept. 22. At half an hour past two, he asked what hour it was, and said, "Early in the morning my friends shall be acquainted, for I expect this cough will hasten my deliverance. Well, well; I shall get out of the dark cloud; within a little I shall be in Abraham's bosom; yea, in his, who carries the lambs in his bosom; and I am sure of goodness and mercy to follow me. O how good is he to a poor worm! Let us exalt his name together. It is the constant employ of all above, day and night. They see and sing: they have a clear vision. O when shall I see his face, who is fairer than the sons of men! Yea, who is brighter than the sun in his strength!"

To a minister he said, "Could I have believed (but I am an unbeliever) that I could have had this pleasure in this condition: Once or twice Satan was assaulting my faith. I waked in a sort of carnal frame, and I thought I had lost my Jewel; but now he will stand by me to the end. What shall I render to him: my bones are rising through my skin; and yet all my bones are praising him."

After struggling with a defluction in his throat, he said, "This is a messenger from God to hasten me home. The other day I would have gone away without this glorious evidence of the grace of God. But this is more for my advantage, that I am thus tried and comforted. I said, Why are his chariot-wheels so long a coming. But I will not say so any more. Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry."

Then he said, "If I should say that I would speak no more in the name of the Lord, it would be like a

fire within my heart." And some looking at him as in a maze, he said, "Why look ye stedfastly on me, as though by my might or power I were so? Not I, but the grace of God in me. 'Tis the Spirit of God that supports me."

To his wife he said, "Be not discouraged, my dear, at the unavoidable consequences of nature. 'Tis an evidence that there is but a very little time more, and death will be swallowed up in victory: the body will be shaken in pieces, and yet blessed be God, my head is composed as it was before my sickness."

Then to some present he said, "My moisture is much exhausted this night, but the dew lies all night on my branches, the dew that waits not for man, nor tarries for the sons of men. O what cannot grace do? How have I formerly repined at the hundredth part of this trouble? O study the power of religion! 'Tis the power of religion and not the name, will give the comfort I find. I have peace in the midst of pain. And O how much of that have I had for a long time past: My peace has been like a river; not a discomposed thought. There have been some little suggestions, when my enemies joined in a league together, and made their great assault upon me. I had then one assault, and I was like to fall. But since the Lord rebuked them, there is not a discomposed thought, but all is calm."

Some time after he said, "Good is the will of the Lord. Every one of these throes is good; and I must not want one of them; I must not fly from my post, but stand as a sentinel, for this is my particular work. This would be hard work without Christ: But 'tis easy with him, for he is the captain of my salvation."

He mentioned the pain in his head, but said, "In a battle there must be blood and dust. Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood. 'Tis meet I should be so hard put

to it, that I may know to whom I owe my strength. O that I were at the throne above, that the glimmering sight were taken away, that this unsteady faith might terminate in vision !"

Then he said, " If I am able, though I cannot speak, I'll show you a sign of triumph, when I am near glory ! !"

To his wife he said, " My dear be not discouraged, though I should go away in a fainting fit. The Lord's way is the best way. I am composed. Though my body be vexed, my spirit is untouched."

One, said, Now you are putting your seal to that truth, that godliness is great gain. And I hope you are encouraging yourself in the Lord." As a sign of it he lifted up his hands and clapped them. [And in a little time, about seven in the morning, he went to the land, were the weary are at rest.

A true account of the manner and conversion of COLONEL GARDINER, *a few years before he fell in battle; taken down in writing from his own mouth, by two intimate friends of his, [viz. the Rev. Dr. Doddridge, and the Rev. Mr. Spears, Minister at Breutisland.—Also his death.*

THIS remarkable event (says Dr. Doddridge) happened about the middle of July, 1791; he thinks it was on a Sunday evening. The Major had spent the evening with some gay company, and had made an unhappy appointment with a married woman, whom he was to meet exactly at twelve o'clock. The company broke up about eleven; and not judging it convenient to anticipate the time appointed, he went into his chamber, to kill, as he said, the tedious hour with some book, or other amusement; but it very providentially happened that he took up a religious book, which either his mother, or his aunt, had slipt into his portmanteau. The book was entitled,

" The Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm!" written by Mr. Watson; and guessing by the title of it, he should find some phrases of his own profession spiritualized in such a manner, as might afford him some diversion (as he said,) he resolved to dip into it for a few minutes, but yet he took no particular notice of any thing he read in it. But on a sudden, while the book was open in his hand (as he related to me several times,) there was presented to his sight, in a very lively manner, not to his imagination only, but to his bodily eyes, the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded with a refulgent light and glory, and that a voice, or something equivalent to a voice, was impressed upon him, in words to this effect, " Oh sinner! did I suffer all this for thee? and are these the returns?" But whether this was an audible voice, or a strong impression upon his senses, he did not presume to affirm, but looked upon it as a vision of an extraordinary nature, as from God; and struck with so amazing a phenomenon (said he,) " there remained hardly any life in me; I sunk down into an arm chair on which I sat, and continued (I know not how long) quite insensible," whether asleep or not, he could not say, but after a while he opened his eyes, and saw nothing more than usual; nor did he, (as he declared to me) during the remainder of the night, once recollect that criminal and detestable assignation, which before engrossed all his thoughts. He then rose from the chair, in a tumult of passion not to be conceived; and walked to and fro in his chamber till he was ready to drop down in unutterable astonishment and agony of soul; now appearing to himself as the vilest monster in the creation of God, who had all his life time been crucifying the Lord Christ by his sins, and disobedience to his precepts, and now saw, (as he assuredly believed, by so wonderful a vision) all the horrors of what he had done and acted; and yet, at the same time, he saw, (as he

said) both the majesty and goodness of God in sparing such a rebel, and the chief of sinners; that he ever had abhorred himself, as deserving nothing at God's hand, but wrath and eternal damnation. And that, from this moment, he became the greatest penitent before God and man; abhorring himself as in dust and ashes; and so continued to the day of his death; attributing all to the free unmerited grace of Christ, to one of the vilest of sinners; and never mentioned the name of God, or of Christ, but with the greatest reverence; and yet the Lord so lifted up the light of his countenance upon him, at different times, and strengthened his faith in him, that he never after doubted of his salvation, through the above merits of his Redeemer. He had also a foresight of his death in a dream, as he related himself, "I thought (says he,) I saw my Saviour walking before me over a large field (the very field of battle where he fell,) and the Lord turned round and smiled upon me; so that I never after doubted of his aid and protection, nor of my interest in his precious blood."

He died of his wounds received at the battle of Preston Pans.

Though this, aud the following relation are not of the most striking order of apparition stories, they, notwithstanding carry in themselves internal marks of a supernatural revelation in these latter times, and serve to prove in general that providence has not left man entirely alone, but that his grace is yet sufficient. If any degree of credit can be given to any thing of this kind, the assent must be granted to respectable witnesses, who have no interest to delude, and whose characters remove them too far from the temptation of fraud to practise deceit.

Observations *on* Dreams.

(Continued from page 143.*)*

HE lay in this uneasiness near two hours; but at last it increased so upon him, that he could lie no longer, but got up, put on his watch-gown, and comes out upon the quarter deck; there he found the second mate walking about, and the boatswain upon the forecastle, the night fine and clear, a fair wind, and all well as before.

The mate wondering to see him, at first did not know him: but calling, Who's there? the captain answered, and the mate returns, Who, the captain! what's the matter, Sir?

Says the captain, I don't know; but I have been very uneasy these two hours, and somebody, or my own fancy, bid me turn out, and look abroad, though I know not what can be the meaning of it.

There can be nothing in it but some dream, says the mate.

Says the captain, how does the ship cape?

South-west by south, says the mate, fair for the coast, and the wind east by north.

That's all very good, says the captain; and so after some other usual questions, he turned about to go back to his cabin; when, as if it had been somebody that stood by him and spoke, it came into his mind like a voice, "Heave the lead, heave the lead."

Upon this he turns again to his second mate: Mate, says the captain, when did you heave the lead? what water had you?

About an hour ago, says the mate, sixty fathoms.

Heave again, says the captain.

There's no manner of occasion, Sir, says the mate; but if you please it shall be done.

I don't know, says the captain, 'tis needless indeed, I think, and so was going away again; but was, as

it were, forced to turn back as before, and says to the mate. I know not what ails me, but I cannot be easy; come, call a hand aft and heave the lead.

Accordingly a hand was called, and the lead being cast or heaved, as they call it, they had ground at eleven fathoms.

This surprised them all, but much more when at the next cast, it came up seven fathoms.

Upon this the captain in a fright bade them put the helm a-lee, and about ship, all hands being ordered to back the sails, as is usual in such cases.

The proper orders being obeyed, the ship stayed presently, and came about, and when she was about, before the sails filled, she had but four fathoms and a half water under her stern; as soon as she filled and stood off, they had seven fathoms again, and at the next cast eleven fathoms, and so on to twenty fathoms; so he stood off to seaward all the rest of the watch, to get into deep water, till day break when being a clear morning, there were the capes of Virginia, and all the coast of America in fair view under their stern, and but a few leagues distant; had they stood on but one cable's length farther, as they were going, they had been bump a-shore (so the sailors call it) and certainly lost their ship, if not their lives.

Now, what could this be? Not the devil, that we may vouch for him; he would hardly be guilty of doing so much good; hardly an angel sent from heaven express, that we dare not presume; but it was the work of a waking providence, by some invisible agent employed for that occasion, who took sleep from the captain's eyes; as once, in a case of infinitely more importance, was done to king Ahasuerus. This we may conclude, had the captain slept as usual, and as nature required, they had been all lost; the shore being flat at a great distance, and as I suppose, the tide low, the ship had been aground in an instant, and the sea, which run high, would have broke over her, and soon have dashed her in pieces.

How it happened that the mates and other navigators on board should all of them have kept, and yet all be out in their reckoning, and that so much as to think themselves an hundred leagues from the coast; when they were not above twenty or twenty-five, that was to be accounted for among themselves; but certain it was that if it had not for thus being alarmed at night, the whole ship's company might probably have been lost.

If this was not an apparition, it must be what the scripture calls it, in another case, being warned of God in a dream, which by the way is the same thing; but here was something more than being warned; for the captain owned he was in no dream; he dreamed nothing at all, much less any thing of danger; he went to his bed or cabin, with all the prudent caution that any man in that important trust of a ship in the ocean could do; and then, after having made their calculations, cast up their reckoning, set their watch, and made every thing sure, he laid down with all the satisfaction that it was possible for any man in a like case to have.

I come now to another relation of fact, which also I take upon me to vouch the reality of, having been present at the very instant of every part of it.

A person says Dr. Beaumont, whose name is not so proper to mention here, but who may be produced if there should be occasion, being still living, that was under the disaster, a few years ago, to fall under a party censure, (the occasion is needless to the present case.) In hopes, upon the recess of the house, which was not far off, he should, (as usual) be at liberty, he withdrew himself, and avoided being taken up as much as he could; but the house resenting it, a vote was passed, ordering the secretary of state to prosecute him at law; this obliged him to resolve to leave the kingdom, and in the mean time to conceal himself with more exactness; the government having issued out a proclamation for appre-

hending him, with a reward to the person who should discover where he was, so as he might be taken.

In order to conceal himself more effectually, he left his lodging where he had been hid for some time, and removed to Barnet, on the edge of Hertfordshire; intending, as soon as he had settled some family affairs, to go away north, into Scotland; but before he went away, he was obliged to come once more to London to sign some writings for the securing some estate, which it was feared might be seized by outlaw if the prosecution had gone on so far.

The night before he had appointed to come to London, as above, being in bed with one Mr. R—D—, he dreamed that he was in his lodgings in London, where he had been concealed as above, and in his dream he saw two men come to the door, who said they were messengers, and produced a warrant from the secretary of state to apprehend him, and that accordingly they seized upon and took him.

The vision surprised and waked him, and he waked Mr. D——, his brother in law, who was in bed with him, and told him the dream, and what a surprise he was in about it. Mr. D———, seeing it was but a dream, advised him to give no heed to it, but compose himself, and go to sleep again; which he did.

As soon as he was fast asleep again; he was waked with the same dream exactly as before; he waked his brother again, as before; this disturbed them both very much; but being heavy to sleep, they both went to sleep again, and dreamed no more. It is to be observed, that he saw the very men that apprehended him, their countenance, clothes, weapons &c. and described them in the morning to his said brother D——in all the particulars.

However, the call to go to London being as he thought urgent, he got ready in the morning to set off, resolving to stay but one day, and then set forward for Scotland. Accordingly, he went for London

the morning, and, that he might not be known, walked it on foot; that so he might go by more private ways over Enfield Chase, and so to Southgate, Hornsey, &c.

All the way he walked, his mind was heavy and oppressed, and he frequently said to his brother, who walked with him, that he was certain he was going to London to be surprised; and so strong was the foreboding impression upon his mind, that he once stopt at Hornsey, and endeavoured to get a lodging intending to send his brother to London, to see if any thing had happened there, and to give him notice.

As he had just secured a convenient lodging, he accidentally saw a gentleman standing at the next door whom he knew very well, but durst not venture to trust on that occasion? and finding on inquiry that he dwelt there, he concluded that was no place for him, and so resolved to go forward.

The impression upon his mind continuing, he stopt again at Islington, and endeavoured to get a lodging there, but could not; at length his brother brought him word he could not get a lodging, except where it was too public. Well, says he, then I must go to London, and take what follows, or to that purpose; and accordingly went, and the next morning was taken by the messengers, just in the very manner as he had been told in his dream; and the very same two men, whose faces he had seen, and with the same clothes on and weapons, exactly as he had described.

This story I had from his own mouth, and confirmed by Mr. R——D——, his brother in law, to whom he related his vision at the very moment of it as above.

I refer it to any impartial judgment, to weigh every circumstance of this account, (the truth of which I have not the least reason to question,) and to tell me, by what powers, and from what influence, could these things be performed, if there were no

invisible world, and no inhabitants there who concerned themselves with our affairs; no good spirits which conversed with our embodied spirits, and gave us due intelligence, notice, and warning of approaching danger.

If there is any difficulty in this case, it seems to me to be in the event of the thing, as in the case mentioned; why was not the intelligence made so complete, so forcible, and the impression so plain, that the person in whose favor it was all done, might have been effectually alarmed, his going forward stopt, and consequently the mischief which was at hand, and which he had the notice of, effectually prevented!

It is not indeed so easy to answer that part; but it may be resolved into this that the fault seems to be our own, that we do not give due attention to such notice, as might be sufficient to our deliverance.

Thus, if the invisible spirits give a due alarm, they do their part; if they jog us and awaken us in a deep sleep and pull us again and again, and give us notice that something is coming, that some danger is at the door; if we still sleep on till it comes, if he will go on, happen whatever may, the kind spirit has done its duty, discharged its office, and if we fall into the mischief, the fault is our own, we can by no means blame the insufficiency of the notice, and say, to what purpose is it; seeing we had due and timely warning, but would not take the hint? we had due notice of the danger, and would not step out of the way to avoid it, the fault is wholly our own.

Another account I had a sufficient voucher for, though the gentleman is now dead, but I have great reason to believe the truth of it.

A young gentleman of great birth and fortune, in the beginning of the late war with France, had a great inclination to see the world, as he called it,

and resolved to go into the army; his father was dead, and had left him a good estate, besides his mother's jointure, which at her death would fall to him of course.

His mother earnestly entreated him not to go into the army, but persuaded him rather to travel, that so he might see the world, as she said, without feeling the calamities of the war, and without hazarding his life.

He told her, travelling, indeed, in time of peace, was all a gentleman could do, and was at best very expensive; but that now was the time a man might see the world at the expence of the public, and perhaps might make his fortune too.

His mother represented to him the danger of his life, and bade him consider how many gentlemen went into the army, and of them, how few had lived to come home again, much less to rise to any degree of preferment.

To be concluded in our next.

On the GLORIES *of* REDEMPTION.

ETERNITY rolls on like a boundless ocean; time is no interruption to it, for time is only a relative thing, dependant on locality and circumstances. In a world of uninterrupted day, no periods can be marked; the diurnal and annual revolutions of a planet constitute those dates called time; but should the sphere cease to revolve, and fix at one point in its orbit, then one season continues, with one perpetual day or night. Thus, when earth shall cease to revolve, eternity past will appear to have been uninterruptedly flowing into the future, and then will fully appear the wisdom of God in permitting the introduction of moral and natural evil, and in producing such an infinity of good to man, and

such an amazing display of the glory of his attributes, by such apparent contrarieties, that the creature's original desire of independence should give occasion for such glorious manifestations of wisdom, power, holiness, righteousness, and mercy!

Celestial intelligents were acquainted with the power of God in the works of creation; with his goodness, in their own felicity; with his awful holiness and justice, in the expulsion and punishment of apostate spirits. But what conceptions could they have of *mercy* who never sinned? who never saw it exercised? Who can say whether this transcendently glorious attribute, would not have been for ever hid from admiring angels?—could have been manifest without objects of wretchedness, pain, and misery, for its exercise?—But guilt and misery, disease and death, appear; mercy, in harmony with all the divine perfections, unfolds her glories, and all heaven is astonished with this new display of Deity!

Man is not merely forgiven—he is intensely beloved; love connected with such power as will neither suffer the besieging, tempting, malignant subtlety of hell, nor the depraved, corrupt, obstinate will of the objects of his pity, to rend them from the upholding arms of his power, from the unchangeable affections of his heart; and man shall know, and sensibly feel it, in that wonderful operation of mercy which converts his bane to his benefit; which is continually beaming forth with growing wonders, in the production of everlasting good from temporary evil.

Thus the glories of redemption dispel the impenetrable gloom of transgression, otherwise impervious to every ray of hope. *Guilt* shall be the occasion of conviction, remorse, repentance, pardon; calamities, humility; pains, patience and resignation: debasement, exaltation; and the temporary influence of *error*, or relapsings to evil, shall eventually humble and debase the creature, undermine his vain self confidence, cause him to cease from or be diffi-

dent of his own judgments, resolutions, or fortitude, and convince him that his strength is not in himself, but is, with every other needful grace, treasured up for his use in his everlasting head, and that shall, in a heart full of corruption and abomination, take root and grow, and, maugre every opposition, shall increase and spread, till its fragrance diffuses purity, liberty, and light through the judgment, memory, will, and affections, making man a new creature, living in God, and God in him, till disease and death roll back the chequered scenes of mortality, and the beloved, sanctified soul, enters upon the everlasting enjoyment of his God; when the solicitations of sin and the torturing provocations of temptation; heart-cutting reflections for sin committed against light and love, for ungrateful returns for grace received, will be known no more, the law of sin in the members being for ever annihilated.

That man fallen, born with corrupt affections, a perverse will, a darkened understanding, a perverted judgment, an innate enmity to God and his image, increased in proportion as that image conspicuously shines in the sanctified, full of self complacency, admiration, &c.—that man, so circumstanced, should be brought to abhor himself; confess and deplore the depravity of his nature; implore mercy in the only way in which it is to be obtained, and to which human nature, without exception, is averse, to cordially embrace Christ in all his offices; to breathe after the everlasting enjoyment of his love, and long for entire conformity to his will; to be brought into union and fellowship with the Son of God; to venerate his presence and attributes: to be zealous for his worship and honor, and constantly imitate his example; and, though oppressed, weakened, and assaulted from within and without, should yet proceed with a total resignation to infinite wisdom; denying his corrupt appetites, not only when they *solicit*, but demand compliance; mortifying his pride: and, in

the midst of disappointments, losses, adversity, and acute bodily pain, justifying God, and condemning himself; patient in tribulation; delighted in the reproach of Christ; triumphing over inbred corruptions; and, though the subject of a weakened and contracted nature, expanding with the most dignified sentiments; realizing a state of unseen existence, and ardently loving an unseen object, aspiring after the eternal fruition of a being, who for ever stands dreadfully opposed to the shadow of a transgression, but whom the renewed soul beholds by faith in the person of his Son, and his everlasting Father; and in languor, disease as death, enjoying brighter views and firmer hopes of immortality and glory—is the wonder of heaven, the envy of hell, the glory of the cross, and the noblest work of God.

Strange Warning *to a* Reprobate Publican.

IN Bethnal-Green, and near the school-house, there is a public house known by the name of the Gibraltar, which was long kept by one John Harris, a native of Birmingham, a silver plater by trade. This man for many years, encouraged by his great success in business, led a very irregular life, insomuch that he lost his trade in the public-house, and getting into a disorderly way entirely, the parish officers and justice refused to renew his license, and for a whole year he was fain to keep his house close. During this interval, having dismissed his servants, and his wife having left him for some words which had happened; as he sat by the parlour fire, it being the winter time, he heard the bar bell ring, which made him wonder much, knowing there was nobody in the house but himself. At first he paid but little attention, but upon hearing it distinctly a second time, he got up and went to the back door, suspecting some one had entered that way and was putting a

trick upon him; but finding all safe, he returned to the fireside, wondering much at the oddness of the thing, when all on a sudden the bell fell a ringing again, though not in so quick a tone as before, but somewhat more regularly, as if the hand that pulled it held it for a while.

Disturbed at this extraordinary call, he got up, determined to discover the cause, and taking the poker in his hand, being the first thing he could lay hold on, he passed through the bar into the back room, where, to his great astonishment and terror, for he allowed that he was severely frightened, he beheld the figure of a good-looking female personage, dressed in brown, much like a quaker, seated in a chair, between the two back windows, and leaning upon a long stick, which seemed to support her.

At first Mr. Harris was too much affected to speak, for though very valiant and noisy in company, there was something about the figure before him which declared her not to be of this world; besides, his own conscience upbraided him with more evil than his memory could just then recollect. However, he summoned power enough to put the old foolish question, "what art thou?" and with that fell on his knees in a devout manner to pray, "What I am is not now business to relate, but what you may hereafter become if you do not amend your life and manners; so get up man, and remember the warning voice of one from the dead. You have but a few years to live, make the most of your time, and train up your daughter *Phebe* in a good way, and keep her from such and such company, or she will die young, violently, and by the force of justice. Consider her life is just now in your hands, a little time will place it out of your power to reverse the evil that awaits her.—Remember this and live accordingly."—With this she seemed to strike the ground with her stick and immediately disappeared, leaving Mr. Harris much astonished at what he had

both heard and seen, and only lamented that he had no witness to the truth of this accident.

Be it as it will, it procured a wonderful alteration in him for the best; and though his former companions laughed at him for becoming a methodist, he ever after adhered to the paths of prudence and sobriety. I knew him in the year 1765, a very orderly and sober man, and from his invariable relation of this matter have no doubt of its truth.

The prediction with respect to his daughter Phebe was too fatally accomplished a few years since, she being burnt for treason as it is called, that is, for counterfeiting the current coin called a shilling.

Mrs. Tooly.

AFTER her grandfather's death, she was left sole heiress of his great estate: and being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her, she ran after all the fashionable diversions of the time in which she lived, without any manner of restraint. But at the same time, she confessed, that, at the end of them all, she found a dissatisfaction both with herself and them, that always struck a damp to her heart, which she did not know how to get rid of, but by running the same fruitless ground over and over again, but all in vain. She contracted some slight illness, upon which she thought she would go to Bath, as hearing that was a place for pleasure as well as health. When she came thither, she was led in providence to consult an apothecary, who was a religious man. He inquired, what she ailed? Why, says she, doctor, I don't ail much, as to my body; but I have an uneasy mind, which I can't get rid of. Truly, said he, Miss, I was so too, till I met with a book that cured me of it. Books! said she: I get all the books I can lay my hands on; all the plays, novels, and romances I can hear of. But after I

have read them, my uneasiness is the same. That may be, said he: I dont wonder at it. But this book I speak of, I can say of it, what I can say of no other I have read; I never tire of reading it; but can begin to read it again, as if I had never seen it before. And I always find something new in it, Pray says she, doctor, what book is that? Nay, Miss, answered he, that is a secret I dont tell to every one. But could I get a sight of that book? says she. Yes, Miss, if you speak me fair, I can help you to it. Pray get it me then, doctor, and I will give you any thing you please. He answered, if you will promise one thing, I will bring it you; and that is, that you will read it over, carefully: and, if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading, She promised faithfully she would; and after raising her curiosity by coming twice or thrice without bringing it, he at last brought it, took it out of his pocket, and gave it her. It was a New Testament. When she looked on it, she said, poh, I could get that at any time. Why, Miss, so you might, replied the doctor; but remember I have your solemn promise, that you will read it carefully.

Well, says she, though I never read it before, I'll give it a reading. Accordingly she began to read it; and it soon attracted her attention. She saw something she had a deep concern in, and if she was uneasy in her mind before, she was ten times more so now. She did not know what to do with herself. So she got away back to London, to see what the diversions there would do again. But all was in vain. She lodged at the court end of the town; and had a gentlewoman with her, by way of a companion. One Saturday night she dreamed, that she was in a place of worship and heard a sermon which she could remember nothing of when she awaked, excepting the text: but the dream made such an impression upon her mind, that the idea she had of the place

and of the minister's face, was as strong as if she had been acquainted with both for a number of years. She told her dream to her companion on the Lord's day morning; and, after breakfast, said, she was resolved to go in quest of it, if she should go from one end of London to the other. Accordingly they set out, and went into this and the other church, as they passed along; but none of them answered what she saw in her dream. About one o'clock they found themselves in the heart of the city; and they went into an eating-house, and had a bit of dinner; and set out again in search of this unknown place. About half an hour after two, they were in the Poultry; and she saw a great many people going down the old Jewry. So soon as she entered the door of it, and looked about, she turned to her companion, and said, with some surprise, This is the very place I saw in my dream. She had not stood long, till Mr. Shower, who was then minister of the place, went up into the pulpit; and so soon as she looked on him, with greater surprises till, she said, This is the very man I saw in my dream; and if every part of it hold true, he will take that for his text, Psalm 116. 7. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul: for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." When he began to pray she was all attention, and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished prayer, he took that for his text; and there God met with her soul in a saving way and manner: and she at last obtained what she so long sought for in vain elsewhere, rest to her soul in him, who is the life and happiness of them that believe.

On the VANITY *of the* WORLD.

TEMPTING toys, and earthly pleasure,
Faithless as the fleeting wind:
All your joys and gilded treasure,
Shall not gain my peaceful mind:

Bounding as the hart I'll flee
To his breast who died for me;
Hide me in his kind embrace,
Secure from all the tempting race.

Midst alluring snares I wander,
Where the Siren's voice I hear;
Beauty, fame, and earthly grandeur,
In attractive charms appear:
Rise, my soul; make haste away,
Though the tempter bid thee stay;
Turn thine eyes,—thy heart command,
And fly from this enchanted land.

Darkness, death, and desolation,
Tend the paths of vain delight:
Fear, distress, and sore vexation,
Leading to eternal night:
Sons of pleasure softly glide
Down the vain enchanting tide:
Pleas'd with ev'ry prospect gay,
Till pain and death conclude the day!

Wisdom's ways are peaceful, pleasant,
Leading to eternal day!
Wisdom's joys are so transcendent,
Here I'll sing my life away!
Then my Lord shall bid me rise
Far above the earth and skies;
Rise to glorious worlds above,
To sing, adore, and praise, and love!

Solitary Stanzas.

WHEN will the heart's dire conflict cease,
By anguish worn, by care distrest?
Oh, bear me to the home of peace,
And lay me where the weary rest!

Again the bitter tear drops fall
  Again the sighs of grief ascend ;
I call on death—in vain I call,
  Death still the foe, but not the friend !

O life ! if earth's contracted span
  Alone thy joys and woes contain,
How worthless is the lot of man,
  Who lives, and thinks, and hopes in vain.

" Another and a better world ;
  The awful voice of reason cries ;"
Religion's ensigns are unfurl'd,
  And point that scene—above the skies !

The kingdom, lo ! of glory there ;
  There, too, the house not made with hands,
Where faith a mansion shall prepare
  For pilgrims in these mortal's lands.

" TIME *shall be no longer.*"

THIS alludes to the beginning of Revelations the tenth ; which, abstracted from its spiritual meaning, and considered only as a stately piece of machinery, well deserves our attention ; and, I will venture to say, has not its superior, perhaps not its equal, in any of the most celebrated masters of Greece and Rome. All that is gloomy or beautiful in the atmosphere, all that is striking or magnificent in every element, is taken to heighten the idea. Yet nothing is disproportionate ; but an uniform air of ineffable majesty greatens, exalts, ennobles the whole. Be pleased to observe the aspect of this august personage. All the brightness of the sun shines in his countenance ; and all the rage of the fire burns in his feet. See his apparel. The clouds compose his robe, and

the drapery of the sky floats upon his shoulders. The rainbow forms his diadem; and that which compasseth the heaven with a glorious circle, is the ornament of his head. Behold his attitude. One foot stands on the ocean, the other rests on the land. The wide extended earth, and the world of waters, serve as pedestals for those mighty columns. Consider the action. His hand is lifted up to the height of the stars. He speaks; and the regions of the firmament echo with the mighty accents, as the midnight desert resounds with the lion's roar. The artillery of the skies is discharged at the signal; a peal of seven-fold thunders spreads the alarm, and prepares the universe to receive his orders. To finish all, and to give the highest grandeur, as well as the utmost solemnity, to the representation, hear the decree that issues from his mouth. "He swears by him that liveth for ever and ever." In whatever manner so majestic a person had expressed himself, he could not fail of commanding universal attention. But when he confirms his speech by a most sacred and inviolable oath, we are not only wrapt in silent suspence, but overwhelmed with the profoundest awe. He swears, "that time shall be no longer." Was ever voice so full of terror; so big with wonder? It proclaims, not the fall of empires, but the final period of things. It strikes off the wheels of nature; bids ages and generations cease to roll; and, with one potent word, consigns a whole world over to dissolution. This is one among a multitude of very sublime and masterly strokes, to be found in that too much neglected book, the Bible.

The STORY *of Mr.* JOHN BOURNE, *of* DURLEY, *in Ireland, about a mile from Bridgwater, Counsellor at Law.*

MR. John Bourne, for his skill, care and honesty, was made by his neighbour, John Mallet, Esq. of Enmore, the chief of his trustees for his son John Mallet, father to Elizabeth, now Countess Dowager of Rochester, and the rest of his children in minority. He had the reputation of a worthy good man, and was commonly taken notice of for an habitual saying, by way of interjection almost to any thing, viz. You say true, You say true, You are in the right. This Mr. Bourne fell sick at his house at Durley, in the year 1654, and Dr. Raymond of Oake was sent for to him, who after some time gave the said Mr. Bourne over. And he had not now spoke in 24 hours, when the said Dr. Raymond and Mrs. Carlisle, Mr. Bourne's nephew's wife, whose husband he made one of his heirs, sitting by his bedside, the doctor opened the curtains at the bed's feet to give him air; when on a sudden, to the horror and amazement of Dr. Raymond and Mrs. Carlisle, the great iron chest by the window at his bed's feet, with three locks to it (in which were all the writings and evidences of the said Mr. Mallet's estate began to open, first one lock, then another, then the third. Afterwards the lid of the said iron chest lifted up itself, and stood wide open. Then the patient Mr. Bourne who had not spoke in 24 hours, lifted himself up also, and looking upon the chest, cried, you say true, you say true, you are in the right, I'll be with you by and by. So the patient lay down and spake no more. Then the chest fell again of itself, and locked itself one lock after another, as the three locks opened; and they tried to knock it open and could not, and Mr. Bourne died within an hour after.

On the shortness of LIFE *and uncertainty of* RICHES.

(Extracted from a late Author.)

IF you should see a man who was to cross from *Dover* to *Calais*, run about very busy, and solicitous, and trouble himself many weeks before in making provisions for his voyage, would you commend him, as a cautious and discreet person? or laugh at him, as a timorous and impertinent coxcomb?

A man who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder thereof with all conveniences, and even superfluities, is, to angels, and wise men, no less ridiculous: he does as little consider the shortness of his passage, that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas! so narrow a strait betwixt the womb and the grave, that it might be called the Pas de vie, as well as that, the Pas de *Calais*. We are all creatures of a day; and therefore our Saviour bounds our desires to that little space: as if it were very probable that every day should be our last, we are taught to demand even our bread for no longer a time.

The sun ought not to set upon our covetousness, any more than upon our anger; but as in the esteem of God Almighty, a thousand years are as one day; so in direct opposition, one day, to the covetous, may be as a thousand years. So far he shoots beyond his butt, one would think he was of the opinion of the Millenaries, and hoped for so long a reign upon earth.

The patriarchs before the flood, who enjoyed almost such a life, made, we are sure, less stores for the maintaining of it. They who lived nine hundred years scarcely provided for a few days. We who live but a few days, provide for, at least, nine hun-

dred years. What a strange alteration is this of human life and manners? and yet we see an imitation of it in every man's particular experience. For we begin not the cares of life, till life is half spent ; and then we still increase them as that decreases ! what is there among the actions of beasts so illogical and repugnant to reason ? When they do any thing which seems to proceed from reason, we disdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a natural instinct. And are not we fools too by the same kind of instinct ? If we could but learn to number our days (as we are taught to pray that we might.) we should much better adjust our other accounts. But whilst we never consider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares be without end too ! From a short life then cut off all hopes that grow too long. They must be pruned away like suckers that rob the mother plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit.

Seneca gives an example of an acquaintance of his, named *Sencio,* who from a very mean beginning, by great industry in turning about money, through all ways of gain, had attained to extraordinary riches ; but died on a sudden after having supped merrily, in the full course of his good fortune, when she had a high tide, and stiff gale, and all her sails on ; upon which occasion he cries, out of *Virgil,*

> Go Melibæus, now
> Go graft thy orchards, and thy vineyards plant,
> Behold thy fruit !

For this *Sencio* I have no compassion, because he was taken as we say, in ipso facto, still laboring in the work of avarice. But the poor, rich man in St. *Luke* (whose case was not like this) I could pity, if the Scripture would permit me. For he seems to be satisfied at last ; he confesses he had enough for many

years: he bids his soul take its ease; and yet for all that, God says to him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, and then the things thou hast laid up, whom shall they belong to? Where shall we find the causes of this bitter reproach, and terrible judgment? We may find I think, two, and God perhaps saw more. First, he did not intend true rest to his soul; but only to change the employments of it from avarice to luxury, his design is to eat and to drink, and be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he thought of resting. The fulness of his old barns had not sufficed him. He would stay till he was forced to build new ones; and God meted out to him in the same measure; since he would have more riches than his life could contain, God destroyed his life and gave the fruits of it to another. Thus God sometimes takes away the man from his riches, and no less frequently the riches from the man; what hope can there be of such marriage, where both parties are so fickle and uncertain? By what bonds can such a couple be kept long together?

A TRUE *account of an* APPARITION; *in a letter, addressed to Mr.* GLANVILL, *when he was writing on* SPIRITS.

SIR,

AS all such narratives as contain incidents wonderful and surprising, and in which the superintendence of Divine Providence is displayed in an extraordinary manner, accompanied with circumstances of a marvellous nature, and calculated to strike the reader with surprise, coincide with the plan of your work, and are sure of a favorable reception from you, I doubt not but the following his-

tory, the truth of which I can vouch for, will prove acceptable to your readers.

Mr. R——N——, and Mr. J——N——, two brothers, whose education had been equally liberal, as they had both been bred at the university of Oxford, imbibed in that excellent seminary, principles diametrically opposite.

The former was for venturing every thing, and running all hazards, in order to push his fortune; whilst the maxim of the latter, was to regulate his conduct by the strictest prudence and economy, and leave nothing to chance.

When their studies were finished, they both returned to their father's at Bristol. He was an eminent merchant of that city, and for some time after their return, their minds were entirely taken up with deliberating what profession they should attach themselves to, and what plan of life they should pursue for the remainder of their days.

In the midst of these golden dreams, the father by a sudden and unexpected turn of fortune broke, and took so to heart the loss of his wealth, that he died in a few days, and left his two sons in a state of absolute indigence.

They then found themselves reduced to deliberate not what measure they should pursue, in order to make a fortune, but how to shift, in order to procure a subsistence. The temper of the former was sanguine, therefore he was resolved to go to London, though quite unknown in that city, and throw himself upon Providence; this the latter remonstrated against, urging, that it was an act of desperation, and little better than downright suicide, to leave a place where he was well known, and had friends, to go to another where he had not a single acquaintance, and where he could expect nothing but to die of hunger, as soon as the trifling stock of money he had about him should be spent.

All these remonstrances had no effect, Mr. R——, the eldest brother, declared, that he was resolved rather to venture death than to stay at Bristol, where he had formerly lived in affluence, and be an object of scorn or pity to those by whom he had once been beheld with envy.

The two brothers accordingly took leave of each other, the former bent upon buffeting fortune, and the other resolved to avail himself, to the best of his power, of the few resources which remained to him in the place of his nativity.

He accordingly went to live with a merchant, an acquaintance of his father's by whom he was employed as clerk, whilst Mr. R——N——went to London, a step which he considered as going to death, as he did not know which way to turn himself in that metropolis. The trifle of money he had brought with him being quickly spent, he was soon reduced to the utmost distress, and felt the pressure of extreme want to such a degree, that having been four days without food, he one evening wandered about St. James' Park in despair, and as soon as it was dark, sat down upon one of the benches, and taking a knife out of his pocket, was upon the point of piercing his breast, when looking up on a sudden, he saw a figure of such beauty, that he could not doubt but it was a vision from heaven. It appeared to him to be a beautiful youth, of a form resembling those with which angels are represented by painters; the eyes shone with a starry brightness and a lambent flame of glory played about the hair.

As Mr. R——N——, who had formed the desperate resolution of destroying himself, lifted up his awe-struck eyes to this angelic appearance, which seemed to stoop forwards, and spread out its arms to embrace him, his organs of hearing were impressed in such a manner, that he heard these words distinctly pronounced, " Hold, rash mortal!"—He immediately desisted from his impious attempt, and the

phantom advancing forward, and beckoning to him, he rose up and followed it—on a sudden it vanished, and he walked on, his heart exulted with a joy, which he could not account for, till at last he met a soldier, who pressed him to enter a public house, which was the rendezvous of a recruiting party.

The obstreperous mirth of these desperadoes, who venture their lives for a livelihood, but little suited with the serious turn of Mr. R———N———but as then he was quite destitute, he readily accepted of their proposal of listing; and the regiment to which he belonged being soon after commanded abroad, he behaved so well at the siege of Quebec, and upon other occasions, that he rose from a private soldier to a lieutenant; and upon his return to England, found himself reduced to half pay, which proved quite insufficient to support him in that extravagance and round of pleasures which gentlemen of the army think they have a right to indulge in.

What led him into the greatest expences was, his attachment to a fine woman, whose temper was so extravagant, that the fortune of a lord much less that of a lieutenant, upon half pay, would have proved insufficient to gratify her eternal craving.

With her he went to all the places of public diversion, the Play-houses, the Opera, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, &c. &c. &c.

She had likewise as great a passion for finery; and no clothes would satisfy her, but such as might be worn by a duchess. She was indeed a very lovely woman, and the charms of her person were greatly heightened and set off by the politeness of her behaviour, and pleasing manner in which she expressed herself in conversation.

But all these attractives served only to render her more dangerous; and she would have been the ruin of the unhappy Mr. R———N———, as she had been of several other unthinking young men, if his good, which constantly struggled with his evil genius,

had not preserved him from perdition, upon this as well as a former occasion.

As he had a something in his countenance which excited, in all those who saw him, an opinion of his probity; and as he always dressed like a gentleman of fortune, he found means to procure credit for considerable sums; and thus, for a time gratified his Thais, whose caresses were always proportioned to the expence to which her lover put himself.

At length, however, the clamors of his creditors became so importunate, that he was in a perplexity inconceivable, and the thought of having imposed upon persons, who had so generously obliged him, drove him almost into a phrenzy: he did not, however, form the same desperate resolution he had done before, namely, that of laying violent hands upon himself; but his evil genius, in the shape of the enticing harlot above suggested to him, a course almost equally desperate, namely, that of going upon the highway.

He accordingly provided himself with pistols, and one evening rode to Blackheath, where, at the sight of every coach, and of every man that passed on horseback, he was seized with terrors not to be expressed, and his conscious guilt made him suffer more, though he never attempted to rob a single passenger, than a hardened highwayman suffers in prison between the time of his receiving sentence, and his execution.

He rode to and fro in the utmost perturbation of mind; his terrors still increasing as the night approached, till at last he beheld the same angelic appearance that he had seen before, which seemed to point to the road to London. Even in the darkness of the night the whole figure appeared very manifestly by the irradiation of glory, which encircled its head, and he could hear distinctly these words, "Mortal, brave not death." I leave it to philosophers to determine, whether it was a real personage, or of a nature above

human, that appeared to him upon this occasion; or whether it was the force of an heated imagination, which traced this figure to his eyes, and caused the words above-mentioned to resound in his ears. Be that as it will, we may justly look upon this appearance as a vision from heaven, as it had the effect of turning a sinner to grace: for no sooner had Mr. R——N——beheld it, but that all his agitation and disorder subsided, and he, with the utmost composure of mind, returned to London, having taken the precaution of throwing away his pistols, the instruments of destruction, with which his evil genius had armed him, lest they might give rise to any suspicion of the purpose which he had in leaving town.

Upon his return to his lodgings, he broke with the pernicious woman, who had given him the horrid advice above-mentioned, as his love for her was entirely converted into hatred, when he considered, that her vile suggestions might have brought him to a shameful end.

However, the grand source of his inquietudes still remained. He was apprehensive every moment of being arrested, and thrown into jail by his creditors. Had he sold his half-pay, it would have been by no means sufficient to satisfy them all, for he could not expect above two hundred pounds for it, and five hundred would have been hardly sufficient to gratify his creditors.

He therefore formed a resolution to go over to Ireland, thinking he could there be more secure from his creditors, than by going to lodge at any priviledged place.

Whilst his mind was taken up with these thoughts he was arrested, and there being several actions against him at the same time, he was obliged to get himself removed to the Fleet by Habeas Corpus, A man of Mr. R——N——'s temper could but ill brook confinement.

The days hung so heavily on his hands, and pas-

sed so tediously away, that he was obliged to have recourse to hard drinking, to dispel the gloom by which his mind was overcast. But he soon found, as many others in his circumstances have done, that this remedy, by frequent use, increases that anxiety of mind it was intended to cure.

Whilst Mr. R——N——led this life of care and inquietude, he one night had a dream, which revived his drooping spirits, and animated his soul with hope.

He dreamed that the same angel, which had twice appeared to him before, came in the night, and opened the gates of his prison, by a supernatural power; and the ideas which passed in his imagination, took so strong a possession of his soul, that when he awoke in the morning, he could not for some time be persuaded that he was still in prison. The delusion soon vanished, but he still retained his alacrity of mind. This seemingly groundless joy was soon followed by a real one.

About noon he heard himself inquired for, and immediately knew the voice to be that of his brother. He rushed into his arms, and embraced him with the utmost transport. When their first emotions of joy were somewhat subsided, Mr. J——N——gave his brother to understand, that he had made a fortune by the East-India trade; and inquiring into the state of his affairs, and the sum for which he was in confinement, paid the debt, and had him set at liberty that very evening.

They both went together to the lodgings of Mr. J——N——, in Great Broad-street, where he related to his brother his adventures, and the several voyages he had made since their separation.

Apparition *of the* Laird *of* Cool.

(Continued from page 160.)

THE hell which the wicked suffer immediately after death, consists in their wickedness, in the stings of an awakened conscience, the terrors of facing the great Judge, and of everlasting torments. And their misery when dead bears a due proportion to the evil they did while living: but some of these although not good, were far less wicked than others, and so are far less miserable. And on the other hand, some were not wicked in this life, yet had but a small degree of goodness. And their faces are not more various in life, than their circumstances are after death.

O. To pass this, there is another question I want to ask: "How came you to know what I said to Mr. *Paton?*" Were you with us, though invisible? C. I was not. But you must know, that not only angels are continually sent from heaven, to guard and comfort good men, but also the spirits of holy men are employed on the same errand. O. But has every man his guardian angel? C. Not every man; but many particular men have. And there are few families but have one attending on them. From what you have heard of spirits, you may easily conceive, how one may be serviceable to each member of the family, even when far distant from each other. Yea, one powerful angel or departed spirit is sufficient for some villages: but to a great city many angels or departed spirits are assigned, who are superintended by one great angel.

Now Satan in the government of his kingdom, apes the kingdom of Christ as much as possible. Accordingly he sends out missionaries too: but because he has plenty of them, he frequently commissions two or three to attend one family, if it be of great

power or influence. O. I cannot understand how the evil angels should be more numerous than the good ones. C. Whatever the number of devils be, it is certain the number of wicked spirits departed, who are employed on this errand, is abundantly greater than that of the good ones. And there is as great a difference between the good and bad spirits, as there is between the good and bad angels, both with regard to their knowledge, activity, strength and faculties. Yea, some departed souls exceed some of the original angels, in all these respects.

Now both the good and the evil angels, have stated times of rendezvous: at which the principal angels (good and bad) that have the charge of towns, cities, or kingdoms (not to mention villages or individuals,) hear all that is transacted. Many things false are related among the living, but nothing among the dead. Indeed an evil spirit would not scruple telling a falsehood, if he could gain any thing by it. But he cannot. Nay, in making his report, he must tell nothing but the truth, or woe be to him!

But beside their monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings, departed spirits may take a trip to see each other when they please. Three of these informed me of what you said; * Andrew Akeman, that attends Mr. Thurston's family, James Corbet, that waits on Mr. Paton's family, (and was looking after Mrs. Paton, when she was at your house) and an original Emissary, appointed to wait on yours. At this I was much surprised, and after a little thinking, asked, And is there an emissary from hell that attends my family? C. You may depend upon it there is. O. And what is his business? C. To divert you from your duty, and make you do as many ill things as he can. For much depends upon having the minister on his side. On this I was struck with a horror I cannot express. But after a time, recollecting myself, I said, But is there a devil that attends our family, though invisibly? C. As sure as you breathe.

* These were lately dead.

But there is also a good angel, that attends your family, and is stronger than him. O. Are you sure of this? C. Yes: and there is one just now riding on your right arm. But he might have been elsewhere: for I meant you no harm. O. How long has he been with me? C. Only since we passed Branskie: but now he is gone. O. I desire now to depart with you, and to see you another time. C. Be it so. I want your help of another kind. Now I bid you farewel. So saying he went off, at the head of the path going to Elmselough.

To be concluded in our next.

The Awful prospects *of the* Wicked.

THE Wicked—My mind recoils at the apprehension of their misery. It has studiously waved the fearful subject, and seems unwilling to pursue it now. But 'tis better to reflect upon it for a few minutes than to endure it to eternal ages. Perhaps, the consideration of their aggravated misery may be profitably terrible; may teach me more highly to prize the Saviour, who "delivers from going down to the bottomless pit;" may drive me, like the avenger's sword, to this only city of refuge for obnoxious sinners.

The wicked lie in their graves like malefactors in a deep and strong dungeon, reserved against the day of trial. "Their departure was without peace." Clouds of horror sat lowering upon their closing eye-lids, most sadly foreboding the "blackness of darkness for ever." When the last sickness seized their frame, and the inevitable change advanced; when they saw the fatal arrow fitting to the strings; saw the deadly archer aiming at their heart; and felt the envenomed shaft fastened in their vitals—Good God! what fearfulness came upon them! what hor-

rible dread overwhelmed them! How did they stand shuddering and aghast upon the tremendous precipice; excessively afraid to plunge into the abyss of eternity, yet utterly unable to maintain their standing on the verge of life.

O! what pale reviews, what startling prospects, conspire to augment their sorrows! They look backward: and, behold! a most melancholy scene! Sins unrepented of, mercy slighted, and the day of grace ending. They look forward, and nothing presents itself, but the righteous Judge, the dreadful tribunal, and a most solemn reckoning to them? They roll around their affrighted eyes on attending friends. If accomplices in debauchery, it sharpens their anguish, to consider this further aggravation of their guilt, that they had not sinned alone, but drawn others into the snare. If religious acquaintance, it strikes a fresh gash into their hearts, to think of never seeing them more, but only at an unapproachable distance, separated by the unpassable gulf.

At last, perhaps, they begin to pray. Finding no other possible way of relief, they are constrained to apply unto the Almighty: with trembling lips, and a faultering tongue, they cry unto that soverign being, "who kills and makes alive." But why have they deferred, so long deferred their addresses to God? Why have they despised all his counsels, and stood incorrigible under his incessant reproofs? How often they have been forewarned of these terrors, and most importunately intreated to seek the Lord, while he might be found? I wish they may obtain mercy at the eleventh, at the last hour. I wish they may be snatched from the jaws, the opened, the gaping, the almost closing jaws of damnation. But, alas! who can tell, whether affronted Majesty will lend an ear to their complaint? whether the Holy One will work a miracle of grace in behalf of such transgressors? He may, for aught any mortal knows, "laugh at their calamity, and mock, when their fear cometh."

Thus they lie, groaning out the poor remains of life: their limbs bathed in sweat; their heart struggling with convulsive throes; pains insupportable throbbing through every pulse; and innumerable pangs of agony transfixing their conscience.

In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Roves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue and shrieks for help;
But shrieks in vain; how wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O! might she stay to wash away her crimes,
And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves, is big with horror; but the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close thro' every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track but presses on:
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks.

If this be the end of the ungodly, "my soul, come not thou into their secret! Unto their assembly, mine honor be not thou united!" How awfully accomplished is that prediction of inspired wisdom! Sin, though seemingly sweet in the commission, yet at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

Happy dissolution! were this the period of their woes. But, alas! all these tribulations are only the "beginning of sorrows;" a small drop only from that cup of trembling, which is mingled for their future portion. No sooner has the last pang dislodged their reluctant souls, but they are hurried into the presence of an injured angry God; not under the conducting care of beneficent angels, but exposed to the insults of accursed spirits, who lately tempted them, now upbraid them, and will for ever torment them. Who can imagine their confusion and distress,

when they stand, guilty and inexcusable, before their incensed Creator? They are received with frowns: "The God that made them has no mercy on them." The prince of peace rejects them with abhorrence. He consigns them over to chains of darkness, and receptacles of despair, against the severe doom and more public infamy of the great day. Then all the vials of wrath will be emptied upon these wretched creatures. The law they have violated, and the gospel they have slighted; the power they have defiled, and the goodness they have abused; will all get themselves honor in their exemplary destruction. Then God, the God to whom vengeance belongeth, will draw the arrow to the very head, and set them as the mark of his inexorable displeasure.

Resurrection will be no privilege to them; but immortality itself their everlasting curse. Would they not bless the grave, "that land where all things are forgotten," and wish to lie eternally hid in its deepest gloom? But the dust refuses to conceal their persons, or to draw a veil over their practices. They must also awake, must arise, must appear at the bar, and meet the Judge; a Judge before whom "the pillars of heaven tremble, and the earth melts away," a Judge, once long-suffering, and very compassionate, but now unalterably determined to teach stubborn offenders, what it is to provoke the omnipotent God-head; what it is to trample upon the blood of his Son, and offer despite to all the gracious overtures of his Spirit.

O, the perplexity! the distraction! that must seize the impenitent rebels, when they are summoned to the great tribunal! what will they do in this day of severe visitation; this day of final decision. Where? how? whence can they find help? To which of the saints will they turn? whether betake themselves for shelter, or for succour? Alas! It is all in vain; it is all too late. Friends and acquaintances know them no more: men and angels abandon

them to their approaching doom: even the Mediator himself, deserts them in this dreadful hour. To fly, will be impracticable; if to justify themselves, still more impossible; and now to make supplications, utterly unavailable.

Behold! the books are opened! the secrets of all hearts are disclosed; the hidden things of darkness are brought to light. How empty, how ineffectual, now, are all those refined artifices with which hypocrites imposed upon their fellow-creatures, and preserved a character in the sight of men! The jealous God, who has been about their path, and about their bed, and spied out all their ways, "sets before them the things they have done." They cannot answer him one in a thousand, nor stand in the awful judgment. The heavens reveal their iniquities, and the earth rises up against them. They are speechless with guilt, and stigmatized with infamy. Before all the armies of the sky, and all the nations of the redeemed, what a favor would they esteem it, to hide their ashamed heads in the bottom of the ocean, or even to be buried beneath the ruins of the tottering world!

If the contempt poured upon them be thus insupportable, how will their hearts endure, when the sword of infinite indignation is unsheathed, and fiercely waved around their defenceless heads, or pointed directly at their naked breasts! How must the wretches scream with wild amazement, and rend the very heavens with their cries, when the right aiming thunderbolts go abroad! go abroad with a dreadful commission, to drive them from the kingdom of glory; and plunge them, not into the sorrows of a moment, or the tortures of an hour, but into all the restless agonies of unquenchable fire, and everlasting despair.

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
That comes to all: but torture without end

Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With every burning sulphur unconsum'd.

Misery of miseries! too shocking for reflection to dwell upon. But, if so dismal to foresee, and that at a distance, together with some comfortable expectation of escaping it, O! how bitter, inconceivably bitter, to bear, without any intermission, or any mitigation, through hopeless and eternal ages.

Who has any bowels of pity? Who has any sentiments of compassion? Who has any tender concern for his fellow creatures? Who? In God's name, and for Christ's sake, let him show it, by warning every man, and beseeching every man, to seek the Lord while he may be found; to throw down the arms of rebellion, before the act of indemnity expires; submissively to adore the Lamb, while he holds out the golden sceptre. Here let us act the friendly part to mankind; here let the whole force of our benevolence exert itself in exhorting relations, acquaintances, neighbours, whomsoever we may probably influence, to take the wings of faith unfeigned, of repentance undelayed, and flee from his wrath to come.

Observations *on* Dreams.

(*Concluded from page*, 185.)

HE made light of that, and told his mother, that if he happened to be knocked on the head, there was an end of him, and he was provided for.

Well, son, says the old lady, I am obliged to submit to it, you are your own master; I can but intreat you not to go, you have estate enough to make you easy; therefore have no need to run the risk.

He slighted all her intreaties, and at length mortgaged part of his estate to purchase a company in the first regiment of guards, and entered into the army.

The night before he signed the agreement for the company, being in bed and fast asleep, he saw in a dream his father come to him in his gown, and with a great fur cap on, such as he used to wear; and calling him by his name, What is the reason says he that you will not listen to the entreaties of your mother not to go to the wars! I do assure you, that if you resolve to take this commission, you will not enjoy it three years.

Why, says he (in his dream) what will hinder me? being, it seems desirous to know something of his fortune.

Ask me not the particulars, says the apparition, but, either decline the employ, or when you have enjoyed it two years and a half, sell out again as I did before you.

I cannot promise that, says he.

Then you may promise yourself says the apparition that it shall be worse.

He seemed to slight the admonition, and said, it was too late to look back.

Too late! too late! says the apparition, repeating the words; then go on, and repent too late.

He was not much affected with this apparition, when he waked, and found it was but a dream; for dreams, said he, are not to be heeded; so he went on, and bought the commission.

A few days after the commission was bought, the father appeared again, not to him but to his mother, in a dream too as before; and taking notice to her how his son had rejected her admonition, it added,

"Young heads are wilful; Robert will go into the "army; but tell him from me, he shall never come back."

All these notices were of no force with this young gentleman; but as he had resolved so he pursued his resolution and went into the army; and two battalions of that regiment going into the field that sum-

mer, his company was one, and was ordered into Flanders.

He wanted no occasion to show his bravery, and in several warm actions came off with applause; so that he was far from being suspected of cowardice: but one day, and in the third year of his service, the army was drawn out in order of battle, the general having received certain advice that the enemy would come and attack them. As he stood at the head of his company, he was suddenly seized with a cold shivering fit, and it was so violent that some officers who were near him, every one at their post, perceived it.

As it was to no purpose for him to conceal it, he turned to his lieutenant, who stood next to him, and from whose mouth I received this particular account: I cannot imagine, says he, what is the occasion of this shaking fit.

It is your eagerness to fall on, says the lieutenant, I have often been so, and begin to be so now; I wish the French would come on, that we might have something to do.

It continued about a quarter of an hour, and the enemy did come on as was expected: but the fight began upon the left, at a good distance from them, so that the whole left wing was engaged before they began.

While this lasted, the lieutenant called to the gentleman; Colonel, says he, how do you do? I hope your shivering fit is over.

No, says the colonel, it is not over, but it is a little better.

It will be all over presently, says the lieutenant.

Ay, so it will, says the colonel, I am very easy, I know what it was now; and with that he called the lieutenant to come to him for a moment.

When he came, says he, I know now what ailed me, I am very easy, I have seen my father; I shall

be killed the first volley; let my mother know I told you this.

In a few minutes after this, a body of the enemy advanced, and the very first volley the regiment received, was the fire of five platoons of grenadiers, by which the captain and several other officers, besides private men, were killed, and the whole brigade was soon after put into confusion; though being supported by some regiments of the second line, they rallied again soon after; the captain's body was presently recovered; but he was irrevocably dead, for he received a shot in his face, which killed him immediately.

If all the notices from the invisible world could have been of any use to him, or he had been to be wrought upon by cautions and advices, which nothing but a most obstinate temper would have so totally disregarded, the man had been safe. But what can be expected, when men are as plainly informed of things, as by such methods can be supposed rational, and will not take the hint?

On the Employment *of good* Spirits.

HOW may we conceive the inhabitants of the other part of Hades, the souls of the righteous to be employed? It has been positively affirmed by some philosophical men, that spirits have no place. But they do not observe, that if it were so, they must be omnipresent. An attribute which cannot be allowed, to any but the Almighty Spirit. The abode of these blessed spirits the ancient Jews were used to term Paradise: the same name which our Lord gave it, telling the penitent thief, *This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.* Yet in what part of the Universe this is situated, who can tell, or even conjecture, since it has not pleased God to reveal any thing concerning it. But we have no reason to think

they are confined to this place: or indeed to any other. May we not rather say, that servants of his, as well as the holy angels, they do his pleasure, whether among the inhabitants of earth, or in any other part of his dominions? And as we easily believe, that they are swifter than the light, even as swift as thought, they are well able to traverse the whole universe in the twinkling of an eye, either to execute the divine commands, or to contemplate the works of God. What a field is here opened before them! And how immensely may they increase in knowledge, while they survey his works of creation or providence, or his manifold wisdom in the church! What depth of wisdom, of power, and of goodness do they discover in his methods of bringing many sons to glory! Especially while they conversed on any of these subjects, with the illustrious dead of ancient days! With Adam, first of men, with Noah, who saw both the primeval and the ruined world. With Abraham, the friend of God, with Moses, who was favored to speak with God, as it were face to face, with Job, perfected by sufferings, with Samuel, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Daniel, and all the prophets. With the Apostles, the noble army of Martyrs, and all the saints who have lived and died to the present day: with our elder brethren the holy angels, cherubim, seraphim, and all the companies of heaven! Above all the name of creature owns, with Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant. Mean time how will they advance in holiness, in the whole image of God wherein they were created! In the love of God and man, gratitude to their Creator, and benevolence to all their fellow-creatures. Yet it does not follow (what some earnestly maintain) that this general benevolence, will at all interfere with that peculiar affection, which God himself implants for our relations, friends, and benefactors. O no! Had you stood by his bedside, when that dying saint was crying out, "I have a father and a mother gone to

heaven, I have ten brothers and sisters gone to heaven: and now I am going to them, that am the eleventh! Blessed be God that I was born!" Would you have replied, "What, if you are going to them? They will be no more to you than any other persons: for you will not know them." Not know them! Nay, does not all that is in you recoil at that thought? Indeed sceptics may ask, How do disembodied spirits know each other? I answer plainly, I cannot tell. But I am certain that they do. This is as plainly proved from one passage of scripture, as it could be from a thousand. Did not Abraham and Lazarus know each other in Hades, even afar off? Even though they were fixt on different sides of the great gulph? Can we doubt then whether the souls that are together in Paradise shall know one another? The scripture therefore clearly decides this question. And so does the very reason of the thing. For we know, every holy temper which we carry with us into Paradise will remain in us for ever. But such is gratitude to our benefactors. This therefore will remain for ever. And this implies, that the knowledge of our benefactors will remain, without which it cannot exist.

And how much will that add to the happiness of those spirits, which are already discharged from the body, that they are permitted to minister to those whom they have left behind? An indisputable proof of this we have, in the twenty-second chapter of the Revelation. When the apostle fell down to worship the glorious spirit which he seems to have mistaken for Christ, he told him plainly, I am of thy fellow-servants, the prophets; not God, not an angel, not a human spirit. And in how many ways may they minister to the heirs of salvation. Sometimes by counteracting wicked spirits whom we cannot resist, because we cannot see them: sometimes by preventing our being hurt by men, or beasts, or inanimate

creatures: how often may it please God to answer the prayer of good Bishop Kenn.

"O may thine angels while I sleep
Around my bed their vigils keep!
Their love angelical instil
Stop all the consequence of ill:

"May they celestial joys rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or in my stead the whole night long
Sing to my God a grateful song."

And may not the Father of Spirits allot this office jointly to angels, and human spirits waiting to be made perfect?

It may indeed be objected that God has no need of any subordinate agents of either angelical or human spirits, to guard his children, in their waking or sleeping hours; seeing he that keepeth Israel doth neither slumber nor sleep. And certainly he is able to preserve them by his own immediate power, yea, and he is able, by his own immediate power, without any instruments at all, to supply the wants of all his creatures, both in heaven and earth. But it is, and ever was his pleasure not to work by his own immediate power only, but chiefly by subordinate means, from the beginning of the world. And how wonderfully is his wisdom displayed, in adjusting all these to each other! So that we may well cry out, O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all!

The APPARITION *of* EDWARD AVON, *to his son-in-law,* THOMAS GODDARD.

THOMAS GODDARD, of Marlborough in the county of Wilts, on the ninth of November, 1674, going to Ogburn, at a stile near the highway, met the apparition of his father in-law, Edward Avon, who died in May last, having on, to appearance, the same clothes he usually wore when living. When he came near, the apparition said, Are you afraid? To which Goddard answered I am, thinking on one who is dead whom you are like. To which the apparition replied, I am he whom you were thinking of. I am Edward Avon, your father-in-law: come near to me; I will do you no harm. Goddard answered, I trust in God you will do me no harm. Then the apparition said, how does William and Mary? meaning his son William Avon, and Mary his daughter. Then the apparition held out his hand, and in it twenty or thirty shillings in silver, and spake with a loud voice, Take this money and send it to Sarah: for I shut up my bowels of compassion, against her in my lifetime. But Goddard answered, In the name of Jesus, I refuse all such money. Then the apparition said, I perceive you are afraid: I will meet you another time.

The next night about seven o'clock, the apparition opened Goddard's window, and looked him in the face, but said nothing. The night following, as Goddard went into his yard with a candle in his hand, it appeared to him again; but he being afraid, ran into his house, and saw it no more then.

Thursday, the 12th, as he came from Chilton, the apparition met him again in the same habit; and standing about eight feet before him in the way, spake to him with a loud voice. Thomas, bid William Avon take the sword that he had of me, and carry it into the wood, as we go to Alton; for with that

sword I did wrong thirty years ago. It further said, Tell Margaret (meaning his wife) I desire her to deliver up the money which I gave to Sarah Taylor, the child; but if she will not, tell her, I will see her very suddenly: and see that this be done within a twelve-month and a day after my decease. Accordingly, Goddard saith, that he paid the twenty shillings to Edward Laurence of this town, who being now present remembers that he lent Avon that money about twenty years ago, which none knew but himself and his wife, and Avon and his wife; and was never paid it again before now.

Goddard says further, that this very day, by Mr. Mayor's order, he with his brother in-law, William Avon, went with the sword, and laid it down in the copse, near the place the apparition had appointed: Goddard looking back saw the same apparition, who said to him, Thomas, take up the sword and follow me: so he took it up and followed the apparition into the copse. Then Goddard laying down the sword upon the ground, the apparition said, I have a commission not to touch you; and then it took up the sword, and pointed the end of it into the ground, and said, In this place lies buried, the body of him whom I murdered in the year 1635, who is now rotten and turned to dust. Whereupon Goddard said, Why did you commit this murder? He said, I took money from the man, who contended with me, and therefore murdered him? Then Goddard asked, who was confederate with you? He said, None. Then said Goddard, What would you have me to do? The apparition said, Let the world know that I murdered a man, and buried him in this place, in the year 1635.

Then the apparition vanished; whereupon Goddard, and his brother-in-law, Avon, went away together.

Avon told Goddard that he heard his voice, and understood what he said; and also heard the voice of another distinct from his, but could not understand

any thing he said: nor see any one; who being now present affirms the same. And as to Goddard, he not only positively asserts it, but saith, he will make affidavit of the whole whenever required.

But what signifies affidavits! Were a thousand men, of the greatest veracity and candor, to make affidavits of things of this nature, and were they to do it with their dying breath, such is the infidelity of this generation, they would not be believed. If there was ever such a thing as the appearance of angels or spirits (which many good christians of this age think doubtful) every thing of this kind, they are sure, is now at an end! Is it not then very remarkable that such should pretend to believe the bible!

An Account *of an* Apparition *attested by the Rev. Mr. Ruddle, minister at Launceston, in Cornwall.*

IN the beginning of the year 1665 a disease happened in this town of Launceston, and some of my scholars died of it. Among others who fell under its malignity, was John Elliot, the eldest son of Edward Elliott of Treberse, Esq. a stripling of about sixteen years of age, but of uncommon parts and ingenuity. At his own particular request I preached at the funeral, which happened on the 20th day of June, 1665. In my discourse I spoke some words in commendation of the young gentleman; such as might endear his memory to those who knew him, and withal tend to preserve his example to those who went to school with him, and were to continue after him. An ancient gentleman, who was then in the church, was much affected with the discourse, and often heard to repeat the same evening, one expression I then used out of Virgil,

Et puer ipse suit contrari digmus.

The reason why this grave gentleman was so concerned at the character, was a reflection made upon a son of his own, who being about the same age, and but a few months before not unworthy of the like character I gave of the young Mr. Elliott, was now by a strange accident quite lost to his parents' hopes, and all expectations of any further comfort by him.

The funeral rites being over, I was no sooner come out of the church, but I found myself most courteously accosted by this old gentleman; and with an unusual importunity, almost forced against my humor to his house that night; nor could I have rescued myself from his kindness, had not Mr. Elliott interposed, and pleaded title to me for the whole day, which (as he said) he would resign to no man. Hereupon I got loose for that time, but was constrained to leave a promise behind me to wait upon him at his own house the Monday following. This then seemed to satisfy, but before Monday came I had a new message to request me that if it were possible I would be there the Sunday. The second attempt I resisted, by answering that it was against my convenience, and the duty which mine own people expected from me. Yet was not the gentleman at rest, for he sent me another letter the Saturday by no means to fail the Monday, and so to order my business as to spend with him two or three days at least. I was indeed startled at so much eagerness, and so many dunnings for a visit, without any business; and began to suspect that there must needs be some design at the bottom of all this excess of courtesy. For I had no familiarity, scarce common acquaintance with the gentleman, or his family; nor could I imagine whence should arise such a flush of friendship on the sudden.

On the Monday I went and paid my promised devoir, and met with entertainment as free and plentiful, as the invitation was free and importunate. There also I found a neighbouring minister, who

pretended to call in accidentally, but by the sequel I suppose it otherwise. After dinner this brother of the coat undertook to show me the gardens, where, as we were walking, he gave me the first discovery of what was mainly intended in all this treat and compliment.

First he began to inform me of the infelicity of the family in general, and then gave instance of the youngest son. He related what a hopeful sprightly lad he lately was, and how melancholy and sottish he was now grown. Then did he with much passion lament, that this ill humor should so incredibly subdue his reason; (saith he) "The poor boy believes himself to be haunted with ghosts, and is confident that he meets with an evil spirit in a certain field about half a mile from this place, as often as he goes that way to school." In the midst of our discourse, the old gentleman and his lady (as observing their cue most exactly) came up to us. Upon their approach, and pointing me to the arbor, the parson renewed the relation too, and they (the parents of the youth) confirmed what he said, and added many minute circumstances, in a long narrative of the whole. In fine, they all three desired my thoughts and advice in the affair.

I was not able to collect my thoughts enough on the sudden, to frame a judgment upon what they had said. Only I answered, that the thing which the youth reported to them, was strange, yet not incredible, and that I knew not then what to think or say of it; but if the lad would be free to me in talk, and trust me with his counsels, I had hopes to give them a better account of my opinion the next day.

I had no sooner spoken so much, but I perceived myself in the springe their courtesy had laid for me; for the old lady was not able to hide her impatience, but her son must be called immediately. This I was forced to comply with, and consent to; so that, drawing off from the company to an orchard hard by, she

went herself, and brought him to me, and left him with me.

It was the main drift of all these three to persuade me, that either the boy was lazy, and glad of any excuse to keep from the school, or that he was in love with some wench, and ashamed to confess it; or that he had a fetch upon his father to get money and new clothes, that he might range to London after a brother that he had there; and therefore they begged of me, to discover the root of the matter; and accordingly to dissuade, advise, or reprove him; but chiefly by all means to undeceive him, as to the fancy of ghosts and spirits.

I soon entered a close conference with the youth, and at first was very cautious not to displease him, but by smooth words to ingratiate myself and get within him; for I doubted he would be too distrustful or too reserved. But we had scarce past the first salutation and began to speak to the business, before I found that there needed no policy to screw myself into his heart; for he most openly and with all obliging candor did aver, that he loved his book, and desired nothing more than to be bred a scholar; that he had not the least respect for any of womankind, as his mother gave out; and that the only request that he would make to his parents was, that they would but believe his constant assertions, concerning the woman he was disturbed with, in the field, called the Higher Broom-Quartils. He told me with all naked freedom and a flood of tears, that his friends were unkind and unjust to him, neither to believe nor pity him; and that if any man (making a bow to me) would but go with him to the place, he might be convinced that the thing was real.

By this time he found me apt to compassionate his condition, and to be attentive to his relation of it; and therefore he went on in this manner.

This woman which appears to me, said he, lived a neighbour here to my father; and died about eight

years since; her name was Dorothy Dingley, of such a stature, such age, and such complexion. She never speaks to me, but passeth by hastily, and always leaves the foot path to me, and she commonly meets me twice or three times in the breadth of the field.

It was about two months before I took any notice of it, and though the shape of the face was in my memory, yet I could not recal the name of the person; but without more thoughtfulness, I did suppose it was some woman who lived thereabout, and had frequent occasion that way. Nor did I imagine any thing to the contrary, before she began to meet me constantly morning and evening, and always in the same field, and sometimes twice or thrice in the breadth of it.

The first time I took notice of her, was about a year since; and when I began to suspect and believe it to be a ghost, I had courage enough not to be afraid; but kept it to myself a good while, and only wondered very much at it. I did often speak to it, but never had a word in answer. Then I changed my way and went to school the under horse road, and then she always met me in the narrow lane, between the quarry park and the nursery, which was worse.

At length I began to be afraid of it, and prayed continually, that God would either free me from it, or let me know the meaning of it. Night and day, sleeping and waking, the shape was ever running in my mind; and I often did repeat these places in scripture; (with that he took a small Bible out of his pocket.) Job. vii. 14. "Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions;" and Deut. xxviii. 67. "In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were evening, and at evening thou shalt say, would God it were morning, for the fear of thine heart, wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see."

I was very much pleased with the lad's ingenuity, in the application of the pertinent scriptures to his condition, and desired him to proceed. Thus said he—By degrees I grew very pensive, insomuch that it was taken notice of by all our family; whereupon being urged to it, I told my brother William of it; and he privately acquainted my father and mother; and they kept it to themselves for some time.

The success of this discovery was only this; they did sometimes laugh at me, sometimes chide me, but still commanded me to keep my school, and put such fopperies out of my head.

I did accordingly go to school often, but always met the woman in the way.

This and much more to the same purpose (yea as much as held a dialogue of near two hours) was our conference in the orchard; which ended with my proffer to him, that (without making any privy to our intents) I would next morning walk with him to the place about six o'clock. He was even transported with joy at the mention of it, and replied, but will you sure Sir? Will you really Sir? Thank God, now I shall be believed. From this conclusion we went into the house.

The gentleman, his wife, and Mr. Williams were impatient to know the event, insomuch that they came out of the parlour into the hall to meet us; and seeing the lad look cheerfully, the first compliment from the old man was, "Come Mr. Ruddle, you have talked with Sam; I hope now he will have more wit; an idle boy, an idle boy! At these words the lad ran up stairs to his chamber, without replying, and I soon stopped the curiosity of the three expectants, by telling them I had promised silence, and was resolved to be as good as my word, but when things were riper they might know all; at present I desired them to rest in my faithful promise, that I would do my utmost in their service, and for the

good of their son. With this they were silenced, I cannot say satisfied.

The next morning, before five o'clock, the lad was in my chamber, and very brisk; I arose and went with him. The field he led me to I guessed to be twenty acres, in an open country, and about three furlongs from any house. We went into the field, and had not gone above a third part, before the spectrum, in the shape of a woman, with all the circumstances he had described her to me in the orchard the day before, as much as the suddenness of its appearance, and evanition would permit me to discover, met us and passed by. I was a little surprised at it; and though I had taken up a firm resolution to speak to it, yet I had not the power, nor indeed durst I look back, yet I took care not to show my fear to my pupil and guide, and therefore telling him that I was satisfied in the truth of his complaint, we walked to the end of the field, and returned, nor did the ghost meet us at that time above once. I perceived in the young man a kind of boldness mixed with astonishment; the first caused by my presence, and the proof he had given of his own relation, and the other by the sight of his persecutor.

(To be continued.)

Of Hell.

THE punishment of those who in spite of all the warnings of God, resolve to have their portion with the devil and his angels, will, according to the ancient, and not improper division, be either *Pæna damni*, what they lose, or *Pæni sensus*, what they feel.

And first, let us consider the *Pæna damni*, the punishment of loss. This commences in that very moment wherein the soul is separated from the body:

in that instant the soul loses all those pleasures, the enjoyment of which depends on the outward senses. The smell, the taste, the touch delight no more: the organs that ministered to them are spoiled, and the objects that used to gratify them are far away. In the dreary regions of the dead, all those things are forgotten; or, if remembered, are only remembered with pain, seeing they are gone for ever. All the pleasures of the imagination are at an end. There is no grandeur in the infernal region; there is nothing beautiful in these dark abodes; no light, but that of livid flames. And nothing new, but one unwearied scene of horror upon horror. There is no music but that of groans and shrieks, of weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth; of curses and blasphemies against God, or cutting reproaches of one another. Nor is there any thing to gratify the sense of honor: no; they are the heirs of shame and everlasting contempt.

Thus are they totally separated from all the things they were fond of in the present world. At the same instant will commence another loss; that of all the persons whom they loved. They are torn away from their nearest and dearest relations, their wives, husbands, parents, children, and (what to some will be worse than all this) the friend which was as their own soul. All the pleasures they ever enjoyed in these is lost, gone, vanished away. For there is no friendship in hell. Even the poet who affirms (though I know not on what authority)

> "Devil with devil damned
> Firm concord holds;"

Does not affirm that there is any concord among the human fiends, that inhabit the great abyss.

But they will then be sensible of a greater loss, than all they have enjoyed on earth. They have lost their place in Abraham's bosom, in the paradise

of God. Hitherto indeed, it hath not entered into their hearts to conceive, what holy souls enjoy in the garden of God, in the society of angels, and of the wisest and best men, that have lived from the beginning of the world: (not to mention the immense increase of knowledge, which they will then undoubtedly receive.) But they will then fully understand the value of what they have vilely cast away.

But as happy as the souls in paradise are, they are preparing for far greater happiness. For paradise is only the porch of heaven; and it is there the spirits of just men are made perfect. It is in heaven only that there is the fulness of joy, the pleasures that are at God's right hand for ever more. The loss of this, by those unhappy spirits, will be the completion of their misery. They will then know and feel, that God alone is the centre of all created spirits; and consequently that a spirit made for God, can have no rest out of him. It seems that the apostle had this in his view, when he spoke of those, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord. Banishment from the presence of the Lord, is the very essence of destruction to a spirit that was made for God. And if that banishment last for ever, it is everlasting destruction.

Such is the loss sustained by those miserable creatures, on whom that awful sentence will be pronounced, "Depart from me ye cursed!" What an unspeakable curse, if there were no other! But, alas! This is far from being the whole: for, to the punishment of loss, will be added the punishment of sense. What they lose, implies unspeakable misery, which yet is inferior to what they feel. This it is, which our Lord expresses in those emphatical words, "Where *their* worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

From the time that sentence was pronounced upon man, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return," it was the custom of all nations, so far as

we can learn, to commit dust to dust: it seemed natural to restore the bodies of the dead to the general mother earth. But in process of time another method obtained, chiefly among the rich and great, of burning the bodies of their relations, and frequently in a grand magnificent manner. For which purpose they erected huge funeral piles, with immense labor and expence. By either of these methods the body of man was soon restored to its parent dust. Either the worm or the fire soon consumed the well wrought frame; after which the worm itself quickly died, and the fire was entirely quenched. But there is likewise a worm that belongs to the future state; and that is a worm that never dieth. And there is a fire, hotter than that of the funeral pile: and it is a fire that will never be quenched.

The first thing intended by the worm that never dieth, seems to be a guilty conscience, including self-condemnation, sorrow, shame, remorse, and a sense of the wrath of God. May not we have some conception of this, by what is sometimes felt in the present evil world? Is it not of this chiefly that Solomon speaks, when he says, "The spirit of a man may bear his infirmities," his infirmities or griefs of any other kind: but a wounded spirit who can bear? Who can bear the anguish of an awakened conscience, penetrated with a sense of guilt, and the arrows of the Almighty sticking in the soul, and drinking up the spirit! How many of the stout hearted have sunk under it, and chose strangling rather than life? And yet what are these wounds, what is all this anguish of a soul while in this present world, in comparison of those they must suffer when their souls are wholly awakened, to feel the wrath of an offended God! Add to these, all unholy passions, fear, horror, rage, evil desires; desires that can never be satisfied. Add all unholy tempers, envy, jealousy, malice, and revenge: all of which will incessantly gnaw the soul, as the vulture was supposed to do the

liver of Tityus. To these if we add hatred of God and all his creatures, all these united together serve to give us some little imperfect idea of the worm that never dieth.

We may observe a remarkable difference in the manner wherein our Lord speaks concerning the two parts of the future punishment. He says, Where *their* worm dieth not, of one; where the fire is not quenched, of the other. This cannot be by chance. What then is the reason for this variation of the expression?

Does it seem to be this? The fire will be the same to all that are tormented therein; only perhaps more intense to some than others, according to their degree of guilt. But *their* worm will not, cannot be the same. It will be infinitely varied, according to their various kinds, as well as degrees of wickedness. This variety will arise partly from the just judgment of God, rewarding every one according to his works. For we cannot doubt but this rule will take place, no less in hell than in heaven. As in heaven every man shall receive his own reward, incommunicably his, that is, the whole tenor of his tempers, thoughts, words, and actions; so undoubtedly every man in fact will receive his own bad reward, according to his own bad labor. And this likewise will be incommunicably his own, even as his labor was. Variety of punishment will likewise arise from the very nature of the thing. As they that bring most holiness to heaven, will find most happiness there, so on the other hand it is not only true, that the more wickedness a man brings to hell, the more misery he will find there; but that this misery will be infinitely varied according to the various kinds of his wickedness. It was therefore proper to say the fire, in general; but *their* worm in particular.

But it has been questioned by some, "Whether there be any fire in hell? That is, any material fire," Nay, if there be any fire, it is unquestionably ma-

terial. For what is immaterial fire? The same as immaterial water or earth! both the one and the other is absolute nonsense, a contradiction in terms. Either therefore we must affirm it to be material or we deny its existence. But if we granted them, there is no fire at all there, what would they gain thereby? Seeing that it is allowed on all hands, that it is either fire or something worse. And consider this: does not our Lord speak as if it was real fire? No one can deny, or doubt of this. Is it possible then to suppose, that the God of truth would speak in this manner, if it were not so? Does he design to fright his poor creatures? What, with scare crows? With vain shadows of things that have no being? O let not any one think so! impute not such folly to the Most High!

But others aver, "It is not possible that fire should burn always. For by the immutable law of nature, it consumes whatever is thrown into it. And by the same law, as soon as it has consumed its fuel, it is itself consumed; it goes out.'

It is most true, that in the present constitution of things, during the present laws of nature, the element of fire does dissolve and consume whatever is thrown into it. But here is the mistake: the present laws of nature are not immutable. When the heavens and the earth shall flee away, the present scene will be totally changed: and with the present constitution of things, the present laws of nature will cease. After this great change, nothing will be dissolved, nothing will be consumed any more. Therefore if it were true that fire consumes all things now, it would not follow that it would do the same after the whole frame of nature has undergone that vast, universal change.

I say, "If it were true, that fire consumes all things now." But indeed it is not true. Has it not pleased God, to give us already some proof of what will be hereafter? Is not the *Linum Asbestum,* the incombustible flax, known in most parts of Europe?

If you have a towel or handkerchief made of this (one of which may now be seen in the British Museum,) you may throw it into the hottest fire, and when it is taken out again it will be observed, upon the nicest experiment, not to have lost one grain of its weight. Here therefore is a substance before our eyes, which even in the present constitution of things, (as if it were an emblem of things to come) may remain in fire without being consumed.

It remains now only to consider two or three circumstances attending the never-dying worm and the unquenchable fire.

And first consider the company wherewith every one is surrounded in that place of torment. They are restrained by none from exerting to the uttermost their total wickedness. Not by men: none will be restrained from evil by his companions in damnation. And not by God; for he hath forgotten them, hath delivered them over to the tormentor. And the devils need not fear, like their instruments upon earth, lest they should expire under the torture. They can die no more: they are strong to sustain whatever the united malice, skill and strength of angels can inflict upon them. And their angelic tormentors have time sufficient to vary their torments a thousand ways. How infinitely may they vary one single torment. Horrible appearances! Whereby, there is no doubt, an evil spirit, if permitted, could terrify the stoutest man upon earth to death.

Consider, Secondly, that all these torments of body and soul, are without intermission. They have no respite from pain; but the smoke of their torment, ascendeth up day and night. They have nothing to divert them from their torments even for a moment,

"Total Eclipse: no Sun no Moon!"

no change of seasons or of companions. There is no business, but one uninterrupted scene of horror, to

which they must be all attention. They have no interval of inattention or stupidity: they are all-eye, all-ear, all-sense. Every instant of their duration, it may be said of their whole frame, that they are

> "Tremblingly alive all o'er,
> And smart and agonize at every pore."

And of this duration there is no end! What a thought is this? Nothing but eternity is the term of their torment! And who can count the drops of rain, or the sands of the sea, or the days of eternity? Every suffering is softened, if there is any hope, though distant, of deliverance from it. But here

> "Hope never comes, that comes to all,"

the inhabitants of the upper world! What, sufferings never to end!

> "Never! Where sinks the soul at that dread sound?
> Into a gulph how dark, and how profound!"

Suppose millions of days, of years of ages elapsed, still we are only on the threshold of eternity! Neither the pain of body or soul is any nearer an end, than it was millions of ages ago. When they are cast into utter darkness, (how emphatical!) The fire, the unquenchable, all is concluded; Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched!

"It demands our highest gratitude, that we who have long ago deserved this misery, are not plunged into it. While there are thousands that have been adjudged to this place of punishment, before they had continued so long in sin as many of us have done. what an instance is it of divine goodness, that we are not under his fiery vengeance? Have we not seen many sinners on our right hand and our left, cut off in their sins? And what but the tender mercy of God,

hath spared us week after week, month after month, and given us space for repentance? What shall we render unto the Lord, for all his patience and long-suffering, even to this day? How often have we incurred the sentence of condemnation by our repeated rebellion against God! And yet we are still alive in his presence, and are hearing the words of hope and salvation. O let us look back and shudder at the thoughts of that dreadful precipice, on the edge of which we have so long wandered! Let us fly for refuge to the hope that is set before us, and give a thousand thanks to the divine mercy, that we are not plunged into this perdition."

Remarkable *conversion of* Henry Webb, *related by* Credible *witnesses, and attested for* fact.

THERE is no truer maxim than that in endeavouring to shun one extreme, we are often apt to fall into another: this the great Mr. Addison has observed in respect to religion; that, by endeavouring to avoid the cant and hypocrisy formerly too much practised, we have fallen into a habit of being quite ashamed of any religion at all. This too has been the case with every thing uncommon or more than ordinary, especially in regard to spiritual matters; the fear of being imposed upon, and the many idle stories we often hear, make us refuse to give credit to any thing of this sort though ever so well attested, and though we have very sensible evidence of a great and good end being answered thereby.

That God Almighty does sometimes make use of extraordinary means, more particularly in the conversion of some sinners is too well attested by scripture, repeated experience, and the testimony of the wisest and best of men, to admit of any doubt; and likewise, that he has made use of no method so often as that of visions of the night; many are the proofs

which might be brought from scripture of the truth of this, particularly that very striking and amazing instance recorded in the book of Job, which the ingenious Mr. Hervey, in his book of meditations, lately published, justly says "is a proof of the reality of them upon some very extraordinary emergencies, while it discountenances those legions of idle tales, which superstition has raised, and credulity received; since it teaches us, that when they come to pass, it is not upon any errand of frivolous consequences, but to convey intelligencies of the utmost moment, or to work impressions of the highest advantage." In the 4th chapter of Job, and the 12th verse, Eliphaz the Temanite describes a vision of this nature, which had happened to himself.

Henry Webb, the subject of this relation, was born at Crewkerne, in Somersetshire, being the son of John and Mary Webb, both known for many years in that place, his father being deceased but fourteen months ago, and his mother still residing in or near that place. He had a common education given him, according to their abilities; and was, when young, put out apprentice to Mr. John Hooper, a cordwainer, in that place, but being wild and disobedient, he soon ran away from his master and parents, and going many miles distant and falling into bad company, he soon became a reprobate liver, a common swearer, and sabbath-breaker, having no thoughts of goodness or religion at all: in this state he continued, without any serious reflection, till the 21st year of his age, at which time he worked with Mr. Thomas Eades, at a place called Euley, about five miles from Lymington in Hampshire, where, on Monday the 11th of February, 1749-50, he was seized with an oppression on the spirits, but continued working till Tuesday about noon, when finding himself worse, he was bled, after which he walked about half a mile, drank half a pint of warm ale at a public house, and then returned home, and

sat down by the fire till four or five o'clock in the afternoon, still growing worse, when he went up to bed; in which he had not been long before he seemed to himself to be dying or fainting away, or rather his soul going out of his body; at which time (as he has since been told) the people belonging to the house, hearing a deep groan, came up stairs, and found his arm had burst out a bleeding to the quantity of near two quarts, and him, to all appearance dead, his eyes and teeth being closed, and not the least breath perceivable; upon which, after having applied several remedies to no purpose, they resolved to lay him out in order to be buried; but his master, Mr. Eades, perceiving a small warmth in his body, was resolved he should not be moved out of the bed till he was cold; and in this manner he lay for the space of three nights and days, all which time he received no manner of sustenance, for though they endeavoured to open his teeth with a spoon, and pour down some cordials, as he is informed by those who administered it, none of it went down.

At the time he felt himself dying away, as we have mentioned above, he seemed to go into fields inexpressibly delightful and pleasant, beautiful with streams and fountains of water clearer then crystal, having at the same time a glorious prospect of heaven before him, to which he directed his steps, not once thinking upon this world, or reflecting on the heinousness of his sins: after some time, he seemed to arrive at the gates of heaven, which shone more glorious and bright than the sun in its greatest lustre: he knocked at the gates, which were immediately opened to him, and he saw within, three men in bright and shining clothing, far exceeding every thing he had ever seen, and far more glorious than he can express; two of them came out to him, and the gates were immediately shut again; he intreated of these two men in shining clothes admittance in at the gate, but was told by them, "it was not a place

for any such wicked sinners as he was." It was at this moment he first had any sense of his sinful life; for as quick as fire catches the dry stubble, so quick and penetrating were the words of the shining one; for no sooner were they spoke, than all the sins he had ever committed in his life seemed to arise before him with all their weight and horror, so that he believes the agonies of hell itself cannot exceed what he felt at that time: however, he still kept begging in the most earnest and passionate manner for entrance in at the gate, but was still denied, and in this manner he seemed to continue for several hours; at last, one of the men in bright clothes, bid him look on his left hand, which he doing, saw at some distance from him, hell itself opened, which seemed covered with the most dismal, lonesome and doleful darkness it is possible to imagine, and sent forth a suffocating smell of sulphur; but he did not discern any flame; he saw a great multitude of persons in it, seemingly in the utmost agonies and torments, and the prince of darkness, as it were, raging as a ravenous lion to come at him; but what struck him with still more horror and despair, was to distinguish the faces of three of his old wicked companions among those tormented wretches, as plain as he ever saw any person with his eyes, and to hear them utter the most dismal cries and sad lamentations; his eyes and attention seemed to fix upon this dreadful scene, that he was not able once to take them off for several hours, or even turn them towards heaven; neither was he able to utter a word all this time, but at length gaining utterance, he intreated in the most moving manner the person in the shining clothes, that he would let him return back, and have some time to repent of and reform his wicked life; but he answered him, "those were the torments he was going to," which made him beg the more vehemently that he might be allowed to return and repent, which seemed to be denied him still: till at last, the person told him, that

if he was allowed to return he would lead the same course of life: but he cried out and promised in the most solemn manner, that he would amend and lead a new life; upon which this glorious person told him, he would allow him a few months longer; but that if he continued in the same wicked course of life he had hitherto done, he would shorten that time; that he seemed to turn about and direct his steps back again to this world, the person in bright clothing walked with him for (as it seemed) the space of two or three miles, rebuking him all the way for his sinful life, and telling him, "he had deserved the punishments he had seen, repeated times, and adding, that if he led the same wicked course of life again, the torment he had seen would be his portion for ever and ever.

After the departure of this glorious person from him, he seemed to travel for many miles through places dark, desolate, horrible, beyond all that tongue or pen can express, being at the same time grievously oppressed with this heavy burden of his sins, which seemed to be all before his eyes, set against him in terrible array. He cannot describe in what manner he returned to life, but is informed that some of the people below stairs, hearing a deep groan, came up into the room, and found life coming into him, which they were greatly surprised at, as for two hours before he had felt colder then he had done at all; that he lay for the space of half an hour or more in great strugglings and agonies, and came quite to himself, and recovered his speech, telling them what things he had seen, and desiring the minister of the place to be fetched to him; who was accordingly sent for and soon came with his master, Mr. Thomas Eades, and several of the neighbours who inquired how he did; upon which he repeated to them the same account he had given before of what had happened to him; but the minister suspected he might probably be light-headed, asked him several questions, whether he knew

those who were in the room, asked him the name of each particular person: and finding him to be thoroughly sensible, and that he gave rational answers to all he asked him, he began (like a truly pious divine,) and talked to him in a serious manner, telling him how happy a thing it was, that God through his great mercy and goodness, had not taken him away in his sins; exhorting him to place his faith and confidence in Jesus Christ, (and not in his own works) for that it was through and by him that he must be saved; for unless he was washed clean in his blood, he could not enter into the kingdom of heaven, for no unclean thing could enter there; after some further pious christian discourse, the minister and all who were present, went to prayer with him, and then left him to take some repose.

The next day but one, this worthy divine visited him again, and inquired how he was; to which he replied, "he was much easier in his mind, but abhorred himself for his sins, and could tear himself to pieces that he had not a sense of them before."

Many other times was he visited by the clergyman, who in all his visits instructed and exhorted him by religious conversation to amendment of life and faith in Christ Jesus.

But in about a fortnight's time he was seized with a very violent fever, so that his life was despaired of, at which time the heinousness of his sins overwhelmed him with horror, so that he was continually begging every person who came into the room, to pray with and for him: but during all the continuance of his fever, (though he was sometimes light headed) yet he never saw any thing of what he had done before, which makes it more probable that it did not proceed from the force of a disordered imagination; for if it had, it is certain that something of the same nature would have happened during his fever, more especially as his whole mind and thoughts had been entirely fixed ever since on what he then saw.

After some time, as it pleased God, the violence of the fever abated, so that he has been able to go about and work at his business, though he still continues in a weak condition.

He has ever since lived a regular, sober, christian life, shunning all loose and unprofitable company, not being able to hear any profane discourse or oaths from the mouths of others, without the greatest uneasiness, and even reproving them for it; he daily bewails his former course of life, and frequently applies to God in prayer, being never so easy as when he is engaged in some religious duty or conversation; he cannot yet speak, (though he has repeated it so many times) of those dreadful things he saw, without being deeply affected; but declares he is ready and willing to die with pleasure, whenever God is pleased to appoint, as he has a strong persuasion of his being made happy hereafter, through the merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Witness to the above facts, Permenin Brewer, No. 18, Prince's street, Cavendish square. Wm. Mumford, Honey-suckle court, near White-cross-street. E. Sibley, bookseller, No. 29, Bricklane, Spittal-fields

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An account of an apparition, attested by the Rev. Mr. Ruddle, minister at Launceston in Cornwall.

(*Concluded from page*, 228.)

IN short we went home: I somewhat puzzled, he much animated. At our return the gentlewoman (whose inquisitiveness had missed us) watched to speak with me; I gave her a convenience, and told her that my opinion was, that her son's complaint was not to be slighted, nor altogether discredited, yet that my judgment in his case was not settled. I gave

her caution moreover, that the thing might not take wind, lest the whole country should ring, with what we yet had no assurance of.

In this juncture of time I had business which would admit of no delay; wherefore I went to Launceston that evening, but promised to see them again next week. Yet I was prevented by an occasion which pleaded a sufficient excuse; for my wife was that week brought home very ill. However my mind was upon the adventure, I studied the case, and about three weeks after went again, resolving, by the help of God to see the utmost.

The next morning, being the 27th day of July, 1665, I went to the haunted field myself, and walked the breadth of it without any encounter. I returned and took the other walk, and the then spectrum appeared to me much about the same place I saw it before when the young gentleman was with me; in my thoughts this moved swifter than the time before, and about ten feet distant from me on my right hand; insomuch that I had not time to speak to it, as I had determined with myself before hand.

The evening of this day, the parents, the son, and myself, being in the chamber where I lay; I proposed to them our going all together to the place next morning, and some asseveration that there was no danger in it, we all resolved upon it. The morning being come, lest we should alarm the family or servants, they went under the pretence of seeing a field of wheat, and I took my horse, and fetched a compass another way, and so met at the stile we had appointed.

Thence we all four walked leisurely into the Quartils; and had not passed above half the field before the ghost made its appearance. It then came over the stile just before us, and moved with that swiftness, that by the time we had got six or seven steps it passed by. I immediately turned my head

and ran after it, with the young man by my side; we s w it pass over the stile at which we entered, but no farther: I stepped upon the hedge at one place and he at another, but could discern nothing, whereas I dare avow, that the swiftest horse in England could not have conveyed himself out of sight in that short space of time. Two things I observed in this day's appearance,

1. That a spaniel dog who followed the company unregarded, did bark and run away, as the spectrum passed by; whence 'tis easy to conclude that 'twas not our fear or fancy which made the apparition.

2. That the motion of the spectre was not gradatim, or by steps, and moving of the feet; but a kind of gliding as children upon the ice, or a boat down a swift river, which punctually answers the descriptions the ancients give of the motions of their Lemurs.

But to proceed, this ocular evidence clearly convinced, but withal strangely affrighted the old gentleman and his wife; who knew this Dorothy Dingley in her life time, were at her burial, and now plainly saw her features in this present apparition. I encouraged them as well as I could; but after this they went no more. However I resolved to proceed, and use such lawful means as God hath discovered, and learned men have successfully practised in these uncommon cases.

The next morning being Thursday, I went out very early by myself, and walked for about an hour's space, in meditation and prayer in the fields next adjoining to the Quartils. Soon after five I stept over the stile into the disturbed field, and had not gone above thirty or forty paces before the ghost appeared at the farther stile. I spake to it with a loud voice, in some such sentences as the way of these dealings directed me, whereupon it approached but slowly, and when I came near it moved not. I spake again, and it answered in a voice neither very audible nor

intelligible, I was not in the least terrified, and therefore persisted until it came again and gave me satisfaction.

But the work could not be finished at this time; wherefore the same evening an hour after sun-set, it met me again near the same place, and after a few words of each side it quietly vanished, and neither doth appear since or ever will more, to any man's disturbance. The discourse in the morning lasted about a quarter of an hour.

These things are true, and I know them to be so with as much certainty as eyes and ears can give me; and until I can be persuaded that my senses do deceive me about their proper object; and by that persuasion deprive myself of the strongest inducement to believe the Christian religion, I must and will assert that these things in this paper are true.

As for the manner of my proceeding, I find no reason to be ashamed of it, for I can justify it, to men of good principles, discretion, and recondite learning, though in this case I chose to content myself in the assurance of the thing, rather than be at the unprofitable trouble to persuade others to believe it. For I know full well with what difficulty, relations of so uncommon a nature and practice obtain belief. He that tells such a story, may expect to be dealt withal, as a traveller in Poland by the robbers; viz. first murdered, and then searched, first condemned for a liar, or superstitious, and then (when 'tis too late) have his reasons and proofs examined. This incredulity may be attributed,

First, to the infinite abuses of the people, and impositions upon their faith by the cunning monks, and friars, &c. in the days of darkness and popery. For they made apparitions as often as they pleased, and got both money and credit by quieting the Terticulamenta Vulgi, which their own artifice had raised.

Second, To the prevailing of Somatism and Hobbean principles in these times; which is a revival of the doctrine of the Sadducees, and as it denies the na-

ture, so cannot consist with the apparitions of spirits on which see Leviath. p. 1. c. 12.

Third, So the ignorance of men in our age, in this peculiar and mysterious part of philosophy and religion, namely the communication between spirits and men. Not one scholar of ten thousand (though otherwise of excellent learning) knows any thing of it, or the way how to manage it. This ignorance breeds fear, and abhorrence of that, which otherwise might be of incomparable benefit to mankind.

But I, being a clergyman, and young, and a stranger in these parts, do apprehend silence and secrecy to be my best security.

ANECDOTES.

Importance *of Divine Knowledge.*

ARIVETUS was a man of great understanding, and much reverenced in the Dutch nation. After a long life of study in search of divine knowledge, being on his death-hed, and conversing upon heavenly things, he observed: 'God has taught me more of himself in ten days sickness, than I could obtain by all my labor and studies.' Plain and simple are the means of obtaining the knowledge of God and his holy will, when we come to be in earnest, and our hearts are sincerely concerned to know and to obey him; "the wayfaring man though a fool (in the world's wisdom) shall not err therein."

Salmasius, a famous French scholar, after writing many volumes, in which he had shown much learning, and by which he had acquired great veneration among learned men, confessed himself so far to have mistaken true learning, and that in which solid hap-

piness consists, that he exclaimed thus against himself: ‘ Oh, I have lost a world of time; time, that most precious thing in the world! whereof had I but one year more, it should be spent in David's Psalms, and Paul's Epistles.'—Oh, Sirs,' said he to those about him, ‘ mind the world less, and God more.'—" The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding."

The *Danger of Worldly Possessions.*

WHEN Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, &c. at Hampton Court, what ideas did they awaken in the mind of that great man? Instead of a flattering compliment which was expected, Ah! ‘ David! David,' said the doctor, ‘ These are the things which make a death-bed terrible!'

Mortality.

CYRUS, the emperor of Persia, after he had long been attended by numerous armies, and vast trains of courtiers, ordered this inscription to be engraven on his tomb, as an admonition to all men of the approach of death, and the desolation that follows it, namely, " O man! whatsoever thou art, and whensoever thou comest, I know that thou wilt come to the same condition in which I now am. I am Cyrus, who brought the empire to the Persians; do not envy me, I beseeeh thee, this little piece of ground which covereth my body.

Caractacus.

WHEN the magnanimous and heroic Caractacus, a British king, was sent prisoner to Rome, he could not forbear crying out, on surveying the grand and elegant buildings of that superb capital, "How is it possible for the owners of such magnificent structures as these to envy the poor cottages of the Britons?" Much more may we wonder how it is possible for a regenerate soul, who has God and heaven for its portion, to pant after the honors, wealth and pleasures of a wretched, perishing world.

Of the uncertainty of Human Life.

ARCHIAS, a supreme magistrate of the city of Thebes, was seated, at a feast, surrounded by his friends; when a courier arrived in great haste, with letters containing an account of a conspiracy formed against him. 'My lord,' (said the messenger,) the person who writes these letters conjures you to read them *immediately*, being *serious things*,' "*Serious things To-morrow.*" replied Archias, laughing, and put the letters under his pillow. This delay was fatal. The conspirators that evening rushed into the banqueting room, and put the careless Archias, with all his guests to the sword. 'What folly not to attend to the warning given him! methinks I hear you exclaim, Folly indeed! but ah, my dear reader, this is but a just picture of those, who, though kindly warned of the value of their souls, are yet like Felix for putting off religion to another day.

Worldly Honor.

WHEN Capt. David Gam fell in the battle of Agincourt, King Henry V. knighted him as he lay expiring on the ground.—What are all earthly distinctions, but honors conferred on dying men? and what superior glory does Christ confer on his expiring saints; he crowns them kings in the very article of death.

The Destruction *of the* Jews *prevented by a* Dream.

WHEN Alexander laid siege to Tyre, the Samaritans sent him a considerable body of troops; whereas the Jews thought they could not submit themselves to him, so long as Darius to whom they had taken an oath of allegiance, should be living.

Alexander, being little used to such an answer; particularly since he had obtained so many victories, and thinking that all things ought to bow to him, resolved the instant he had conquered Tyre, to march against the Jews, and punish their disobedience as rigorously as he had done that of the Tyrians.

In this imminent danger, Jaddus, the highpriest, who governed under the Persians, seeing himself exposed, with all the inhabitants, to the wrath of the conqueror, had recourse to the protection of the Almighty, and gave orders for the offering up public prayers to implore his assistance, and made sacrifices. The night after, God appeared to him in a dream, and bid him to cause flowers to be scattered up and down the city; to set open all the gates, and go clothed in his pontifical robes, with all the priests dressed in their vestments, and all the rest clothed in white, and meet Alexander, and not fear any evil from that king, insomuch as he would protect them. This command was punctually obeyed; and accordingly

this august procession, the very day after, marched out of the city to an eminence called Shapha, whence there was a view of all the plain, as well as of the temple and city of Jerusalem. Here the whole procession waited the arrival of Alexander.

The Syrians and Phenicians who were in his army, were persuaded that the wrath of this prince was so great, that he would certainly punish the highpriest after an exemplary manner, and destroy that city in the same manner as he had done Tyre; and flushed with joy upon that account, they waited in expectation of glutting their eyes with the calamities of a people, to whom they bore a mortal hatred.

As soon as the Jews heard of the king's approach they set out to meet him with all the pomp before described; Alexander was struck at the sight of the highpriest, in whose mitre and forehead a golden plate was fixed, on which the name of God was written. The moment the king perceived the highpriest, he advanced towards him with an air of the most profound respect; bowed his body, adored the august name above mentioned, and saluted him who wore it with a religious veneration. Then the Jews surrounded Alexander, raised their voices to wish him every kind of prosperity. All the spectators were seized with inexpressible surprise, they could scarce believe their eyes; and did not know how to account for a sight, so contrary to their expectation, and so vastly improbable.

Parmenio, who could not yet recover from his astonishment, asked the king how it came to pass that he who was adored by every one, adored the highpriest? I do not, replied Alexander, adore the highpriest, but the God whose minister he is; for whilst I was at Dius in Macedonia (my mind wholly fixed on the great design of the Persian war,) as I was revolving the methods how to conquer Asia, this very man, dressed in the same robes, appeared to me in a dream, exhorted me to banish every fear, bid me cross the

Hellespont boldly; and assured me that God would march at the head of my army, and give me victory over that of the Persians.

Alexander added, that the instant he saw this priest he knew him by his habit, his stature, his air, and his face, to be the same person whom he had seen at Dius; that he was firmly persuaded, it was by the command, and under the immediate conduct of heaven, that he had undertaken this war; that he was sure he should overcome Darius hereafter, and destroy the empire of the Persians; and that this was the reason why he adored this God in the person of his priest. Alexander having thus answered Parmenio, embraced the highpriest, and all his brethren then walking in the midst of them, he arrived at Jerusalem, where he offered sacrifices to God, in the temple, after the manner prescribed to him by the highpriest.

Apparition *of the* Laird *of* Cool.

(Continued from page 208.)

ON April 5, 1722, as I was returning from Oldhamstocks, Cool struck up with me at the ruinous inclosure, I told him, I am glad to see you, what now are your demands upon me? C. All I desire is, that you will go to my wife, who possesses all my effects and inform her of the following particulars. First, I owed Provost Crosby 500l. Scots, with three years interest. On his death, my brother and I forged a discharge, and when his heir wrote to me concerning this bond, I showed him this discharge and silenced him. Second, when I heard of Robert Kennedy's death, I forged a bill of 190l. Sterling which was paid me. Third, When Thomas Greor died, to whom I owed 36l. Sterling, I met with a poor lad, a writer, whom I told, I had paid Thomas

Greor's account, but I had not a receipt, which I desired he would write for me. He flew into a passion, and said, he would rather be hanged. I said, Nay, I was but in jest, and desired he would never mention it to any. Fourth, I sent for your brother, who did all I desired for a guinea, and for a guinea and a half more gave me a discharge for 200l. more (Scots) which I owed to your father-in-law. But what vexes me more than all the rest, is the injustice I did to Homer Maxwell, for whom I was a factor. I had borrowed two thousand marks from him, two hundred of which he had borrowed from another, for this I gave him my bond. He died that year leaving nine children. His wife died a month before him. His eldest daughter desired me to look over the papers and give her an account of the stock and debts. I slipt this bond into my pocket: whereby his circumstances proved bad, and the nine children are all starving.

These things I beg you would represent to my wife and let them be rectified. She has funds, sufficient. If these be done, I think I shall be easier.

After a short pause, I answered, " It is a good errand you would send me on, to do justice to the oppressed; and I might be a gainer myself; yet I beg a little time to consider on the matter. You need not bid me take courage; for though I see what your state is, I am no more afraid of you than of a new born child. Tell me then, since your agility is such, that in the twinkling of an eye you can fly a thousand miles, why cannot you fly to your wife, empty her bags into your hat invisibly, and do these people justice? C. I cannot. O. But you say if these things were rectified, you should be easier. I cannot understand that. For whatever justice be now done to the people, the guilt of the injustice still lies upon you. But why cannot you take money to pay your debts? C. I cannot touch any man's money, by reason of those that are the stated guar-

dians of justice. O. Nay, but do not men take the money of others continually? And cannot you do it, that can put yourself into a hundred shapes? C. God will not suffer us thus to injure men. And indeed men may guard themselves against men; but not against spirits. Were not these restrained, nothing that a man had would he safe. O. But might not you go to the mines of Mexico, where is gold enough that would never be missed? C. No spirits good or bad, have any power to touch money or gold. O. But what hinders bad spirits from doing it? C. A superior power that guards and governs all. O. But why cannot you go to your wife yourself; and tell her what you have a mind? C. That is one of the questions I will not answer. But if you will go, I will make you full satisfaction for your trouble.

On April 10, coming from Old Cambus, I met him again upon the post road, on the head of the heath called the Pees. He asked, whether I had considered the matter? I told him, "I have, and am in the same opinion still. For what a fool should I make of myself, if I should go to Dumfries, and tell your wife, that you had appeared to me, and told me of many forgeries and villanies you had committed, for which it behoved her to make reparation. Is it probable, she would part with her money? Would she not rather say I was mad? If she did not sue me for scandal. But dropping these matters till our next interview———,"

Here the manuscript ends. Whether Mr. Ogilvie did not see him any more; or whether death prevented his writing the rest of their conversation is not certain.

Although there are several things in the preceding account, which I do not understand, yet this is no considerable objection to me, as my understanding is not the adequate measure of truth.

An Account *of the* Brothers' Steps,

As described in a letter from a Friend.

I THINK it would be worth your while to take a view of those wonderful marks of the Lord's hatred to duelling, called, *The Brothers' Steps.* They are in the fields, about the third of a mile northward from Montague-House. And the awful tradition concerning them is, That two brothers quarrelled about a worthless woman, and according to the fashion of those days, fought with a sword and pistol. The prints of their feet are about the depth of three inches, and nothing will vegetate, so much as to disfigure them. The number is only eighty-three: but probably some are at present filled up. For I think, there were formerly more in the centre, where each unhappy combatant wounded the other to death. And a bank on which the first who fell died, retains the form of his agonizing couch, by the curse of barrenness, while grass flourishes all about it. Mr. George Hall, who was the Librarian of Lincoln's Inn, first showed me those steps twenty-eight years ago, when I think, they were not quite so deep as now. He remembered them about thirty years, and the man who first showed them him about thirty more; which goes back to the year 1692; but I suppose they originated in king Charles the Second's reign. My mother well remembered their being plowed up, and corn sown to deface them, about fifty years ago. But all was labor in vain; for the prints returned in a while to their pristine form, as probably will those that are now filled up." J. W.

This account appeared to me (says the editor) so very extraordinary, that I knew not what to think of it. I knew Mr. W. to be a person of good understanding and real piety: And he testified what

he had seen with his own eyes: but still I wanted more witnesses; till a while ago, being at Mr. Cary's in Copthall Buildings, I occasionally mentioned, *The Brothers' Footsteps*, and asked the company, if they had heard any thing of them? "Sir," said Mr. Cary, "sixteen years ago, I saw and counted them myself." Another added, "And I saw them four years ago." I could then no longer doubt but they had been. And a week or two after. I went with Mr. Cary and another person to seek them.

We sought for near half an hour in vain. We could find no steps at all, within a quarter of a mile, no nor half a mile, North of Montague-House. We were almost out of hope, when an honest man, who was at work; directed us to the next ground, adjoining to a pond. There we found what we sought for, about three quarters of a mile North of Montague-House, and about five hundred yards East of Tottenham-Court-Road. The steps answer Mr. W's description. They are of the size of a large human foot, about three inches deep and lie nearly from North-East to South-west. We counted only seventy-six: but we were not exact in counting. The place where one or both the brothers are supposed to have fallen, is still bare of grass. The laborer showed us also the bank, where (the tradition is) the wretched woman sat to see the combat.

What shall we say to these things? Why to atheists, or infidels of any kind, I would not say one word about them. For, *if they hear not Moses and the prophets*, they will not regard any thing of this kind. But to men of candor, who believe the Bible to be of God, I would say, is not this an astonishing instance, held forth to all the inhabitants of London, of the justice and power of God? Does not the curse he has denounced upon this ground bear some little resemblance to that of our Lord on the barren fig-tree, *Henceforth let no fruit grow upon thee for ever!* I see no reason or pretence for any rational

man to doubt of the truth of the story; since it has been confirmed by these open visible tokens for more than a hundred years successively.

Arm. Mag. Vol. IV. (1781.)

The APPARITION *of* SAMUEL, 2 *Sam. chap.* 28.

THE Philistines, recruited about this time, as Sir Isaac Newton judges, by vast numbers of men driven out of Egypt by Amolis, resolve upon a new war with Israel. Nor were Samuel's death and David's disgrace (as we may well judge) inconsiderable motives to it.

Now, forasmuch as the event of this war turned upon a remarkable piece of misconduct in Saul, as a captain; and a grievous and deliberate violation of his own duty to God, as his creator and his king: the sacred historian here interrupts the course of his relation, to acquaint us with that event; and, in order to it, acquaints us with the situation of both armies. At that time Saul encamped upon Mount Gilboa, and the Philistines, in full prospect under him, upon the plains of Sunem.

When Saul saw their numbers, their orders, and their appointments, he judged himself greatly overpowered, and fell into great terror upon the prospect. What should he do! Samuel was dead, and Abiathar was with David. He had for some years past, shown no regard, or to speak more justly, shown all imaginable disregard to religion. His pride had lifted him up above his duty; he had said in his heart, There is no God: but now his fears had got the better of his infidelity. He then, too late, had recourse to God for aid. He had massacred the priests of God at Nob, all but one; and that one was gone away to David with the ephod. He applied himself to some other priests. And since he consulted God

by Urim, it is evident, that he had also gotten another ephod made; not considering the peculiar sanctity of the first, or that God would confine his manifestations of himself to that which was of his own appointment. At least, Saul had no reason to hope, that God would exhibit himself in an extraordinary manner in his favor. Samuel was dead, and Gad was with David; and we hear of no other on whom the Spirit of God rested in those days. However, he applied himself to some of the prophetic colleges, probably to some of the most eminent of those sons of the prophets he had seen at Ramah; but to no purpose: God refused to answer him, either by Urim, by prophets or by dreams.

What should he do! The heart of man is fond of prying into futurity, and more especially upon the edge of great events. In great dangers men are desirous even to know the worst; it is some consolation to be prepared for it. He had long since renounced every thing that was serious in religion. However, he had been threatened as from God; and, in all probability, the time was now come, when the sentence, so long since pronounced upon him, was to be executed: could he but see Samuel, he should know all! It was said, there were men who had power over spirits. Who knows how far that power might extend! God had forsaken him; he could be no worse on that side; he might be better on some other; he resolved to try.

Saul had, in the days of his devotion, partly cut off, and partly frighted away, those wizards and sorcerers: those execrable wretches, the pest of society and enemies of true religion, whom God commanded to be extirpated. However, some of them might have remained, or returned: he inquired; and was informed of a *Pythoness,* (a witch) that dwelt not far off, at Endor. His anxiety would let him think of nothing else; he could neither eat nor drink until it was done. To Endor he hies that very night, stript

of his regal apparel, and disguised as well as he could, and attended only by two companions. When he arrived, he prayed the woman to divine to him by her familiar spirit, and to bring him up whom he should name to her. She answered, that he knew very well, Saul had cut off all of that profession; and why should he go about to lay such a snare for her to have her destroyed? He replied with a solemn oath, by the living God, That no evil should happen unto her upon that account. She then demanded whom he would have raised? He answered, Samuel. And in the instant he pronounced his name, * the woman saw Samuel, and shrieked out aloud, in terror and surprise; and soon after asked the king, why he had deceived her; for he was Saul? She saw an apparition she did not expect; she knew the prophet; she knew the veneration Saul had for him; she knew that prophets were only sent to kings: and she knew the poor deluded mortals she had to do with, had no notion of having to do with persons of sacred character; and she knew her art, whatever that was, had never exhibited a person of that figure to her.

When the king heard her cry out in such terror, he bade her not be afraid; and asked her what she saw? She answered, that she saw gods, or, as the word may be translated, lords) ascending out of the earth. Saul then inquired after his form; and she told him, it was that of an old man covered with a mantle. The text then immediately adds, that Saul perceived that it was Samuel himself: and stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself.

The narration is short and uncircumstantial: but, as I humbly apprehend, the matter was thus:

* Here English translators have inserted the particle *when*: And *when* the woman saw Samuel. Which would imply, that some space of time was passed between Saul's request and the appearance of Samuel —Whereas the original text stands thus: *When* Saul said, bring me up Samuel, then immediately follows;—And the woman saw Samuel, and cried, &c.

Saul, to prevent all delusion, would not tell the Pythoness whom he would have raised, until he brought her to the very cell * or place of her incantations; and then he told her he would have Samuel called unto him. And the very instant he said this, she looked into her cell, saw Samuel; and seeing him so unexpectedly, and without the aid of her art, she was affrighted, and cried out: and the king, upon inquiry, hearing that it was an old man with a mantle, believed it was Samuel she saw; and straightway going to the cell, and perceiving † the prophet, did him obeisance. Immediately Samuel asked him why he had disquieted him, to bring him up? (Will not this ground a presumption, that the Pythoness had not disturbed him by her incantations? for if she had, the question had been more naturally directed to her.) To which Saul answered, That he was sore distressed; for the Philistines warred against him; and God had forsaken him, and would neither answer him by dreams, nor prophets. Therefore, (says he) I have called unto thee ‡ that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do.

Then said Samuel, Wherefore then dost thou ask of me; seeing the Lord is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy? And the Lord hath done for himself, as he spake by me; for the Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand, and given it to thy neighbour, even unto David: because thou obeyest not the voice of the Lord, nor executest

* For I believe it can be no doubt, that all persons of that character had places peculiarly set apart for those accursed rites; and we have reason to believe, from xxixth of Isaiah. verse 4. that they were caverns or cells under ground.

† The original word signifies knowing, and sometimes seeing.

‡ Saul expresses himself here in the same terms that David makes use of to signify his praying to God. Which persuades me, that Saul invoked him, as some deluded christians do saints and angels

his fierce wrath upon Amalek. Therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day.

In this we see the prophet foretels, that Saul should that day be stript of the kingdom; and that the kingdom should be divided, and given to David. Then follows, what nothing but infinite and unerring prescience could predict; an exact, minute, precise account of all the circumstances of the then depending event. Moreover, the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee, unto the Philistines; and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me; and also the camp of Israel shall the Lord deliver into the hands of the Philistines.

I own, I am astonished at the inattention (shall I call it?) or impiety, or both, of those critics and commentators, who could ascribe this prediction to the sagacity of an impostor, or even of the devil. I shall take a proper time to refute them; and, in the mean time, go on with my history.

When Saul heard this dreadful sentence, pronounced upon himself, his family, and his people, the terror of it struck him to the heart; and he hasted to get away from that fatal place; but as he went, his fears operating upon a mind weakened with guilt, and upon a body exhausted with fatigue and fasting, he lost all power of motion, and fell at his full length upon the floor. The woman seeing this, ran up to him, and, finding the distressed and weak condition he was in, endeavoured to persuade him, as well as she could, to take some sustenance: which he absolutely refused. Then, calling his servants to her aid, they all, in a manner compelled him to consent. So he arose from the earth and sat upon the bed. And the woman had a fat calf in the house, and she hasted and killed it; and took flour and kneaded it, and did bake unleavened bread thereof; and she brought it before Saul and before his servants, and they did eat. Then they rose up and went away that night.

What remorse, what despair, what desolation of minds, what horrors of guilt, what terrors and anticipations of divine vengeance, haunted him by the way; may no reader of this history ever learn from his own experience.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard,

(By Mr. Gray.)

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain,
Of such as wandering near her secret power,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of innocence—breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing earth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:

No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure:
Nor grandeur here, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swell the notes of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empires might have swayed,
Or walked to ecstacy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty over a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes in ingenious shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture decked
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned?
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day?
Nor cast ones longing, lingering look behind!

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplations led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful man, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

The next with dirges due, in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

The Epitaph.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had, a tear;
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

A True Relation *of the* Apparition *of one* Mrs. Veal, *the next day after her* Death *to one* Mrs. Bargrave, *at Canterbury, the 8th September*, 1705.

THIS thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and so good authority, that my reading and conversation have not given me any thing like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to wnom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation, for these last fifteen or sixteen years on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth, to the time of my acquaintance; though since this relation she is calumniated by some people, that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal, who appeared; who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast

Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill usage of a very wicked husband, there is not the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now you must know Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her, by her going off from her discourse very abruptly, to some impertinence: she was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null and quash the story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean: her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships; and Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted for neither food or clothing, while Mrs. Veal wanted for both, insomuch that she would often say, Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best but the only friend I have in the world, and no circumstance in life shall ever dissolve my friendship. They would often condole each other's adverse fortunes, and read together Drelincourt upon Death, and other good books; and so, like two christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the custom house at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little, and little to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there was never any such thing as a quarrel, but an indifferency came

on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half; though above a twelvemonth of the time Mrs. Bargrave hath been absent from Dover, and this last half year has been in Canterbury, about two months of the time, dwelling in an house of their own.

In this house, on the 8th of September, 1705, she was sitting alone in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to providence though her condition seemed hard. And said she, I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still, and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end, when it is most fit for me; and then took up her sewing work, which she had no sooner done but she hears a knocking at the door. She went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding habit. At that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon.

Madam, says Mrs. Bargrave, I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger; but told her, she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her; which Mrs. Veal complied with till their lips almost touched, and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes, and said I am not very well, and so waved it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first; but says Mrs. Bargrave how came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it because I know you have a fond brother. Oh! says Mrs. Veal, I gave my brother the slip and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey. So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs. Veal sat her down in an elbow chair in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then says Mrs. Veal, "My dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it: and if you can forgive me

you are the best of women." "Oh! (says Mrs. Bargrave) do not mention such a thing; I have not had an uneasy thought about it, I can easily forgive it." "What did you think of me, said Mrs. Veal?" Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me."——Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did her in former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's book of Death, which was the best she said on that subject ever written. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, the other two Dutch books, which were translated; written upon death and several others, but Drelincourt she said had the clearest notions of death, and of the future state, of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt? she said yes. Says Mrs. Veal, fetch it. And so Mrs. Bargrave goes up stairs and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our good. The notions we have of heaven now, are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says. Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favor; and when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings; for I can never believe (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which indeed ran through most of her discourse) "that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state, but be

assured that your afflictions shall leave you or you them in a short time." She spake in that pathetic and heavenly manner, that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Horneck's Ascetick, at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said, "Their conversation was not like this of our age: for now, says she, there is nothing but frothy vain discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith; so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were; but, said she, we ought to do as they did. There was a hearty friendship among them, but where is it now to be found?" Says Mrs. Bargrave, it is hard indeed to find a true friend in these days. Says Mrs. Veal, Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verses, called Friendship in perfection, which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book says Mrs. Veal. No says Mrs. Bargrave but I have the verses of my own writing out. Have you says Mrs. Veal, then fetch them. Which she did from above stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused and waved the thing, saying holding down her head, it would make it ache; and then desiring Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her which she did. As they were admiring friendship, Mrs. Veal said, dear Mrs. Bargrave I shall love you for ever. In these verses there is twice used the word Elysian. Ah, says Mrs. Veal, these poets have such names for heaven. She would often draw her hand across her own eyes and say, Mrs. Bargrave do you not think I am mightily impaired by my fits? No says Mrs. Bargrave, I think you look as well as ever I knew you.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Story *of* David Hunter, *Neat-herd to the bishop of Down and Connor, at Portmore in Ireland.*

DAVID Hunter, neat-herd to the bishop's house at Portmore, there appeared to him one night, carrying a log of wood into the dairy, an old woman, which amazed him, for he knew her not; but his fright made him throw away his log of wood, and run into the house. The next night she appeared again to him, and he could not choose but follow her all night; and so almost every night for three quarters of a year. Whenever she came, he must go with her through the woods at a good round rate; and the poor fellow looked as if he was bewitched and travelled off his legs. And when in bed with his wife, if she appeared, he must rise and go. And because his wife could not hold him in his bed, she would go too and walk after him till day, though she saw nothing, but his little dog was so well acquainted with the apparition, that he would follow her as well as his master. If a tree stood in her walk, he observed her always to go through it. In all this while she spoke not.

But one day the said David going over a hedge, into the highway, she came just against him, and he cried out, "Lord bless me, would I was dead; shall I never be delivered from this misery?" At which, and the Lord bless me too, says she, it was very happy you spoke the first, for till then, I had no power to speak, though I have followed you so long. My name, says she, is Margaret——, I lived here before the war, and had one son by my husband; when he died I married a soldier, by whom I had several children, which the former son maintained, else we must all have starved. He lives beyond the Baun-water, pray go to him, and bid him dig under such an hearth, and there he shall find twenty-eight shillings. Let him pay what I owe in such a place, and the rest to the charge unpaid at my funeral; and

go to my son that lives here, which I had by my latter husband and tell him that he lives a wicked and dissolute life, and is very unnatural and ungrateful to his brother that maintained him; and if he does not mend his life, God Almighty will destroy him.

David Hunter told her he never knew her. No, says she, I died seven years before you came into the country; but for all that, if he would do her message, she would never hurt him. But he deferred doing as the apparition bid him, and she appeared the night after as he lay in bed, and struck him on the shoulder very hard; at which he cried out, and asked her if she did not promise she would not hurt him? She said, that was if he did her message, if not, she would kill him. He told her he could not go now, by reason the waters were out. She said, she was content he should stay till they were abated; but charged him afterwards not to fail her. So he did her errand, and afterwards she appeared and gave him thanks. For now, said she, I shall be at rest, therefore pray you lift me up from the ground, and I will trouble you no more. So David Hunter lifted her up from the ground, and as he said, she felt just like a bag of feathers in his arms. So she vanished and he heard most delicate music as she went off, over his head, and he never was troubled again.

This account the poor fellow gave us the very day as the apparition spoke to him; and my lady Conway came to Portmore, where she asked the fellow the same questions and many more. This I know to be true being all the while with my Lord of Down and the fellow a poor neat-herd there.

THOMAS ALCOCK.

CONSCIENCE.

OF all the horrors human beings can feel, none perhaps are equal to those of a guilty consci-

ence. It imbitters every comfort, it dashes every pleasure with sorrow, it fills the mind with despair, and produces wretchedness in the greatest degree.—"To live under such disquietude," says Blair, "is already to undergo one of the most severe punishments which human nature can suffer. When the world threatens us with any of its evils, we know the extent and discern the limits of the danger.——We see the quarter on which we are exposed to its attack. We measure our own strength with that of our adversary, and can take precautions either for making resistance or for contriving escape. But when an awakened conscience places before the sinner the just vengeance of the Almighty, the prospect is confounding, because the danger is boundless. It is a dark unknown which threathens him. The arm that is stretched over him he can neither see nor resist. No wonder that the lonesome solitude, or the midnight hour, should strike him with horror."

1. The following, we are informed, is a true relation of an event which happened in a neighbouring state not many years ago:—A Jeweller, a man of good character and considerable wealth, having occasion, in the way of business, to travel at some distance from the place of his abode, took along with him a servant. He had with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The master having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watched his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot; then rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known. There he began to trade, in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation;

and in the course of many years seemed to raise up, by natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration; so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect of industry, and the reward of virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearance so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and by laying out his hidden stores discreetly, as he saw occasion, and joining to all an universal affability, he was at length admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at last he was chosen chief magistrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as Governor and Judge: till one day, as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before him, who was accused of murdering his master. The evidence came out full; the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sentence of the President of the Court (which happened to be himself,) in great suspence. Meanwhile he appeared to be in an unusual disorder and agitation of mind; his color changed often: at length he arose from his seat, and coming down from the bench, placed himself just by the unfortunate man at the bar to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you, (said he, addressing himself to those who had sat on the bench with him,) a striking instance of the just awards of Heaven, which this day, after thirty years concealment, presents a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty."—Then he made an ample confession of his heinous offence, with all its peculiar aggravations: "Nor can I," continued he, "feel any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner." We may easily imagine the amazement of all, especially his fellow judges. They acordingly proceeded, upon his confession, to pass sentence upon

him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind. See Fordyce's Dial. on Educ. and Enc. Brit.

2. A Mr. Thoroughgood, of the last century, having reproved the sin of swearing, one of his hearers, sensible of his guilt, and thinking he was the person particularly intended, resolved to kill him; and in order to it, he hid himself behind a hedge, which he knew Mr. Thoroughgood would ride by when he went to preach his weekly lecture. When Mr. T. came to the place, he offered to shoot him; but his piece failed, and only flashed in the pan. The next week he lay in the same place, with the same intent. When Mr. T. came up, the wretch offered to fire again, but the piece would not go off. Upon this, his conscience accusing him for such a wickedness, he went after him, and falling down on his knees, with tears in his eyes, related the whole to him, and begged his pardon.—This providence was the means of his conversion, and he became from that time a serious good man.

3. The famous Mr. Gilpin, who was called the Father of the poor, and the Apostle of the North, once had his horses stolen. The news was quickly propagated, and every one expressed the highest indignation at it. The thief, however, was rejoicing over his prize, when, by the report of the country, he found whose horses he had taken.—Terrified at what he had done, he instantly came trembling back, confessed the fact, returned the horses, and declared he believed the devil would have seized him directly had he carried them off when he knew they belonged to Mr. Gilpin.

4. Experienced ministers sometimes describe the feelings and situations of their hearers so exact that while the serious part are profited, the ignorant are astonished. It is related of Mr. Richard Garrat, that he used to walk to Petworth every Monday. In one of these walks, a country fellow, that had been his

hearer the day before, and had been cut to the heart by somewhat he had delivered, came up to him with his scythe upon his shoulders, and in a mighty rage told him, "he would be the death of him, for he was sure he was a witch, he having told him the day before what no man in the world knew of him but God and the devil, and therefore he most certainly dealt with the devil."

5. One of the most sensible men I ever knew, (says one,) but whose life as well as creed had been rather eccentric, returned me the following answer not many months before his death, when I asked him, "whether his former irregularities were not both accompanied at that time, and succeeded afterwards, by some sense of mental pain?" "Yes," said he, "but I have scarce ever owned it until now. We (meaning we infidels and men of fashionable morals) do not tell you all that passes in our hearts!"

6. James le Fevre, of Etaples, did not outwardly depart from the Church of Rome; but at the bottom of his heart was a Protestant. He was protected by the Queen of Navarre, sister to Francis I. and dining with her in company with some other learned men, whose conversation pleased the Queen, he began to weep; and when the Queen asked him the reason of it, he answered, "the enormity of his sins threw him into that grief! It was not the remembrance of any lewdness he had been guilty of; and, with regard to other vices, he felt his mind easy enough; but he was pricked in his conscience, that having known the truth, and taught it to several persons who had sealed it with their blood, he had the weakness to keep himself in an asylum far from the places where crowns of martyrdom were distributed." He went to bed, where he was found dead a few days after.

7. An instance of the power of conscience we have in Lord Rochester. "One day," says he,

"I was at an atheistical meeting at a person's of quality. I undertook to manage the cause, and was the principal disputant against God and piety, and for my performance received the applause of the whole company; upon which my mind was terribly struck, and I immediately replied thus to myself—— "Good God! that a man that walks upright, that sees the wonderful works of God, and has the use of his senses and reason, should use them to the defying of his Creator."

8. A gentleman, and a man in good circumstances too, committed a murder in or near St. Pancras, Soaper-Lane, London, many years ago; the murder was attended with some very cruel and barbarous circumstances, such as he could not expect pardon for; so he fled, and making his escape into France, got out of the reach of justice.

His personal safety was for a while so much satisfaction to him, that he did not make any reflections at all upon the fact; but soon after he took shipping from France and went to Martinico, where he lived several years, and even for two or three years he carried it off well enough; but the first shock given to his soul was in a fit of sickness, when being in danger of death, he saw, as he was between sleeping and waking, the spectre, as he thought, of the murdered person, just as in the posture when he killed him, his wound bleeding, and his countenance ghastly, the sight of which exceedingly terrified him and at length awakened him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

(Continued from page 261.)

I FIND many learned men of a different opinion from me, in relation to the reality of Samuel's appearance on this occasion; some imagining, that

it was an evil spirit that now appeared unto Saul; and others, that the whole was the work of imposture.

I shall give my reasons, and the reader will judge for himself.

In the first place, then, I readily agree with one party of those that differ from me, that neither this Pythoness, nor all the devils in hell, could raise up Samuel; nor is there one tittle in the whole narration to support or countenance such a persuasion: but I differ entirely from them, in supposing all this the work of a juggler.

1. Because I can see nothing ascribed in the relation, to Samuel, which is not entirely out of character in an impostor, or absolutely out of the power of the subtilest impostor that ever lived. And,

2. Because I have as good an opinion of the author of this history, his ability, his integrity, his knowledge of what he wrote about, and his undesigning to deceive, as I can have of any man that ever commented or criticised upon it; and therefore when he gives me to understand, that the woman saw Samuel, I absolutely believe that she did.

Allow that the scripture speaks of things according to their appearances, and that Saul and his companions might be deceived by an impostor in Samuel's guise; was this author deceived, or did he mean to deceive me, when he gives me to understand, that the woman saw Samuel, and was frighted at the sight?

Suppose a possibility, that Saul and his companions could be imposed upon by an impostor on this occasion; yet, surely, the highest probability is on the other side. Saul was far from having an implicit faith, even in Samuel, although the manner of his coming to the kingdom demonstrated the divinity of the prophet's mission. And would he easily be the dupe of a silly woman? He was perfectly acquainted with the voice, stature and figure of Samuel. He was a brave man; and doubtless, his companions were so. Can we doubt whether he chose

two of his old tried friends on this occasion? And, if he did, they also must have been acquainted with Samuel. They came upon the woman by night, and unprepared. Had they allowed her the least time for juggle or artifice, or suffered her so much as one moment out of their sight; would a sacred historian, whose business it was to expose their practices, as far as truth would allow, omit these circumstances? Would he omit all mention of the preceding sacrifices and incantations? Would he omit every circumstance that tended to detect the fraud? Would he omit every thing that tended to imply the real appearance of the prophet?

Shall this author relate in plain terms, that Saul perceived it was Samuel himself*; and shall he relate this by a word which signifies either certain knowledge, experience, or sensible perception, and are we to understand by this word, (contrary to all the rules of grammar, and rational interpretation) that he neither knew, nor had sensible evidence of this? that he only imagined it was Samuel, by the description of an impostor? a description that would suit ten thousand other men as well as Samuel!

But the text says not, that Saul saw Samuel.

True, but it tells us something that plainly implies it, that he stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself.

When the sacred writers express themselves in the same style, and in the very same words, on occurrences of the same kind, such as the behaviour of people upon occasion of seeing some extraordinary person; are we not to understand them in the same sense?

The text is both strong and full in this place. It first says, that Saul knew that it was Samuel himself; and then adds, that he stooped with his face

* It is astonishing, that the English translation should leave out this last word, *himself*.

to the ground, and bowed himself. Must we believe, notwithstanding all this, that he neither knew nor saw what he bowed to? that he bowed only to a creature of the Pythoness' imagination? What strange suppositions are these! and what violence must we do to the sacred text, to the analogy of scripture, to common grammar, and to common sense, to gratify some dogmatic doubters!

But Saul was frighted out of his wits, and did not know what he said or did.

I am very much inclined to think, that they who surmise this, believe it.

But, pray, how does it appear? The gentlemen that object thus, have not, perhaps, considered, that Saul desired Samuel to be raised up to him*, (not to the Pythoness;) which plainly shows, that he had no apprehension of fear, from the thoughts of seeing him. And when the woman was frightened, and shrieked at the sight of Samuel, as it is plain, that Saul was not; for he bids her not be afraid; and desires to know what it was she saw, which could cause her fears: Be not afraid; for what sawest thou? And the whole tenor of his answer to Samuel's question is as rational and undisturbed as any thing I ever read.

In the next place, let us consider, whether this person, supposed to be an impostor, acts in character.

Are we to believe that a little contemptible juggler, (supposing such a person, without any foundation, in the history) or a poor dastardly woman, would dare to treat a king of Israel with that air of superiority and contumely wherewith Samuel treats Saul on this occasion? Would she, that paid such court to him the instant the affair was over, treat him with so high a hand whilst it was in agitation? Josephus observes of this woman, that she was in her nature gentle,

* Bring up Samuel to me.

compassionate, and benevolent. Is this agreeable to that character? to insult, to threaten, and to upbraid; to ask him, to the reproach of his reason and religion, as well as the disgrace of her own art, how he came to inquire of her. Would she dare to treat Saul so? Saul, famed for rage and resentment, and not famed for mercy! Saul, that rooted the race of impostors out of the land! And all this after it was owned she knew him! He must have as much credulity as an infidel, that can believe this.

In the next place, would an impostor be so very zealous for a strict observance of the law and commands of God; and so rigid in pronouncing divine vengeance upon the violation of them? and, in the depth of his cunning, limit that vengeance to time, place, and person? and all this at no greater distance than the next day?

These suppositions are too wild to be seriously confuted; they are the very reverse of what should and would have been done upon such an occasion, had imposture interfered in it. Every one knows, the business of impostors is to flatter, to delude, to deceive, to answer doubtfully; to promise good, and put off the evil; it was this woman's business in a particular manner to act thus. Had she promised Saul victory, and the success had answered, she was sure of considerable advantage. He who could have no benefit from priests, or from prophets, would, doubtless, have had her in high honor; and with good reason.

If he died in battle all was safe; and even if he escaped, and was worsted, what she said would at least have been taken for an indication of good-will, and good wishes to the king, and to his people; and so would be more likely to escape any after inquiry. Whereas, if she prognosticated evil to the royal race, she was sure of destruction, if the event did not at once justify and save her. Nay, it might justify, and yet not save her. For, might not Saul's

companions, or some of his surviving friends, think that this evil fortune was the effect of her incantations, and the work of some wicked spirits under her influence? And would she, who knew her own ignorance, put all this to the hazard of a conjecture? And God would make the event exactly and minutely conformable to that conjecture, to establish the credit of imposture over the face of the earth, and to the end of the world.

But an evil spirit, or even an impostor, might know, that Saul and his sons were determined either to die, or conquer in the battle.

Let this also be allowed, without any foundation in the text: hath not many a man been determined to die, and yet been prevented? But the truth is otherwise: neither Saul nor his sons were determined to die; they all fled from the enemy as fast and as far as they could. The enemy first overtook the sons of Saul, and slew them: and when Saul could fly no farther, rather than fall into the enemy's hands, who were hard at his heels, he killed himself.

Besides all this; shall we so far outrage our reason and our religion, as to believe any being, but God, capable of seeing into futurity, and pronouncing upon it? If there be any that think so, let me call upon them, with Isaiah, to bring forth their strong reasons. Let them bring forth, and show us what shall happen. Let them show the former things what they be, that we may consider, (or set our hearts upon) them; or declare us things for to come. In one word: The assertions and reasonings on the other side seem to me grounded upon great mistakes, and fruitful of grievous absurdities. I cannot assent to them; I envy no man that can.

The consequence from all this is clear: If that person, who now denounced the divine vengeance upon Saul, under the semblance of Samuel, was neither an impostor, nor an evil spirit; he must be what the

scriptures constantly call him throughout this narration, Samuel.

That spirits of another world may carry about them such vehicles, as may admit them to a sensible commerce with us, in like manner as our spirits bear about these bodies of ours, the best philosophy will admit. And that they have done so upon extraordinary occasions, the most authentic histories in the world will attest. If then God Almighty thought fit either to appoint, or permit Samuel to appear to Saul on this occasion; I see no more difficulty in it, than in his appearing to him on any other occasion whilst he was in this world, and in full health and strength. For Saul no more saw his spirit then, than he did now; and his spirit was as well able to bear a body about with it now, as it was then.

The only question then is: Why God should appoint, or permit, Samuel to appear on this occasion? And this is a question which no man living hath a right to ask, and be informed in. Such questions as these are the very source and fountain-head of all infidelity: I don't know why things should be done so and so; and therefore I will not believe they were done. And what is this, but saying, in other words, that you are as wise as God; and as good a judge of fit and just, at least with regard to things of this world, as he can be? and therefore, it is ridiculous to suppose, that he transacted any thing in the affairs of this world, which you cannot discover to be wise, and fit, and just. Can any thing in nature be more extravagant than such surmises as these?

"But is it likely, that God should refuse to answer Saul, when he consulted him in ways appointed by himself, and yet should answer him in a forbidden way?"

I answer, What if it be not? that is, What if my little understanding cannot reach the reasons of this conduct? Must it follow, that there was no such

thing? Is not this the same infatuation of arrogance which was just now reproved and exposed?

But after all; What if God did not depart from his own institutions? What if Saul did not consult him in his ways appointed by himself? The ways appointed by himself to consult him were by prophets, to whom he manifested himself in visions, as he did to Samuel; or by prophets, to whom he vouchsafed a more open communication of his purpose, as to Moses; or by Urim and Thummim.

It is not likely, that Saul consulted God by the Urim and Thummim of his appointment: for that was with Abiathar, and Abiathar with David. And very probably, there was no prophet then alive, to whom God communicated himself either by vision, or by his word.

On the other hand; What if Saul did consult God in a way appointed by himself: and what if God did depart from his own institutions on this occasion? Is God so tied down to his own institutions, that he cannot at any time depart from them?

Here is a fine dilemma; If God confines the communication and manifestation of himself and his purposes, to priests and prophets: are all the rest of his creation excluded? Is he the God only of priests and prophets? All this is artifice and contrivance, plain priestcraft! If at any time he is said to have manifested himself in a different manner, such accounts are incredible; for is it likely he should depart from his own institutions?

But if Samuel had been raised by God, no doubt, he would never have said unto Saul. Why hast thou disquieted me? for it would have been no disquiet, nor trouble to him, to come upon God's errand.

But is this gentleman sure, that the prophet's disquiet arose from his being sent on that errand? Surely he will not say so, upon better deliberation. No, his disquiet plainly arose from Saul's hardened impenitence in the ways of irreligion: it was this that

grieved and provoked his righteous spirit. And so it should be translated, What hast thou provoked me, to make me to rise up? Why dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee? Hath God forsaken you? and do you hope for help from me? from me his minister, who act in nothing but in obedience to his will! Is God offended with you; and will you inquire what to do, in a way that he hath forbidden? Will you go on still to offend him more? Know then, that I am now come to confirm that sentence, which God long since passed upon you by my mouth, for disobeying his commandments. Your kingdom is divided, and given even to David: and God will deliver you, your sons, and your people, into the hands of the Philistines; and this sentence shall be executed upon you to-morrow; To-morrow shall you and your sons be with me among the dead. All this is plainly spoken in the indignation of a righteous spirit against guilt; and he must have read it with very little attention, that does not see it to be so.

Give me leave to add, that the Bible is a history of God's providence, more particularly to a peculiar people. It teaches us, that all revolutions in the world are of his appointment, and all events in his hands; that nations are punished, and kings deposed, for their guilt, and others appointed in their stead. And in order to convince his people of these great truths; God, at sundry times, raised up prophets from amongst them to denounce his judgments upon their guilt, and to foretel the fatal consequences of it. If they repented upon these monitions, his judgments were averted: if not they were surely executed.

Now the case stands thus; The scriptures say, Samuel was seen on this occasion; that Saul perceived it was Samuel himself: that Samuel spoke, and denounced the divine judgments, and Saul heard him; and the judgments he denounced were

demonstrably such, as none but God could denounce. And some men that call themselves critics, without attending to the text, the nature of the prophet's threats, or the reason of his appearance, say, it was not Samuel that did all this, but some impostor or some evil spirit: and they say this upon the idlest reasons that ever were urged; reasons that have already been abundantly confuted and exposed. And can it yet be made a question, which we shall believe?

I have but two observations to annex: The first is; That the son of Syrach, who seems to have had as much wisdom, penetration, and piety, as any critic that came after him, is clearly of opinion with the sacred historian, that it was Samuel himself, who foretold the fate of Saul and his house in this interview. And it is no ill presumption, that his judgment was also that of the Jewish church upon this head.

The next is: that whereas, it hath been made a question, whether the Jews had any belief of the immortality of the soul; this history is a full decision upon that point; and, perhaps, the establishment of that truth upon the foot of sensible evidence, was not the lowest end of Samuel's appearance upon this occasion.

Signal *and* Awful Judgments.

"WHATSOEVER a man soweth, that shall he also reap," He who contracts guilt, incurs punishment, and punishment too in general adapted to the nature of his guilt; yea, not unfrequently, the very member which has been the instrument of the one, is found to be the theatre of the other.

Yonder is Jeroboam lifting his arm to strike the prophet Jeremiah; as this servant of the Lord is

delivering the solemn message of his master, the arm of the rebel, in the very act of stretching itself forth, is dried up, so that he cannot pull it in to him again, Yonder, AHITOPHEL, whose counsel was as the oracle of God; who, for the prostitution of his mental powers, loses his reason, and becomes a drivelling idiot. Yonder, NEBUCHADNEZZAR, who, for his intolerable pride, was driven from the society of men, "and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws." Yonder, HEROD, arrayed in royal apparel, sits upon his throne, makes an oration; the people shout—It is the voice of God, and not of man;—and immediately the Angel of the Lord smites him, because he gave not God the glory; and he is eaten up of worms. Who does not know that the besetting sin of seamen is profane cursing and swearing? And what so common as for the bold blasphemer that "goes down to the sea in ships, and sees the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep;" as to damn his eyes, and blast his sight? And what is more common in every maritime town, than a blind sailor? And who has not remarked, that heaven has thus sent these melancholy witnesses to bear testimony in every place by their blindness, that "there is a God that judgeth in the earth."——The other day a presumptuous wretch appealed to the heart-searching God, for the confirmation of a lie;——in his awful presence he wished he might lose the use of his right arm, if what he advanced were not strictly true: when before many respectable persons his arm became immediately motionless!

Some years since, another waited upon a magistrate in the vicinity of Hitchim, and informed him, that upon the preceding evening, he was stopped by a young gentleman of Hitchim, who knocked him down and searched his pockets; but not finding any thing therein, suffered him to depart. The magis-

trate, astonished at this piece of intelligence, dispatched a messenger to the young gentleman, ordering him to appear immediately before him, to answer to the complaint lodged against him; the youth instantly obeyed the summons, accompanied by his guardian, and an intimate friend. Upon their arrival at the seat of justice, the accuser and the accused were confronted, when the magistrate hinted to the man, he was fearful he had made the charge with no other view than that of extorting a sum of money from the young gentleman, and bid him, if that was the case, to take care how he proceeded in the business; cautioning him, in the most earnest and pathetic manner, to beware of the dreadful train of consequences attending perjury; but all his arguments were in vain? he was too old a disciple in the school of vice to be diverted from his purpose by any advice that could be given him; he insisted upon making oath to what he had advanced; which at last was administered to him, and the business was then entered upon, when the young gentleman's innocence was manifestly proved, he having, by the most incontrovertible evidence, clearly proved an *alibi**. Upon this the magistrate dismissed the parties, having first obtained a promise from the young gentleman's guardian, that he would indict the man for perjury at the next assizes for the county. The infamous wretch, finding his infernal intentions thus frustrated, returned home much chagrined, and meeting soon afterwards with one of his neighbours, he declared to him, that he had not sworn to any thing but facts, and called God to witness the same in the most solemn manner, and wished, if it was not as he asserted, that his jaws might be locked, and that his flesh might rot upon his bones: when, terrible to relate!———Listen, ye sons of impiety, while the horrid tale is told; ye who affect to doubt the existence of a Supreme Being, and scoff at his judgment! his jaws were instantly arrested, the use of speech denied him for

* Law term for absence.

ever, and, after lingering near a fortnight in great agonies, he expired: his flesh literally rotting upon his bones.

Another ———but why speak we of a solitary instance or two? Behold a multitude which no man can number! See whole bands of blasphemers, of murderers, of persecutors, of whoremongers, of drunkards: some stricken dumb, some deaf, some blind: others, distorted in their countenance, lingering in disease, raving in madness, rotting alive. Some roaring in pain, soliciting the hand of their friend to shoot them through the head, to put an end both to their existence and their agony. Others bark like dogs, and some howl like devils.

The *body* then of the sinner, as well as his *conscience*, is sometimes the monument of woe where the vindictive justice of God writes in flaming characters Magor-misabib ——Nor does the miserable scene close here: it is also fearfully exhibited in the peculiar manner of his death.

"Bloody and deceitful men do not live out half their days." Abandoned of God, and devoted to the devil, they gratify their vilest lust, and break through every restraint both human and divine. Not satisfied with that enormity which threatens their eternal ruin, they are even eager to commit that by which their lives are forfeited to man.——Their accession of guilt creates them monsters of vice. Society, no longer able to tolerate their existence, call aloud for their extermination. Heaven gives commission to earth, and upon the scaffold, the gibbet, the wheel, the rack, amidst infamy and torture, they shock both men and devils.

Others, impatient to fill up the measure of their sin and sorrow, wait not the arrival of the officer of justice, but turn their own executioner. In an attempt to escape the present, they seek future and greater torments. Judas, that arch traitor of our Lord, receiving the wages of unrighteousness, is stung

as with ten thousand scorpions; he drinks the bitter cup of damnation, and deems it a felicity to know the worst of hell. "He went out and hanged himself." This man takes the lead, and a host follow—a host, who have "sinned against the Lord, and whose sin has found them out." The spirit of a man, may sustain the infirmities of a man, but "a wounded spirit who can bear?" Hanging, shooting, stabbing, poisoning, drowning,—these, are their cheering cordials, and death, in its most hideous form, their only refuge.

"————Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter in a rage,
To rush into the presence of our Judge;
As if we challenged him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath.—Unheard of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such; these herd together,
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul."

Others, whose crimes have not dragged them to a gallows, or precipitated them into suicide, yet waging war with omnipotence, they have brought upon themselves swift destruction. Their punishment, by the righteous hand of God, has instantaneously succeeded their offence, and in the very act they have received their doom. Death has arrested them in the name of him whose Majesty they insult: and amidst convulsions, groans, and shrieks, they have expired on the spot.——Koran, Dathan, and Abiram, rebel against God and Moses, and the ground on which they stand cleaves asunder; they go down alive into the pit. The wife of Lot, in opposition to the divine command, looks back upon the cities of the plain, and she becomes a pillar of salt————Ananias and Sapphira lie not unto man, but unto God, and they fall dead at the apostle's feet.——A woman in one of our public markets presumptuously wished she might drop down dead that very moment

if she had not actually paid for the corn she had just received; when, Oh! the just judgment of Almighty God! that very moment she dropped down dead! and upon examination the money was found in her hand.*—Another woman, after eating a hearty dinner, impiously said, "I am now fit for Heaven or Hell," and that very instant she fell from the chair, and gave up the Ghost.—A soldier went with others to wash in a shallow river: he asked if there were a deeper to swim in; they told him there was one nigh at hand, but dangerous, as it was a deep pit; to which he called on God to damn him if he did not venture through it, though it were as deep as hell. He was no sooner in, but sunk to the bottom, and never rose again.—The wicked husband of an irreligious woman, being informed, when at the public-house, that his wife, who had been dangerously ill, was dead, replied, "then she is gone to hell, and I shall soon follow her," though, perhaps, with little or no apprehension that his own departure was at hand. He was however soon arrested by the invisible King of Terrors. A few hours previous to his departure, he requested a friend to assist him in the arrangement of his temporal affairs, which being done, the person who had been thus engaged, said, "I have something more to say to you, and I must not deceive you; you are a dying man, your past life has been exceedingly wicked, you have, perhaps, but a few hours to live, it therefore becomes you to meditate seriously upon death and eternity, and call upon God for mercy. I would advise you also to send for a person who could instruct you, and pray for you; give me leave to recommend the dissenting minister here: I have heard him preach a few times with much pleasure; and I am sure he will come, if you will send for him." At which the dying man, with apparent rage and resentment, ex-

* This fact is recorded on a stone, in the Market-place at Devizes.

claimed, "Do you mean that you have been at that meeting? I would sooner go to hell than go there. Send for him? (meaning the person recommended.) I had rather be damned than he should come here." Awful to say, in a short space of time, his soul entered upon the eternal state.—Henry, Archbishop of Mentz (says Mr. Clark, in his Looking Glass for Persecutors,) a godly and religious man, was accused of being guilty of heresy to the Pope, who sent two of his cardinals to examine the matter, and they most unjustly deposed him, and cast him out of his place; whereupon he said unto them, "if I should, from your unjust tribunal, appeal unto the Pope, 'tis like I should find no redress from him; wherefore I appeal to the Lord Jesus Christ, that just and righteous Judge of all the world; and I cite you to answer me before his Judgment-seat, for this unjust act of yours;" to which they scoffingly answered, "go you first, and we will follow after." Not long after this the good Archbishop died: which when the cardinals heard of, they said jestingly one to another, "behold, he is now gone before, and we must follow after." And indeed shortly after they both died upon one day: the one sitting in a privy, voided out his entrails; the other gnawing his own fingers, having made himself deformed with devouring himself. They died miserably.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A True Relation *of the* Apparition *of Mrs.* Veal.

(*Continued from page*, 269.)

AFTER which the apparition put in this discourse in much finer words than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and as much more than she can emember, for it cannot be thought that an hour and hree quarters conversation could be retained, though

the main part of it she thinks she does. She said to Mrs. Bargrave she would have her write a letter to her brother and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such, and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming on her, and so placed her in a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground if her fits should occasion it, for the elbow chair she thought would keep her from falling on either side; and to divert Mrs. Veal as she thought she took hold of her gown sleeve several times and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a scoured silk and newly made up. But for all this Mrs. Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs. Bargrave she must not deny her; and she would have her tell her brother all their conversation, when she had opportunity. Dear Mrs. Veal, says Mrs. Bargrave, this seems so impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman. Why says Mrs. Bargrave, it is much better methinks, to do it yourself. No, says Mrs. Veal, though it seems impertinent to you now you will see more reason for it hereafter. Mrs. Bargrave then to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink, but Mrs. Veal said, Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it; which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting, and so she promised her.

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter; she said she was not at home, but if you have a mind to see her, says Mrs. Bargrave, I'll send for her. Do, says Mrs. Veal. On which she left her, and went to a neighbour's to seek for her: and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal, was got without the door in the street, in the face of the beast market on a Saturday, which is market-

day, and stood ready to part as soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her. She asked her why she was in such haste? She said she was going, though perhaps she might not go her journey till Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave, she hoped she would see her again at her cousin Watson's before she went whither she was going. Then she said, she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sent a person to Captain Watson's to know if Mrs. Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word that she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer Mrs. Bargrave told the maid, that she had certainly mistook the name or made some blunder. And though she was ill she put on her hood and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours. They said it was impossible; for they must have seen her if she had. In comes Captain Watson while they were in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, when she went to the person immediately who had the care of them and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how

striped, and that Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, you have seen her indeed for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myself that the gown was scoured, and Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; for, said she I helped her to make it up. This Mrs. Watson blazed about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition. And Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast, that gentlemen, and persons of quality, the judicious and sceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task that she was forced to go out of the way, for they were in general extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac; for she always appears with such a cheerful air, and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favor, and esteem of all the gentry: and it is thought a great favor if they can get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, how came you to order matters so strangely? It could not be helped, said Mrs. Veal. And her brother and sister did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her, whether she would drink tea. Says Mrs. Veal, I do not care if I do, but I'll warrant this mad fellow (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband) has broke all your trinkets. But, says Mrs. Bargrave, I'll get something to drink in, for all that; but Mrs. Veal waved it, and said it is no matter, let it alone, and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one more material thing she told Mrs.

Bargrave, that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it her.

Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story; which puzzles those who doubt the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in a neighbour's yard, adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's house, heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbour's the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what ravishing conversation she had had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's book of Death is, since this happened, brought up strangely. And it is to be observed, that notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take any thing of any body, and therefore can have no interest in telling her story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said, he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact, that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a liar, and that she knew of Mr. Breton's ten pounds a year; but the person who pretends to say so, has the reputation of a notorious liar, among persons whom I know to be of undoubted credit. Now Mr. Veal is more of a gentleman than to say she lies; but says, a bad husband has crazed her. But she need only present herself, and it will effectually confute that pretence, Mr. Veal says, he asked his sister on her death bed, whether she had a mind to dispose of any thing; and she said, No. Now, the things which Mrs. Veal's apparition would have disposed of, were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in their disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave to demonstrate the truth of her ap-

pearance, so as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard, and to secure her reputation, among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then again, Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb box. This looks improbable: for that Mrs. Watson owned that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the key of the cabinet that she would trust nobody with it. And if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal often drawing her hands over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave, if her fits had not impaired her, looks to me as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange, that she should put her upon writing to her brother, to dispose of rings and gold, which looks so much like a person's bequest; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effects of her fits coming upon her; and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her, and care of her, that she should not be affrighted; which indeed appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the day time, waving the salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection (as it is plain he does, by his endeavouring to stifle it,) I cannot imagine; because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for the breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that, after all, to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon to Saturday noon (supposing she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment) without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too; she must be more witty,

fortunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent person, I dare say will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times, if she was sure she felt the gown: she answered modestly, "If my senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her, if she heard a sound when she clapped her hand upon her knee: she said she did not remember she did; but said she appeared to be as much a substance as I did who talked with her, "and I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really see her: For I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend, and parted with her as such. I would not" says she, "give one farthing to make any one believe it: I have no interest in it; nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for ought I know; and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public." But now, she says, she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way, as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says, "She had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation; and that she had told it to a room full of people at a time." Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute a matter of fact, because we cannot solve things of which we have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.

Apparition *to* Captain Henry Bell.

CAPTAIN Henry Bell, in his narrative prefixed to Luther's table talk, printed in England in 1652: after having mentioned the mystery and providence of the discovery of it under ground, in Germany, where it had lain hid fifty-two years, relates the following astonishing admonition relating to the translating into English:

Caspar Van Spar, a German gentleman, having, as before observed, recovered the copy from the worms, desired Captain Bell, with whom he was well acquainted, while he was the agent for King James I. on the continent, to translate it into English, and publish it in London for the advancement of religion: but Captain Bell was always some how most unaccountably hindered from prosecuting that work in such sort as to bring it to a proper conclusion, being prevented by such intervening business as his public occupation required him to execute.

About six weeks after he had received the German copy, being well in health, and in bed with his wife, between twelve and one of the clock, there appeared to him, standing at the side of the bed, an ancient man clothed in a light colored habit, and of a most reverend aspect, having a broad and white beard, which hung as low as his girdle, who smiling at him said, in a gentle manner of rebuke: "Will you not take time to translate that book which is sent you out of Germany? If you do not, I will shortly hereafter provide you both time and place to do it;" and then instantly vanished.

This extraordinary vision affrighted him so much that he fell into an extreme sweat; so that his wife awaking, and finding him all over wet, she asked him what he ailed? He then related to her his vision, and the remarkable message attending it. But Captain Bell not paying much attention to the matter afterwards, time wore it off his memory, and he paid no

more regard to what he had seen and heard than it had been a mere dream.

However, he had soon reason to recollect the old man's words, for soon after being at his lodgings in King-street, Westminster, at dinner with his wife, two messengers came from the Council Board, with a warrant to carry him to the Gate-house, there to be confined till farther orders from the Lords of the Privy Council. Upon this warrant he was detained ten whole years a close prisoner, whereof he spent five in the translation of the aforementioned work; having good cause to be mindful of the old man's saying, "I will shortly provide for you both time and place to translate it."

This narrative is extracted from the preface to Luther's table talk, printed in 1652, and from what Mr. Aubrey observes upon the story, which he briefly relates, it appears, that, whatsoever was pretended for the cause of his confinement, yet the true reason of the Captain's commitment was, because he was urgent with the Lord Treasurer for his arrears which amounted to a great sum; he was unwilling to pay, and to be freed from his clamors, hit upon the scheme of holding him in prison,

Supernatural Impressions.

IN the year 1681, a gentleman who lived near *Aberdeen*, came to town on purpose to ask advice of some of the ministers. He told them he had an impression continually following him, to go to *Rotterdam*. They asked him, "For what reason?" But he could tell none; on which they advised him to stay at home. Some time after he came again, and informed them, "Either I must go to *Rotterdam*, or die, for this impression follows me day and night, so that I can neither eat nor drink, nor sleep." They then advised him to go. Accordingly he em-

barked and came to *Rotterdam*. As he was leaning, his foot slipt and he fell into the sea. A gentleman who was walking on the quay, leaped in and caught hold on him, brought him out, and conducted him to an inn. He then procured some dry linen for him, and a warm bed, in which he slept sound for several hours. When he awoke, he found the gentleman sitting by his bed-side; who taking it for granted, he would be hungry, had bespoke a dinner, which to his great satisfaction, was immediately served up: The Scotch gentleman desired the other to ask a blessing, which he did, in such a manner as quite surprised him. But he was still more surprised, both at the spirit, and language, in which he returned thanks; and asked him, "Sir, are not you a minister?" He answered, "I am; but I was some time since banished from Scotland." The other replied, "Sir, I observed, though you behaved quite decently, you seemed to be extremely hungry. Pray permit me to ask, "How long is it since you took any food?" "He said, Eight and forty hours;" on which the Scot started up, and said, "Now I know why God sent me to *Rotterdam*. You shall want for nothing any more; I have enough for us both. Shortly after the revolution ensued, and he was reinstated in his living.

Old Mr. *Ogylvie, Aberdeen,* who told me the story, knew the gentleman and the minister.

DURING the persecution of the Protestants, by the Roman Catholics in the seventeenth century, some children were playing on the banks of the Suir, near Golden, in the county of Tipperary, when a man came to them, knowing them to be born of Protestant parents, and with a pike, threw most of them into the river, where they were instantly drowned. One of the children, however, a girl about eleven

years of age, ran off and escaped to Clonmell, thirteen miles distant,

At Waterford a ship lay bound to America, taking in servants and passengers. An agent of the Captain's was at Clonmell, who, finding the child unprovided for, took her as an indented servant, with many others in equal indigence. The Captain sold her time to a planter, a single young man. The rectitude of her conduct, her amiable disposition, and comeliness of person, so attracted her master's affections, that after her time was expired, he proposed to marry her; which proposal she, at length, acceded to, and they lived together in much happiness for several years, during which she brought him six children. She then declined in health and spirits; a deep melancholy overspread her mind, so as greatly to distress her husband. He observed her particularly when she thought him asleep to sigh deeply, as if something very weighty lay upon her spirits. After much intreaty and affectionate attention, she related to him what she saw when she was a girl in Ireland, and said that scarce a day or night had passed for the last twelve months, but she had felt a pressure on her mind, and had, as it were, heard distinctly a voice, saying, "thou must go to Ireland, and bring the murderer of the children to justice." This, at times, she believed to be a divine intimation, yet on reasoning about it, she thought the effecting of it by her to be impossible, and consequently that the apprehension of its being required by God must be a delusion. Then she was tossed to and fro in her mind, uncertain how to determine, and her agitation was such, that it was apprehended her dissolution was near at hand. Her husband strongly encouraged her to fulfil, what he had no doubt was a divine injunction; and as the Governor's brother was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he thought it a suitable season then. He waited upon the Governor, who obliged him with letters of recommendation to his brother and such gentlemen

as would enable her to bring this man to justice; whose name she did not know; but whose person was indelibly stamped on her memory. Her kind husband prepared every accommodation for the voyage, encouraged her by his sympathizing tenderness, so that in a few weeks she recovered her former health and spirits, and embarked with suitable attendants on board a vessel for Dublin.

On her arrival, she waited upon the Viceroy at the castle, and delivered her letters. He entered warmly into the matter, as worthy of public concern; yet he thought great secrecy and prudence requisite to effect the desired purpose. The Viceroy, as a wise man, sent for the judges just then appointed for the Munster circuit, and showed them the letters she had brought from his brother, and requested they would interest themselves in this business. The judges treated her with great respect, and assured her of their vigorous assistance to bring the murderer to justice; but as she did not know the man's name, nor where he now dwelt if living, they saw much difficulty in the matter. However she was desired not to communicate with any one but the Viceroy and themselves; and as the assizes for the county of Tipperary were very numerously attended, they would take care she should be placed in such a convenient part of the court-house every day at Clonmell, that, if he should be there, she could not but have an opportunity of seeing him. The day after her arrival there, and during the first of their sitting, she was placed, by the direction of the Judges to the Sheriff, in a commodious place for her purpose. With anxious solicitude she watched for the person. At length a jury was returned to try a cause. On their names being called over to be sworn, she saw a man come forward, whom she instantly knew to be the person she came to prosecute, and then heard his name called. At a suitable time she informed the Judges that the man was in court, and gave them his name. The Judges

instantly adjourned the court, and sent the Sheriff to the Juryman to meet them immediately at their lodgings, where they soon arrived. On sitting down, one of the Judges said, " Madam, be pleased to relate to this gentleman what you related to us, and the Lord Lieutenant, last week in Dublin Castle."

The Lady looking the Juryman full in the face, said, " My Lords, when I was a girl, I saw that man now before you, throw seven little children into the river Suir," and proceeded with the particulars.—Whilst she was speaking, he grew pale, and trembled exceedingly; but, when she came to that part of her relation, respecting feeling a pressure of mind for more than a year, which she believed to be from God's requiring her to come to Ireland, and endeavour to bring him to justice for these murders, he was quite overcome, and confessed his guilt, and the truth of all which she asserted. On this the Grand Jury was sent for, and bills of indictment were found against him. Next day he was tried, found guilty, and executed in Clonmell.

She speedily returned to her husband and children, lived many years after in great happiness with them, fully restored to her health, in peace and serenity of mind.

This man had read his recantation from the Church of Rome, had professed himself a Protestant, and thus become qualified to be a juryman.

ON the borders of Scotland, James Dickinson and Jane Fearon (two Quakers) were travelling, on religious service, with a person who attended as a guide to a town, which they proposed to reach that night. But the weather being very inclement, and Jane much fatigued, they were desirous of accommodation, short of the distance which they had at first intended to travel that day. Their guide assured

them no such inn would present itself; but, being weary, and coming to a decent looking house, James rode up to it, and inquired if they could be accommodated. They were told they could. This determined them to alight, contrary to the wish of their guide, who, with a heavy heart, took leave of them, saying, he could not be of further service to them. He had remonstrated strongly against their calling there at all, before they went up to the house; but did not choose to speak in the hearing of the family. They were introduced into a small room, with a fire in it, which opened into the common room where the family dwelt. There was every appearance of tolerable accommodation; the horses were taken care of, and their wet things put to dry. A posset was made, and a cold meat pie set for their supper: but on their first sitting down, they became very uneasy, which, however, each of them not knowing how the other felt, they kept to themselves: until, at last, Jane said her apprehensions were so great, and her opinion of the family so bad, that she verily believed the pie to be made of human flesh, which, however, J. Dickinson did not think was the case, as he had eaten of the pie, and thought it good. As they sat, Jane observed three ill-looking fellows come in, and, in a low voice, tell the Landlady they had good horses. She answered, "Aye, and good bags too." James' uneasiness increasing, his mind became closely engaged to seek for the cause, and for divine counsel how to act. Under this exercise he was induced to believe, that if they kept close to the divine intimation, they should be preserved, and a way would be made for their escape. On this he inquired about their lodgings, saying, they had to write, and should want candles, and proposed to retire soon. They were shown into a chamber, on the side of the yard, with two beds in it, but without any bolt to the door. Observing a form, they tried it, by setting one end to the door; it would just wedge in between it, and

the foot of one of the beds. Being thus secured, Jane sat down on one of the beds, and manifested her distress; wringing her hands, and saying, she believed they should in that house lose their lives. James sat down by her, desiring her to be still; told her he had been under similar apprehensions, after they had entered the house, but that after deep exercise, and seeking for Divine direction, his mind had been favoured with *that* which had never deceived him, and believed, if they carefully minded its *pointings*, they should be directed how to escape. On this they sat in perfect silence some considerable time, attentively waiting for light how to act. At length James told her the time for them to fly for their lives was now come; and having observed a door opposite to that they came in at, which led to a pair of stone stairs on the outside of the house next the road, they believed that was the way for them to escape. They pulled off their shoes, and softly opened the door, when they perceived by a light through a chink, between the first stone and the house, a woman sharpening a large knife: they went softly down the steps, and forward on the road, until they were out of hearing. They thus walked away as fast as possible. When they were distant about half a mile from the house, under very heavy rain, they discovered a hovel, where they tried to rest themselves, but found by the painful impressions renewed on their minds, that this was not safe. Then, notwithstanding excessive weariness, Jane being ready to sink also, through discouragement, James urges the necessity of exertion, under the firm hope that they should be preserved.—They proceeded until they came by the side of a stream, the course of which they followed to a bridge, over which they attempted to pass, but were restrained when upon it. James said, that was not their way. So they returned, and went down the course of the water, which as they proceeded, widened greatly. James stopt at about the distance of half a mile from

the bridge, and told his companion they must cross at that place, which exceedingly alarmed her, having given way to so much discouragement, that she could scarcely lay hold of any hope that they should not totally sink under their present situation. She told James, she apprehended, if they went into the water, they should be drowned; but he endeavoured to cheer her, reminding her of the evidence he had been blessed with, that they should be preserved, if they kept their faith, having their eye on divine direction: which he believed had led them thus far, and their way was through the water at that place, and that they should also get safe. Whereupon, with the hold of his arm, she ventured, and they got safe to the other side. Walking on they came to a sand bank, and here, sitting down, James said, "I am not easy, we must go further." Upon which Jane Fearon said, "Well, I must go by thy faith, I now know not what to do." Then proceeding a little way further, they found another sand bank, wherein was a cavity. Here they sat down. After they had continued some time, James said, "I am now easy, and believe we are perfectly safe, seeing in my heart a song of thanksgiving and praise." Jane replied, "I am so far from that, I cannot say, The Lord have mercy upon me. When they had been about half an hour, they heard a noise of some people on the opposite side of the river. Upon which J. Dickinson finding Jane alarmed, and thence fearing they should be discovered, softly said to her, "Our lives depend upon our silence. Attentively hearkening, they heard them frequently say, "Seek them, Keeper," and believed they were the men they had seen in the house accompanied with a dog: that the dog refusing to go over the bridge, had followed the scent of their feet along the river side to the place where they had crossed, where stooping, the people repeatedly cried, "Seek them, Keeper." This they not only heard, but saw the people with a lantern. They also heard one of them

them say, "There they crossed the river; and the reply of another, "That's impossible, unless the devil took them over, for the river is brimful." After wearying themselves a considerable time in their search, they went away, and were seen no more. When day-light appeared, they saw a man on a hill at some distance, looking about him in every direction: they continued quiet in their retreat until some time after sunrise, when, taking a view of their situation, they discovered that, under the sand bank, they might have been seen from the other side of the river; whereas, the place they remained in was shaded from view; an advantage they had been ignorant of, as they could not make the observation the night before. How to recover their horses, saddlebags, &c. excited some consideration. James Dickinson proposed that they should return for them; which was done, after he had kindly replied to his companion's suggestions of fear, that he believed horses and bags would be ready for them, and that no questions would be asked, nor should they see an individual of the people they had seen the preceding evening. Still Jane was afraid, till encouraged again by J. D. who told her she might safely venture, being convinced by that which never deceived him. They returned to the house, found their horses standing in the stable saddled, the bags upon them, their clothes dried and laid ready to put on, and they saw no person but an old woman sitting in a corner by the fire side, whom they did not remember to have seen the night before. They asked her what they had to pay, discharged it, and proceeded on their journey. Some time after, James Dickinson, travelling the same way on religious service, passed by the place, where the house had stood, found it pulled down, and totally destroyed. On inquiring what was the cause of the house being thus in ruins; he was told, that a short time after he and Jane were there, some travellers, who were observed to go there to lodge, were missing, and the house having

been long under a bad name, the people being strongly suspected of murdering many that went there, the neighbourhood rose with a general consent, and beset the house. They took up the people, and, on searching the premises, found the bodies of the above who were missing, with many others in different states of decay, who had been evidently murdered, with some parts of their bodies wanting; much clothes were also found, supposed to belong to the murdered. The people were tried, five were executed, and the house razed to the ground.

(To be continued.)

APPARITION *of a* GHOST *to a* MILLER *to discover a hidden murder. From Webster on Witchcraft.*

ABOUT the year of our Lord, 1632, (as near as I can remember) near unto Chester in the-Street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman of good estate, and a widower, who had a young woman to his kinswoman that kept his house, who was by the neighbours suspected to be with child: and was towards the dark of the evening one night sent away with one Mark Sharp, who was a collier, or one that digged coals under ground, and one that had been born in Blackburn-Hundred, in Lancashire; and so she was not heard of a long time, and a little or no noise was made about it. In the winter time after, one James Graham or Grime, (for so in that country they call them) being a miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the mill grinding corn; and at about twelve or one o'clock at night he came down stairs, having been putting corn in the hopper, the mill doors being fast shut, there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor with her hair about her head hanging down all bloody, with five large wounds on

her head. He being much affrighted and amazed, began to bless himself, and at last asked her who she was, and what she wanted? To which she said, I am the spirit of such a woman, who lived with Walker; and being got with child by him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well looked to until I was brought to bed, and well again, and then I should come again and keep his house.

And accordingly, said the apparition, I was one night late sent away with one Mark Sharp, who, upon a Moor (naming a place the Miller knew) slew me with a pick (such as men dig coals withal) and gave me these five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank; and his shoes and stockings being bloody he endeavoured to wash them, but seeing the blood would not wash out, he hid them there. And the apparition further told the miller that he must be the man to reveal it, or, else she must still appear and haunt him. The miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but eschewed as much as he could, to stay in the mill after night without company, thinking thereby to escape the seeing again of that frightful apparition.

But, notwithstanding, one night when it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him, that if he did not reveal the murder, she would continually pursue and haunt him. Yet for all this, he still concealed it until St. Thomas'-eve, before Christmas, when, being after sunset, walking in his garden, she appeared again, and then so theatened and affrighted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning.

In the morning he went to a magistrate, and made the whole matter known, with all the circumstances; and diligent search being made, the body was found in a coal pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick and shoes, and stockings yet bloody, in every

circumstance as the apparition had related unto the miller: whereupon Walker and Mark Sharp were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the assizes following (I think it was Durham) they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed, but I could never hear that they confessed the fact. There were some who reported that the apparition did appear to the Judge, or foreman of the Jury, (who was alive at Chester-in-the-Street, about ten years ago,) as I have been credibly informed.

On ETERNITY.

By Dr. Gibbons.

WHAT is Eternity? Can aught
Paint its duration to the thought?
Tell every beam the sun emits,
When in sublimest noon he sits;
Tell every light-wing'd mote that strays,
Within its ample round of rays;
Tell all the leaves, and all the buds,
That crown the garden, fields, and woods;
Tell all the spires of grass the meads
Produce, when Spring propitious leads
The new-born year; tell all the drops
That night upon their bended tops,
Sheds in soft silence, to display
Their beauties with the rising day;
Tell all the sand the ocean leaves,
Tell all its changes, all its waves;
Or tell with more laborious pains
The drops its mighty mass contains;
Be this astonishing account
Augmented with the full amount
Of all the drops the clouds have shed,
Where'er their wat'ry fleeces spread;

Thro' all time's long protracted tour,
From Adam to the present hour;
Still short the sun: nor can it vie
With the more numerous years that lie
Embosom'd in ETERNITY!
  Were there a belt that could contain
In its vast orb the earth and main,
With figures were it cluster'd o'er,
Without one cypher in the score,
And would your lab'ring thought assign
The total of the crowded line,
How scant th' amount! the attempt how vain!
To reach duration's endless chain!
For when as many years are run,
Unbounded Age is just begun!
  Attend, O man, with awe divine
For *this* ETERNITY is *thine*!

A THOUGHT *on* ETERNITY.

BY MR. GAY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light the Almighty Word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
And know no change when time shall be no more.
  O endless thought! divine Eternity!
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.
  Ah! what is life, with ills encompass'd round,
Amidst our hopes fate strikes the sudden wound:

To-day the Statesman of new honor dreams,
To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes;
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse;
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay.
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay,
Thy feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channel warm.
Who then should wish to stretch this narrow span?
To suffer life beyond the date of man?
The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from time into Eternity.
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

An Account of an APPARITION: *extracted from* BEAUMONT'S *Treatise on Spirits.*

SIR Charles Lee had only one daughter by his first Lady, of which she died in childbirth. Her sister, Lady Everard, had the education of the child. When she was marriageable, a match was concluded for her, with Sir William Perkins; but was then prevented in an extraordinary manner.

Miss Lee, one night, thinking she saw a light in her chamber, after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who coming into the room, her mistress asked, Why she left a candle burning in her chamber? The maid said she left none, and that there was none, but what she brought with her at that time. Miss Lee then said it was the fire; but that, the maid told her, was quite out; and said, she believed it was

only a dream; to which the young lady replied, It might be so, and composed herself again to sleep.

About two o'clock she was waked again, and saw the apparition of a little woman, between the curtain and the pillow, who told her, she was her mother; that she was happy, and that by twelve o'clock that day, she would be with her. On this Miss Lee knocked again for her maid; called for her clothes, and when she was dressed, went into her closet and came not out till nine o'clock. She then brought with her a letter for her father, which she gave to her aunt the Lady Everard, telling her what had happened, and desired that it might be sent to him, as soon as she was dead. But the Lady thought her niece was suddenly fallen delirious, and sent to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon. When they came, the physician declared he could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or of any indisposition of body. However the lady would needs have her let blood, which was done accordingly; and when the young lady had patiently let them do what they pleased with her, she desired the chaplain might be called to read prayers. When prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm-book, and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played, and sung so melodiously, that her music master, who was then there, wondered at it.

Near twelve o'clock, she arose and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and immediately expired, at Waltham, in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford.

When the letter was sent to her father, in Warwickshire, he was afflicted, that he came not to Waltham till she was buried; but when he came he caused her to be taken up, and buried by her mother at Edminton, about the year 1662. This relation, the then Bishop of Gloucester, had from Sir Charles Lee himself.

Signal *and* Awful Judgments

(Concluded from page 291)

OTHERS, who though permitted to die what is called a natural death, yet in their last moments have disclosed a scene which chills the blood.

Young Lætitia was a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God; more devoted to the dissipations of the age, than the exercise of religion; she lived without God, and died without hope. As in her life her only amusements were the rout, the theatre, and the card table; so in death she sought no higher bliss. Every thing that looked like religion was deemed too serious and too melancholy, even for that season in which she was confined to her bed, and solemnly warned by an alarming consumption to prepare for eternity. Flattered and soothed by fond but mistaken friends, she could scarcely believe her approaching dissolution, notwithstanding nothing but death stared her in the face. Sometimes indeed the king of terrors would force her attention; but no sooner did she see his ghastly appearance, and hear him say "prepare," than she fainted; the instant she recovered, instead of the bible and prayer, she called for the romance and the cards: and though she had scarcely strength to hear the one, or even hold the other, she looked to both as the only relief of existing gloom. One day after listening for some time to the vilest trash, her young friend (who was as vain and as trifling as herself,) had been reading, she eagerly desired a game at whist; while attempting to shuffle and to deal out the cards—poor Lætitia suddenly gave a shriek—and expired!

Old Avaro found to his cost, that gold will neither heal a wounded conscience, nor ward off the blow of death. For years he had cursed the world with his covetousness, and heaped up wrath against the day of wrath. But that period arrived, when Avaro

must read the vanity, and feel the vexations of all his worldly possessions. Some faithful friend had access to his ear, and told him plainly he must die. His alarm began——he strove to suppress——it increased; agitated in the extreme, he commanded his coffer to be placed by his side, with eagerness he fixed his dying eyes upon the mammon of unrighteousness; and, after a momentary pause, he exclaimed, "Oh, my God! and must I leave all this treasure? Give! Give! said he, grasping at the same time some bags filled with guineas, and pressing them to his heart; and, as he was cursing Death and the Doctor, his frame shook——the bags dropped from his hand——and he breathed his last!

Avernus, whose impious breath was never drawn but to poison the air with his blasphemy——mad against God, and bitter against man, he always vented his spleen in the language of hell. To hear his common conversation, and to see him transported with rage, one would suppose him not to be human, but some fiend assuming flesh and blood. This infernal being could breathe nothing but oaths and damnation. Divine patience became exhausted, and vindictive justice, though slow in its movements, yet sure in its administration, at last commanded the arrest of the wretch. A burning fever drank up his vitals. His tongue, that iniquitous, but feeble bow from whence he shot his daring arrows at the Great Eternal, was so swollen, that it could scarcely be contained in his mouth, and so scorched with heat that no cinder could look more black, or feel more hot. Standing by his bed, you would imagine you saw a heart wrapt in flame, and streams of fire issue from every pore of his body. No one could enter his chamber without realizing the state of the damned; and so shocking was the scene, that scarcely any one could be prevailed upon even to administer to his wants. His implacable enmity against God and godliness increased in proportion to his agony.

To spend every breath in the most bitter and unheard of imprecations, was a latitude of rebellion, not sufficient to gratify his worse than devilish disposition, because it was the contracted rebellion of an individual only; he, therefore, longed for society, that he might enlarge the scale of his blasphemy. And, however incredible it may appear, he actually hired on his last, his dying day, one of the most notorious swearers in all the neighbourhood to sit by his bed and help him to swear. In this awful employment he continued several hours; and when his wicked companion was so exhausted that he could swear no more, he persevered in it as long as he was able to speak. Finding death about to seal his blasphemous lips in this world, and to transmit his guilt to the tribunal of his Judge, he became raving; with his hair erect, and with a most ghastly stare, as though he saw something terrible approach him, he jumped up in his bed; and with horror which cannot be described, he roared out——"damn you——by God I will not die." For a few seconds he appeared to be struggling as with some invisible monster; after which the most dismal yell succeeded——and the wretched Avernus was no more!

Leaving the sad, the dying chamber of *vice*, I hasten a momentary visit to the gloomy apartments of *despair*.

I enter the first.——There I behold a youth, who, it seems, had very early imbibed the principles of an infidel. Like others of his companions, he affected to despise that, of which indeed he was totally ignorant. Assuming the consequence of a free thinker; he could brook no restraint; and began to dictate law to himself. As principle and practice are inseparably connected, having prevailed upon himself to believe there was no divine revelation, he felt no check to vice, no stimulus to virtue. His infidelity, as it might be supposed, became the parent of all iniquity. The excess of riot into which

he ran, laid a foundation for that disease which terminated in his death. In his last moments, he had an awful discovery of the fallacy and danger of his system. As eternity drew near, his terror increased. Some religious people attempted his comfort; but all was in vain: his wound was incurable. The exhibition of the gospel only served to aggravate his distress. The mercy of God, the death of Christ, the pureness, the fulness, the blessedness of salvation far from administering that relief to him, which they have done to millions, stung him with keener reflections, and beyond all conception enhanced his torments. Not once did he feel the cheering ray of hope: all was agony and despair. After lingering in extreme torture, he expired, crying out, "Oh the insufferable pangs of Hell!"

I enter the second——As Dr. Doddridge was once discoursing on the dignity of the Christian's calling, and his glorious hopes and prospects, he had accidentally a man for his hearer, who, after worship, went into the vestry, and addressed him in the following terms——"You have made an excellent and encouraging discourse, Dr. D. on the privileges of the people of God; but these privileges do not belong to me, nor shall I ever have the least interest in them." "What reason have you for saying so? (replied the Doctor) Jesus Christ is able to save to the uttermost!" "I will tell you, Sir, my circumstances, and then you will not be surprised at my speaking so decisively upon the subject. I once made a credible profession of religion, which was supported with great decorum and regularity for several years. I was very strict and conscientious in the discharge of those various external duties, which are connected with the Christian system. None could charge me with immorality of conduct, or the neglect of positive command. But in course of time, my zeal departed from me, and I became careless and remiss in my walk and conversation. I felt no

satisfaction of mind arising from the performance of devotional exercises, and gradually declined my customary observance of them. Instead of praying in secret twice or thrice in a day, I only prayed once; the same with respect to family religion: and at last these secret engagements were entirely omitted, which soon discovered itself by my outward conduct, which received an impression of my dissipation. Ungodly company, and the gratifications of sense, were then the only sources of enjoyment in which I could indulge, free from those strong convictions of guilt and dreadful apprehensions of future punishment, which retirement and calm reflection impose upon the mind. Soon after this charge took place, I was left guardian to a young lady, whose fortune was committed to my care till she came of age; but I expended the money, and debauched the girl. Still I was sensible how far preferable a virtuous and good life was to vice and profaneness; and I was careful to instruct my children in the principles of religion: and on the Sabbath-day would give them portions of scripture to commit to memory. When I returned one evening from the sinful amusements of the day, I asked them as usual, if they could repeat their lessons? 'Yes, (says the youngest child) and I have a lesson for you too, Papa;' 'Well what is that, my dear, She opened the Bible, and read to me that awful passage in Ezekiel xxiv. 13.——'In thy filthiness is lewdness; because I have purged thee, and thou wast not purged, thou shalt not be purged from thy filthiness any more, till I have caused my fury to rest upon thee.' This I received as the seal of my irrevocable doom, and I know there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin; but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries."

I enter the third——Francis Spira was a lawyer of considerable eminence, residing in the city of Venice, and living in the reign of Edward the Sixth,

For several years he embraced and zealously professed the Protestant religion. Dwelling in the very seat of Popery, and surrounded with its bloody ministers, he was perpetually harassed with solicitations to recant, what they presumed to call, his new fangled doctrine. Solicitation was enforced with threatening. After a severe conflict between conscience and the world, poor Spira turned apostate: and before the heretical tribunal of the see of Rome, he abjured the truth as it is in Jesus. From that time his conscience took alarm: which so far from subsiding, increased to an uncommon degree: till at last it plunged him into all the depths of desperation.

"This poor despairing man (says Dr. Woodward in his Fair Warnings to a Careless World) seemed, as it were, to be hanged up alive in justice from above to terrify all men from those vices which brought on him such unspeakable torment, and anguish of spirit. He became a perfect spectacle of spiritual misery. His soul was smitten through with a dart: and there was no visible intermission or redress. The dreadful sense of divine wrath for his covetousness, falsehood, and apostacy, seemed to rend his soul in pieces, and made him utter the most dreadful expressions."

As no mind can fully conceive the agonies of his unhappy mind, but his own; so no tongue but his can describe them.

"Ah! that I were gone hence! that somebody would let out this weary soul! I tell there never was such a monster as I am—never was any man alive such a spectacle of excessive misery. I now feel God's heavy wrath within me, and afflicting my soul with pains unutterable. Verily, desperation is hell itself. The gnawning worm of regret, horror, and confusion, tortureth me: and, what is worse, despair drinketh off my spirits, and the unquenchable wrath of God devoureth me. And now I count my present state worse than if my soul, separated

from my body, were with Judas. The truth is, never had mortal man such experience of God's anger and hatred as I have: the damned in hell cannot endure any thing worse, nor, methinks, any thing so bad. If I could but obtain the least hope of a better state, I could be content to endure the most heavy wrath of God for two thousand years. Oh that I could hope for an end of my misery! O that God would loose his hand from me, and that it were with me as in times past! I could scorn the threats of the most cruel tyrants, bear their torments with invincible resolution, and glory in the outward profession of Christ, till I were choked in the flames, and my body turned to ashes."

"In this condition, (says the writer of his memoirs) he lay about eight weeks, in a continual burning, neither desiring nor receiving any thing but by force, and that without digestion, so spent that he appeared a perfect anatomy, expressing to the view nothing but sinews and bones: vehemently raging for drink; ever pining, yet fearful to live long; dreading hell, yet coveting death: in a continual torment, yet his own tormentor—and thus consuming himself with grief and horror, impatience, and despair—like a living man in hell, he represented an extraordinary example both of the justice and power of God.

Having thus traced the sinner from stage to stage, we might continue our pursuit from world to world. Having seen him in the most afflictive circumstances, in life and death, we might behold him in a more awful situation—at the bar of God, and in the flames of hell; but I forbear—the subject is too painful: however, before I close, let me propose a few improving reflections.

If such be the misery of the sinner in this world, what must it be in that which is to come? If one drop of damnation, and that for one moment, be so intolerable, what must be an ocean, and that for eternity? What it is for wrath to come to the uttermost

none but devils and damned spirits know; and that in an infinitely small proportion to what they will through everlasting ages. To be lost for ever! To be damned for ever! Oh what words! What ideas are these! God grant, my dear reader, you may never know them by dreadful experience.

What an infinite evil is sin! Who can enter the theatre of divine judgments without being sensible that the procuring cause of these must be an evil, and an evil too of the greatest magnitude? Surely, a God of love would not permit, much less inflict, a punishment so severe, if there were not something in the nature of the crime that would justify his procedure. Sin is an abomination. It strikes at the divine glory, and all created felicity. It is that ugly monster that the Lord hath said, "my soul hateth," and that universal murderer that has "brought death into our world, and all our woe." Stand in awe my soul, and sin not. Abstain from the appearance of evil: tremble to harbour this traitor for a moment: expel this serpent from thy bosom; thy life, thine all is at stake. Fly to the Saviour; tell him thy danger: seek his assistance. His grace is sufficient for thee. He hath said to many an humble supplicant—"my strength shall be made perfect in thy weakness;" and many an humble supplicant hath said, "most gladly therefore I glory in my infirmity, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." And why fear he will deny thee thy suit? Has he not all compassion? Has he not all power? Is he not made to poor believing sinners, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption? Go then for mercy to pardon—for grace to sanctify. Thy guilt is great, but his blood is all efficacious to cleanse: thy nature is depraved, but his holy spirit is both willing and able to subdue thine iniquities, and to keep thee by his power through faith unto salvation." Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean."

How distinguishing the privilege, and unspeakably

blessed is the state of every child of God! "Happy art thou, O Israel! who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of help, and the sword of thine excellency! Surely, he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and, under his wings, shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and thy buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee: only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the wicked; because thou hast made the Lord, which is thy refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation. And thou shalt be called a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name; thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of our God, thou shalt no more be termed 'Forsaken,' neither shall thy land any more be termed 'Desolate,' for thou shalt be called Hephzebah, and thy land Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."

Remarkable Conversion.

THE Rev. J. Newton, who, having written a sketch of his own life in a series of letters to another clergyman, declares, that his conversion was effected by a most remarkable dream.

This now reverend gentleman went early in life to sea, suffered many hardships, arising chiefly from his own imprudence, was punished for leaving his ship, and afterwards, for many years, remained in a state of slavery on the coast of Africa.

Recovering from that abject situation, by the good

providence of the Almighty, he returned to England. On his way thither, one evening he dreamed that he saw the mouth of hell open to receive him, heard the horrible howlings of the unhappy inmates in the infernal pit, and every moment expected to meet that destruction that awaited him. In the midst of this dreadful confusion, he beheld a venerable old man, comely in his countenance, and majestic in his deportment, who spake to him in a language the most alarming, warning him *to flee from the wrath which is to come,* and seek an asylum under the shadow of his wings, who is Almighty to save. He awoke from this terrible vision, and resolved to be obedient to the call. A sense of this so operated upon his mind that it never left him, till he saw himself safe on the salvation side of the river which makes glad the city of God. On his return to England, he found friends to help him on in the world; and though for a series of years, in consequence of such help, he carried on business to the coast of Africa in the slave trade, yet he at length was prevailed upon to abandon that business, study the scriptures in their original, and become a minister of the gospel. He is now a well known popular preacher, and esteemed a sincere christian.

The nature of the human soul is such, and manner of its connection with the body is so unknown to us, that as St. Paul observes, it is impossible to determine whether such things happen in the body, or out of the body; however, it seems most likely that the soul alone is concerned, and leaves the body at that time; for the most learned men, and the greatest enquirers into the nature of the soul, have all agreed, that being so active a principle, it cannot possibly remain in a state of inactivity; and that the body is little other than a clog or prison, which confines its operations, and consequently, whenever it gets free from that, it makes excursions, soars to heights, and feels perceptions which it never could attain to whilst

in the body. That it has been often observed, more particularly in good men, that when the body is just upon the point of dissolution, the soul seems to gain new vigor, and feels more noble powers than it ever was sensible of while the body was in full health.

Something of the same nature we experience almost every night, in what we call our dreams: for how many various affairs do we transact in them, how many sensations do we feel, how great spaces do we pass over from one place to another, how particular are we in every circumstance, and yet all this passes perhaps in the space of half an hour, which, if really performed in the body, would take up many days.

This has given occasion to some to think, that the soul really makes excursions from the body, whilst asleep, and transacts matters of which the body has no sensation.

Many have been warned of their own death, and yet have not had the power to escape it: for either their presumption of security had pushed them on to facilitate the malice of their enemies, or else their caution and circumspection hav econtributed to hasten it, by the methods designed to prevent it,

Alexander the Great was entreated by the Chaldean wise men not to enter into Babylon, as a place that would be fatal to him. When he was in India he was warned by an Augur in train, that he should be poisoned at Babylon. He himself dreamed he saw Cassander represented to him as his murderer; but he said no credit was to be given to dreams, and so gave Cassander the opportunity to administer that poison which had been already prepared for him in Babylon.

A Remarkable *Anecdote of Mr.* William Reid.

IT seems, that to gratify a penchant for the superb, the magnificent, and the antique, in building, when a child, he frequently neglected school, not for the usual diversons of children, but to obtain a view of all the churches in London, during the hours of prayer in the working days!

The same disposition, when he was about thirteen years of age, and in Warwickshire, led him something out of his way in a solitary walk one Sunday evening, in the winter, to take a view of an ancient hall then uninhabited, since pulled down. The court-yard being made use of to prepare timber for some houses building near at hand, he had an easy access, and had been sometime indulging this pleasing propensity when his attention was excited by the appearance of what he supposed to be two young ladies, unattended, and coming from the new buildings into the court! As Mr. Reid was not perfectly assured that the hall was not inhabited, it was then only that, and their want of attendance, that excited his curiosity; he kept his eyes upon them as much as consistent with good manners, till they passed within a few yards of him in their way to the door of the house, the opening of which, though it was the principal thing he expected, he was disapointed of, by their vanishing when upon the steps of it imperceptibly and instantaneously! Notwithstanding this, as Mr. Reid had not yet the least idea of a spectre, he still imagined that they were gone down the area into the kitchen, as is frequent in gentlemen's houses in London, &c; but in this he was soon set right, by coming up to the place, the windows of which being shut, and the area full of standing water, presented a true picture of desolation! It was not till that moment that fully undeceived him that he felt the least emotion of fear, he accordingly left the spot with some precipitation,

and telling his story to his juvenile companions, received an answer that he observed is vulgarly characteristic of every antique building, viz. "that it was haunted;" the account then Mr. Reid gave of these appearances was, "that they seemed to him to be two young ladies, one about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and the other eleven or twelve; that they were without caps; that their hair was plaited and powdered; that their eye-brows were black, and that their gowns which were red damask spangled with silver, had cross leading strings at the back of them;—that they were very pale, and that the least of them walked on the side towards him."

The most striking features of this relation however the most strongly evince its reality; as in the first place, Mr. Reid being without fear or apprehension of spectres, &c. neither his prejudice or his imagination could have any hand in imposing upon him.

Secondly.—Not knowing the place before, the bare report of its being haunted could not have the least influence upon his judgment.

And thirdly.—The reality of the appearance is proved by the simplicity of the first account he gave of their dress, viz. that they had cross leading strings to their gowns! whereas he should have said *hanging sleeves*, which were much in vogue about half a century ago!

An authentic Account *of the last Moments of* Voltaire.

DOCTOR *Tronchin* (having been sent for) found him in the greatest agonies, exclaiming with the uttmost horror, I am abandoned by God and man! The Rector of the parish had just quitted the room. (*omni reinfacta,*) On a sudden, before he could be prevented, he seized what was in the cham-

ber pot, and ate it. This Dr. *T.* related afterwards to all his acquaintance: and added, that he wished all who had imbibed the irreligious tenets of this unhappy man, could have been present at his last scene, as it must have been productive of the best effects. Several of the Coryphæi of the sect endeavoured to prevail with the doctor to suppress or soften what he saw and heard, but in vain. As long as he lived, he uniformly persisted in giving the same account.

Two persons had undertaken to print a most elegant edition of *Voltaire's* works; but all the French bishops having represented to the king, the dangerous consequences with which they would be attended to the cause of religion, he ordered them to be suppressed.

A Gentleman, then in France, adds, when Dr. *Tronchin* first came to Monsieur *Voltaire,* he said, "Doctor, I will give you half of what I am worth, if you can give me six months' life." The Doctor answered, "Sir, you cannot live six weeks." He replied, "Then I shall go to hell, and you will go with me."

And this is the Hero of modern Infidels! This is the man, whose works are published here, for the honor of *England.*

CONSCIENCE.

(Concluded from page 276.)

BUT being awake and finding it was but a dream, and that the murdered person did not really appear to him, as he called it, haunt him, he was easy as to that part; but being in a high fever, and believing he should die, conscience began to stare at him, and to talk to him; he resisted a long time, but death approaching, he grew very pensive, though,

as he said, still more afraid of dying, than penitent for his crime.

After he recovered he grew easy, and began to forget the affair; came over to Europe again, and being at Roan in Normandy, he dreamed he saw the murdered man again, and that he looked frightful and terrible, and with a threatening aspect: and this drew him into a kind of melancholy, which increased exceedingly, the spectre, as he called it, coming to him every night.

But this was not all; for now as he dreamed of it all night, so he thought of it all day; he was before his eyes continually, his imagination formed figures to him, now of this kind, then of that, always relating to the murdered man; so that in short he could think of nothing else: and it seemed as if the murdered man was never out of his sight.

He was so reduced by the constant agitation of his soul, that he was in a very weak condition, and in a deep consumption; but in the midst of these tumults of his soul, he had a strong impression upon his mind, that he could never die in peace, nor go to heaven, if he did not go over to England, and either get pardon, or if he could not obtain a pardon, then he would surrender himself into the hands of justice, and satisfy the law with his life, which was the debt he owed to the blood of the man he killed, and could no other way be expiated.

He withstood this as a wild distracting thing, and the fruit of his disturbed mind: What, said he to himself, should I go to England for? to go there is to *go and die;* and these words *go and die;* ran daily upon his mind: but though they came first into his thoughts, as an answer to his other distractions, yet they returned upon him soon after, and he dreamed that the murdered man said to him, *go and die;* and repeating it, said, *go to England and die;* and this followed him night and day, asleep and awake, so that he had always in his ears, *go to England and die.*

In short, he was so continually terrified by the reproaches of his conscience, and the voice which he thought followed him, that he answered it once in his sleep thus: well, if it must be so, let me alone, I will *go and die.*

It was some time, however, before he did; but at last, unable to support the torture of his mind; he resolved to come over to England, and did so; he landed at Gravesend, and there took passage in the tilt-boat for London.

When he arrived at London, intending to land at Westminster, he took a wherry at Billingsgate to carry him through the bridge. It happened that lighters loaded with coals ran foul of the boat he was in, and of one another, over against Queen Hithe; the watermen were so hard put to it, that they had much ado to avoid being crushed between the lighters, so that they were obliged to get into one of the lighters, and let the boat sink.

This occasioned him, contrary to his design, to go on shore a little to the eastward of Queen Hithe; from thence he walked up on foot towards Cheapside, intending to take a coach for Westminster.

As he passed a street which crossed out of Bread Street into Bow-lane, being almost night, and he not well knowing the streets, having been absent eighteen years, he heard somebody cry, Stop him! stop him? It seems a thief had broke into a house in some place as he passed by, and was discovered, and ran for it, and the people after him, crying Stop him, stop him!

It presently occurred to him, that being so near the place where the murder was committed, and where he had lived, he thought that somebody knew him, and that it was he they were crying after; upon which he began to run with all his might.

Had the people cried stop thief, he had taken no notice of it, knowing, as he said, that he had stolen nothing: but the crowd crying, stop him, stop him,

it was as likely to be him as not; and his own guilt concurring, he ran as above.

As he ran with all his might, it was a considerable time before the people overtook him: but just at the corner of Soaper Lane, near about where now stands the Rummer Tavern, his foot slipt, and his breath failed him, so he fell down.

The people not knowing who he was, had lost their thief, and pursued him; when they came up to him, they found him not the right person, and would have left him; but his own guilty conscience, which at first set him a running, and which alone was his real pursuer, continued to follow him close, and which at last had thrown him down too, so increased his fright, that believing they all knew him, he cried out, it is very true, I am the man. It was I did it.

It seems, when he first fell, some people in a house opposite, came to the door upon hearing the noise, and said one to another. There he is, that's he, they have catched him; and it was upon that saying that he answered, it is very true, I am the man, and I did it; for still he imagined they knew him to be the murderer, that killed the man so long ago; whereas there was nobody there that had any knowledge of the matter, and the very memory of the thing was almost forgot in the place, having been done eighteen years before.

However when they heard him cry, I am the man, and I did it, one of the people that came about him said, what did you do? why, I killed him, says he, I killed Mr.————, and then repeated his name: but nobody remembered the name.

Why you are mad, says one of the people; and then added another, the man's a distracted, disordered man. They pursued a little shop-lifting thief, and here they have frighted a poor gentleman, that they own is not the person, but is an unhappy disordered man, and imagines they pursue him.

But are you sure he is not the man? Sure, says

another, why they tell you so themselves. Besides, the man's distracted.

Distracted says a third, how do you know that?

Nay, says the other, he must be distracted, or in drink, don't you hear how he talks. I did it, I killed him, and I don't know what. Why, here is nobody killed, is there? I tell you the poor man is crazed. Thus they talked awhile, and some ran forwards towards Cheapside to look for the real thief, and were about to let him go, when one grave citizen, wiser than the rest, cried, nay, hold, let us inquire a little farther, though he is not the thief they look for, there may be something in it; let us go before the Lord Mayor with him: and so they did. I think the Lord Mayor then in being was Sir William Turner.

When he came before the Lord Mayor, he confessed the fact, and was afterwards executed for it; I had the substance of this relation from an ear witness of the things, so that I can freely say that I give entire credit to it.

It was remarkable also, that the place where this man fell down when he ran, believing he was pursued and known, though at first he really was not, was just against the very door of the house where the person lived that he had murdered.

An Extraordinary Cure.

BISHOP HALL, speaking of the good offices which angels do to God's servants, says, Of this kind was that marvellous cure, which was wrought upon a poor cripple, at St. Maderns, in Cornwall: whereof besides the attestation of many hundreds of neighbours, I took a strict examination in my last visitation.

This man, for sixteen years together, was obliged to walk upon his hands, by reason the sinews of his legs were so contracted.

Upon an admonition in his dream, to wash in a certain well, he was suddenly restored to his limbs, that I saw him able to walk and get his own maintenance.——The name of this cripple was John Trebble.

(And, were "many hundreds of the neighbours," together with Bishop Hall, deceived in so notorious a matter of fact; or did they all join together to palm such a falsehood on the world? O incredulity! what ridiculous shifts art thou driven to! what absurdities wilt thou not believe, rather than own any extraordinary work of God!)

Murder *prevented by a Three-fold* Dream.

MONDAY, April 2, 1781, I was informed by a person, in an eminent station, of a very uncommon incident.

He had occasion to correct, with a few stripes, a lad that lived with him at Rochester, which he resented so as to leave his place. But some time after he seemed to repent, humbled himself, and was received again.—He now behaved in a most becoming manner, and was doubly diligent in his service.

But his mistress dreamed one night, that this lad was going to cut her throat. And she had a twin sister, between whom and her there is so strange a sympathy, that if either of them is ill, or particularly affected at any time, the other is so likewise This sister wrote to her, from another part of the kingdom, that she had dreamed the very same thing. She carried this letter to her father, a gentleman that lives not far off, and was surprised to hear, that he likewise on the same night had a dream to the same effect.

The lad had been observed to come up about noon, into his lady's apartment, with a case knife in his hand; and being asked, why he did so? he said

he was going into the adjoining room, to scrape the dirt off from his master's embroidered clothes.

His master now took the lad aside, and examined him strictly. After denying it for a considerable time, it was at length extorted from him, "That he had always remembered, with indignation, his master's severity to him. And that he had fully resolved to be revenged: but in what particular manner he would not confess." On this he was totally dismissed without delay.

Extract *from a* Sermon *entitled* "The Good Steward."

WE have this trust reposed in us, only during the short, uncertain space that we sojourn here below: only so long as we remain on earth, as this fleeting breath is in our nostrils. The hour is swiftly approaching, it is just at hand, when we "can "be no longer stewards." The moment the body "returns to the dust as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it," we bear that character no more; the time of our stewardship is at an end. Part of those goods wherewith we were before intrusted, are now come to an end; at least they are so with regard to us; nor are we any longer intrusted with them; and that part which remains, can no longer be employed or improved as it was before.

Part of what we were intrusted with before, is at an end, at least with regard to us. What have we to do, after this life, with food and raiment, and houses, and earthly possessions? The food of the dead is the dust of the earth; they are clothed only with worms and rottenness. They dwell in the house prepared for all flesh; their lands know them no more. All their worldly goods are delivered into other hands, and they have no more portion under the sun.

The case is the same with regard to the body. The

moment the spirit returns to God, we are no longer stewards of this machine, which is then sown in corruption and dishonor. All the parts and members of which it was composed, lie mouldering in the clay. The hands have no longer power to move; the feet have forgot their office; the flesh, the sinews, the bones, are all hasting to be dissolved into common dust.

Here end also the talents of a mixt nature, our strength, our health, our beauty; our eloquence, and address; our faculty of pleasing, of persuading, or convincing others. Here end likewise all the honors we once enjoyed, all the power which was lodged in our hands, all the influence which we once had over others, either by the love or the esteem which they bore us. Our love, our hatred, our desire is perished; none regard how we were once affected toward them. They look upon the dead as neither able to help or hurt them; so that "a living dog is better than a dead lion."

Perhaps a doubt may remain concerning some of the other talents wherewith we are now intrusted, whether they will cease to exist when the body returns to dust, or only cease to be immoveable. Indeed there is no doubt but the kind of speech which we now use, by means of these bodily organs will then be entirely at an end, when those organs are destroyed. It is certain the tongue will no more occasion any vibrations in the air; neither will the ear convey these tremulous motions to the common sensory. Even the *sonus exilus,* the low, shrill voice, which the poet supposes to belong to a separate spirit, we cannot allow to have a real being; it is a mere flight of imagination. Indeed it cannot be questioned, but separate spirits have some way to communicate their sentiments to each other; but what inhabitant of flesh and blood can explain that way? What we term speech they cannot have. So that we can no longer be stew-

ards of his talents, when we are numbered with the dead.

It may likewise admit of a doubt, whether our *senses* will exist, when the organs of sense are destroyed. Is it not probable that those of the lower kind will cease? the feeling, the smell, the taste, as they have a more immediate reference to the body, and are chiefly, if not wholly, intended for the preservation of it? But will not some kind of sight remain, although the eye be closed in death? And will there not be something in the soul, equivalent to the present sense of hearing? Nay, is it not probable that these will not only exist in the separate state, but exist in a far greater degree, in a more eminent manner than now? When the soul, disentangled from its clay, is no longer.

"A dying spark in a cloudy place:
When it no longer
"Looks through the windows of the eye and ear."

But rather is all eye, all ear, all sense, in a manner we cannot yet conceive. And have yet not a clear proof of the possibility of this, of seeing without the use of the eye, and hearing without the use of the ear? Yea, an earnest of it continually? For does not the soul see, in the clearest manner, when the eye is of no use, namely, in dreams? Does she not then enjoy the faculty of hearing, without any help from the ear? But however this be, certain it is, that neither will our *senses* any more than our *speech,* be intrusted to us in the manner they are now, when the body lies in the silent grave.

How far the knowledge of learning which we have gained by education will then remain, we cannot tell. Solomon indeed says, "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." But it is evident, these words cannot be understood in an absolute sense. For it is so far from being true, that there is no knowledge after we have quitted the body, that the doubt lies on the other side, whether there be any thing as

real knowledge till then? Whether it be not a plain, sober truth, not a mere poetical fiction.

That "all these shadows which for things we take,
Are but the empty dreams, which in death's sleep
we make?"

Only excepting those things which God himself has been pleased to reveal to man. I will speak for one: after having sought for truth with some diligence for half a century, I am at this day hardly sure of any thing, but what I learn from the Bible. Nay, I positively affirm, I know nothing else so certainly, that I would dare to stake my salvation upon it.

So much however we may learn from Solomon's words, "that there is no such knowledge or wisdom in the grave," as will be of any use to an unhappy spirit; there is no device there whereby he can improve those talents, with which he was once intrusted. For time is no more: the time of our trial for everlasting happiness or misery is past. Our day, the day of man, is over; the day of salvation is ended. Nothing now remains but the day of the Lord, ushering in, wide, unchangeable eternity.

But still our souls, being incorruptible, and immortal, of a nature little lower than the angels, (even if we are to understand that phrase of our original nature, which may well admit of a doubt,) when our bodies are mouldered into earth, will remain with all their faculties. Our memory, our understanding, will be so far from being destroyed, yea, or impaired by the dissolution of the body, that, on the contrary, we have reason to believe, they will be inconceivably strengthened. Have we not the clearest reason to believe, that they will then be wholly freed from those defects, which now naturally result from the union of the soul with the corruptible body? It is highly probable, that from the time these are disunited, our memory will let nothing slip: yea, that it will faithfully exhibit every thing to our view, which was ever committed to it. It is true, that the invisible world

is in scripture termed the land of forgetfulness: or as it is still more strongly expressed in the old translation, "the land where all things are forgotten." They are forgotten; but by whom? Not by the inhabitants of that land, but by the inhabitants of the earth. It is with regard to them that the unseen world is that land of forgetfulness. All things therein are too frequently forgotten by these; but not by disembodied spirits. From the time they have put off the earthly tabernacle, we can hardly think they forget any thing.

In like manner, the understanding will doubtless be freed from the defects that are now inseparable from it. For many ages it has been an unquestioned maxim. *Humanum est errare & nescire:* ignorance and mistake are inseparable from human nature. But the whole of this assertion is only true, with regard to living men, and holds no longer, than while the corruptible body presses down the soul. Ignorance indeed belongs to every finite understanding, seeing there is none beside God that knoweth all things: but not mistake. When the body is laid aside, this also is laid aside for ever.

As the soul will retain its understanding and memory, notwithstanding the dissolution of the body, so undoubtedly the will, including the affections, will remain in its full vigor. If our love or anger, our hope or desire perish, it is only with regard to those whom we leave behind. To them it matters not, whether they were the objects of our love or hate, of our desire or aversion. But in separate spirits themselves, we have no reason to believe, that any of these are extinguished. It is more probable, that they work with far greater force than while the soul was clogged with flesh and blood.

But although all these, although both our knowledge and senses, our memory and understanding, together with our will, our love, hate, and all our affections, remain after the body is dropt off, yet in

this respect they are as though they were not, we are no longer stewards of them. The things continue, but our stewardship does not; we no more act in that capacity. Even the grace which was formally intrusted with us in order to enable us to be faithful and wise stewards, is now no longer intrusted for that purpose. The days of our stewardship are ended.

A Night-Piece *on* Death.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolman and the sages o'er.
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way,
I'll seek a readier path and go,
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dies the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride,
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides the doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancloly state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate.
And think, as softly—sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, they life possest,

And time shall be that thou shalt rest.
Those graves with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thoughts disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones, that bear a name
The chissel's slender help to frame,
Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away.
A middle race of mortals own
Men half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs, that rise on high
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, epitaphs, and bones,
(These all the poor remains of state)
Adorn the *rich,* or praise the *great.*

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cinthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils her shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapped with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crouds,
And all with sober accents cry,
Think mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
Ye ravens cease your croaking din.
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound,
O'er the long lake and midnight ground,
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.
When man my scythe and darts supply,
How great a *King of fears* am I!
They view me like the last of things:
They make, and then they dread, my stings.
Fools! if you less provoked your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears,

Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God;
A port of calms, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the' scutcheons of the dead!

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe:
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
When e'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun.
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body placed,
A few, and evil years they waste;
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the bright scene unfolding wide.
Clap their glad wings, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

(*Concluded from page* 308.)

Supernatural Impressions.

CAPTAIN HARRIS was taken prisoner in the last war, and carried to Dunkirk. During his imprisonment he was observed to be much depressed in mind, and, in general, very pensive and thoughtful. And when an order came from the French Government to remove the prisoners to Versailles, (a distance of more than 200 miles up the country,) his anxiety, and perplexity seemed to be much increased. Being of a very reserved disposition, he

kept his troubles to himself. They therefore preyed incessantly upon his spirits. But a morning or two before they marched to Versailles, a Frenchman came into the prison, and made the following remarkable declaration. "There is some person in this prison in great distress of mind for want of money. Who it is I know not; but the moment I see him I shall know him.—for his person and circumstances were so impressed on my mind in a dream last night, that I cannot be mistaken!" The moment the Frenchman saw Captain H. he said, "That's the man!" He immediately asked him if he was not distressed for money; and before he could receive an answer, he offered to lend him 40l. Capt. H. was struck with wonder and amazement, that a stranger, and an enemy, should in a strange land, make such an offer to a man in his circumstances. He then informed him that he had been very unsuccessful, and had encountered many difficulties in his last voyage: that he had been taken with his ship and cargo, and had lain in that prison for some time: that he had expected remittances from England, but had been disappointed: that he understood the prisoners were to be removed to Versailles; that all his money was expended except four-pence, and that he had expected to die on the road for want. The Frenchman then pressed him hard to take 40l. but he would only accept three guineas, supposing that some would supply his wants till he received remittances from England. Captain H. had feared the Lord from the time he was seven years of age, but nevertheless was now in distress. After the Lord had tried him, however, (and he trieth all the righteous,) he thus arose for help, and impressed the mind of a stranger and an enemy, perhaps a French Deist, and that at the very moment, to have compassion on him, when his soul was fainting within him. Captain H. since then has been very successful, and is now in opulent circumstances.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A remarkable DREAM *of* DR. DODDRIDGE, *preserved by the Rev.* SAMUEL CLARKE, *son of the late* DR. CLARKE, *of St.* ALBAN'S. MR. CLARKE *relates the Narrative in the following manner:*

THE doctor and my father had been conversing together one evening on the nature of the separate state, and the probability that the scenes in which the soul would enter, upon its leaving the body, would bear some resemblance to those with which it had been conversant while on earth, that it might by degrees be prepared for the more sublime happiness of the heavenly world. This, and other conversation, probably gave rise to the following dream.

The doctor imagined himself dangerously ill at a friend's house in London; and after lying in this state for some time, he thought his soul left the body, and took its flight in some kind of fine vehicle (which though very different from the body it had just quitted) was still material. He pursued his course till he was at some distance from the city, when turning back, and reviewing the town, he could not forbear saying to himself, "How trifling, and how vain do these affairs, which the inhabitants of this place are so eagerly employed, appear to me, a separate spirit." At length, as he was continuing his progress, and though without any certain director, yet easy and happy in the thoughts of the universal Providence and government of God, which extends alike to all states and worlds; he was met by one who told him he was sent to conduct him to the place appointed for his abode, from hence he concluded that it could be no other than an angel, though (as I remember) he appeared under the form of an elderly man. They went accordingly together till they came in sight of a spacious building, which had the air of a palace; upon inquiring what it was, his guide told him it was the place assigned for his residence at present, upon which the Doctor observed, that he re-

membered to have read while on earth. That eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, what God had laid up for his servants; whereas he could easily have conceived an idea of such a building as this, from others he had seen, though, he acknowledged they were greatly inferior to this in elegance. The answer his guide made him was plainly suggested by the conversation of the evening before; it was, that the scene first presented was contrived on purpose, to bear a near resemblance of those he had been accustomed to on earth, that his mind might be more easily and gradually prepared for those glories that would open upon him in eternity; and which would at first have quite dazzled and overpowered him.

By this time they were come up to the palace, and his guide led him through a kind of saloon into the inner parlour. The first remarkable thing he saw, was a golden cup, that stood upon the table, on which was embossed a figure of a vine and a cluster of grapes. He asked his guide the meaning of this, who told him, it was the cup in which the Saviour drank new wine with his disciples in his kingdom, and that the figures carved on it were intended to signify the union between Christ and his people: implying that the grapes derive all their beauty and flavor from the vine, so the saints, even in a state of glory, were indebted for their establishment and happiness, to their union with their head, in whom they were all complete: while they were thus conversing, he heard a tap at the door, and was informed by the angel, that it was the signal of his Lord's approach, and was intended to prepare him for the interview. Accordingly, in a short time, he thought, our Saviour entered the room, and upon his casting himself at his feet, he graciously raised him up, and with a look of inexpressible complacency, assured him of his favor, and his kind acceptance of his faithful services; and as a token of his peculiar re-

gard, and the intimate friendship he intended to honor him with, he took the cup, and after drinking of it himself, gave it into his hands. The Doctor would have declined it at first, as too great an honor, but his Lord replied, as to Peter in relation to washing his feet, if thou drink not with me thou hast no part in me. This scene he observed, filled him with such a transport of gratitude, love, and admiration, that he was ready to sink under it. His Master seemed sensible of it, and told him, he must leave him for the present, but it would not be long before he repeated his visit: and in the mean time he would find enough to employ his thoughts, in reflecting on what had passed, and contemplating the objects around him. As soon as his Lord had retired, and his mind was a little composed, he observed the room was hung round with pictures, and upon examining them more attentively, he discovered, to his great surprise, that they contained the history of his own life. The most remarkable scenes he had passed through, being there represented in a most lively manner. It may easily be imagined how much this would affect his mind; the many temptations and trials he had been exposed to, and the signal instances of the divine goodness towards him in the different periods of his life, which by this means were all presented at once to his view, excited the strongest emotion of gratitude, especially when he reflected that he was now out of the reach of any future distress; and that all the purposes of divine love and mercy towards him were happily accomplished. The ecstacy of joy and thankfulness, into which these reflections threw him, was so great that it awoke him out of his sleep. But for some considerable time after he arose, the impressions continued so lively, that tears of joy flowed down his cheeks; and he said, that he never on any occasion, temembered to have felt sentiments of devotion, love, and gratitude, equally strong.

A Prophetic Dream.

MAURITIUS the Emperor dreamed that himself and his whole stock were killed by one *Phocas*. He told his dream to *Philippicus*, his son-in-law. Enquiry being made if any could be found in his numerous army of that name; there was but one, and he a notary. He therefore supposed himself secure enough from one of so mean a fortune. Soon after there was a mutiny in the army, upon the detention of their pay; and in the tumult *Phocas* was saluted Emperor: the army returned towards *Constantinople*, *Mauritius* fled to *Chalcedon*, where both he and his whole progeny, by the commandment of *Phocas*, were put to death.

Presages *of* Death.

THE Duke of Buckingham being to take his leave of his Grace of Canterbury, "my Lord, says the Duke, I know your Lordship has great influence over the King our Sovereign. Let me pray you to put his Majesty in mind to be good to my poor wife and children." At which words his Grace being troubled, he took the liberty to ask him, if he had any secret foreboding in his mind? No, replied the Duke; but I think some adventure may kill me, as well as another man.

The very day before he was slain, feeling some indisposition of body, the King was pleased to honor him with a visit. The Duke, at his Majesty's departure, embraced him in a very unusual and passionate manner, and likewise his friend the earl of Holland, as if he had known he should see them no more.

On the day of his death, the Countess of Denbigh (his sister) received a letter from him: who, while

she was writing her answer, bedewed the paper with her tears; and after a bitter passion of sorrow, (whereof she could yield no reason) fell down in a swoon. Her letter ended thus: "I will pray for your happy return, which I look at with a great cloud over my head, too heavy for my poor heart to bear without torment; but I hope the great God of heaven will bless you!"

The day following, the Bishop of Ely, came to visit her; but hearing she was at rest, waited till she awoke, which she did in a great fright; for she had dreamt that her brother passed through a field with her in the coach, where hearing a sudden shout, and asking the reason, it was answered, that the Duke of Buckingham was sick: which she had scarce related to her gentlewoman, before the Bishop entered into her bedchamber with an account of his death.

A Story *taken from* Josephus.

GLAPHYRA, the daughter of king Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands, (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for his marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her thus: "Glaphyra, thou hast made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was I not the husband of thy virginity? Have not I children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and a third; nay, to take for thy husband a man who has so shamefully crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make

thee mine for ever." Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after.

I thought this story might not be impertinent, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of Divine providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue.

Warning *given in vain.*

ADVERTISEMENTS were come from all parts to *Henry* of *Lorrain*, duke of *Guise*, (in the reign of *Henry* the third of *France*) that a bloody catastrophe would dissolve that assembly he had then occasioned of the estates. It was generally noised that the execution should be on St. *Thomas'* day. The duke himself sitting down to dinner, found a scroll under his napkin, advertising him of a secret ambush: but he wrote underneath, "they dare not," and threw it under the table. Upon December 23d, 1588, the king assembles his council, having before prepared seven of his gentlemen that were near his person to execute his will. The duke of *Guise* came; but in the council felt a great fainting of his heart. Soon after the king called him into his cabinet, being one of the secretaries of state, as it were to confer with him about some secret of importance. The duke left the council to pass into the cabinet, and as he lifted up the tapestry with one hand, they charged him with swords and daggers, and so he was slain.

The SOUL'S *Farewel to* EARTH, *and approaches to* HEAVEN.

FAREWEL, thou restless world whose unsound joy,
False hopes, and vain pursuits, man's life destroy;
Poison in golden cups thou gav'st to me,
But I no longer have to do with thee.

My soul uplifted on celestial wing,
Hears Heaven's high vaults with Hallelujah ring.
To worlds of blessedness I bend my flight,
And tread th' immortal regions of delight:
'Spite of the cumb'rous clay my thoughts arise,
And wing'd with rapture, gain the ample skies;
Thence, on this earth's inferior surface scan
The specious pleasures of deluded man.
The glitt'ring gems of time and sense disdain,
And all the tribe of mortal cares as vain.

Look down, my soul, upon thy prison scene,
That globe of wretchedness, where thou hast been;
A pilgrim, toiling o'er the rugged way,
While sin and sorrow marked the tedious day;
Where the proud worlding bears despotic power,
And satan's empire his gay sons adore;
Where dark-ey'd Superstition madly reigns,
And grov'lling Ignorance the soul enchains.

How blest am I, whom contemplation bears
Above this veil of complicated cares,
Ascend, my soul, uncheck'd thy ready wings,
Stoop not to mingle with created things;
The smiling or the frowning world survey
With calm indifference—scene of children's play;
Where all is tinsel, and a transient show,
And nothing lasts but vanity and woe.

Still onward haste, my soul, till towering high
Above this sphere of dull mortality.

Earth's baneful pleasures at the best may seem
"The baseless fabric" of some idle dream.

Extracts *from the* Life *of Mr.* Morris *of Manchester.*

BEING one day by myself, near the garden, and engaged in meditation and prayer, I observed a beautiful white bird, about the size of a pigeon, soaring towards the skies. I said to myself, "O that I could fly to heaven, as that bird mounts the air!" I had scarce spoken these words, when the clouds divided, and inclosed the bird in an instant, so that I could see it no more. This made such an impression upon my mind; that I dropped down and praised the Lord. I afterwards pondered the thing in my mind, not caring to mention it to any one.

One of my intimate companions was a young gentleman of agreeable manners, and I was excessively fond of him. We were attached to the exercise of dancing, and had spent Easter Tuesday in that employment, with our acquaintance, at a public house, with much mirth and jollity. The Saturday evening after I dreamed, that the young gentleman came into my room, and with a ghastly countenance, thus addressed me: "John Morris, I am come to warn you that if you do not repent and amend your ways, you will die in a short time, and share the same fate of misery and distress into which I am now involved." This alarmed me in such a manner, that although asleep, I arose up in my bed, and said, in the name of the Lord who are you? Are you such a one? mentioning his name. He replied, "I am." Are you dead? He answered, "I am." When did you die, and of what disease? He answered, "early this night." Then relating the particulars of his disorder, informing me that he first felt it in his ham, and that it reached his heart in twenty-

four hours. He farther declared, that his soul arose out of the body, as one awakened from sleep: that two evil companions were ready to receive him, the one on the right hand, and the other on the left. He would gladly have returned again to his body, but it would not receive him. He was then conducted to the bar of the Almighty Judge, who pronounced the Sentence: "*depart from me ye cursed!*" This dream made so deep an impression upon my mind, that next morning I went to the young man's house, to inquire after him; when to my greatest astonishment and terror, the family related the particulars of his disorder and death, which exactly coincided with all the circumstances of the dream.

I found it exceeding difficult to be entirely divested of all attachments to the church of Rome; and was painfully anxious to be certified whether the doctrines preached by the Methodists were agreeable to the Oracles of God! In this dilemma, I placed all my dependance upon the Almighty, and importuned him in the most earnest manner I was capable, that he would direct me in the way of truth and salvation. In the ignorance and simplicity of my heart, I even presumed to solicit, that he would stoop so low to his poor, distrusted, sinful creature, as to send an angel to remove my doubts and perplexities. The Lord saw my distress and ignorance, and condescended to regard my sincerity. I saw in a dream, a holy angel, clothed in shining raiment, surrounded with a blaze of light descend into my room: his hair seemed like sparkling gold, and his countenance was inexpresssibly beautiful and glorious. He approached me, and said, "John Morris, I am sent from God to tell thee, that the people among whom he hath lately led thee, are many of them in reality his people, and that the doctrine which they teach are the doctrines of the gospel. For the truth of what I say I have in my hand a book which contains the mind and will of God. He then, to my ap-

prehension, put a book upon my breast, saying, search this book and it will show thee the right way to salvation.'' And then added, "Your petitition was, that God would send an angel to resolve the doubts upon your mind; but as you had not sufficient strength to bear a sight so glorious, otherwise than while asleep, the Almighty hath, in tender mercy, granted your request in sending me to visit you in a dream; for a proof of which I give you a token, that when you awake you may be satisfied that the Methodists are God's people; whom I charge you to join, and never to leave while they continue to preach the truth." The token which the angel gave of his visitation, was by pressing the tip of his finger thrice upon my naked breast, which caused exquisite pain, and incessantly awoke me. Immediately I felt in my bosom and found the book, which was the Old and New Testament bound up for the pocket, and which belonged to the room where I lay. The young man who slept with me was equally astonished with myself, because we were both certain that the book lay upon a box at some distance from the bed when we retired to rest. The pain in my breast continued only two or three days, but the mark remained visible some months: when I afterwards showed it to the person who brought me among the Methodists, and related all the circumstances, he was so astonished at the sight, that he almost fainted.

As soon as the day dawned I was anxious so examine my book, and was much surprised when I found it was the Bible, and more especially, as it is a thing uncommon for Catholics to read the scriptures. I now embraced every opportunity of perusing this sacred treasury, in which I found my own present state described, and the way of salvation pointed out. I likewise immediately joined the Methodists, and trust I shall live and die among them. This step, however brought upon me a torrent of

persecution from all quarters, particularly from my relations, my fellow servants, and from the mob that infested the Methodist meeting.

John Morris lived and died a Methodist. His last words were, "Christ is all!" And immediately breathed out his soul into the hands of his gracious Redeemer, on November 8, 1793, in the 60th year of his age.

Mr. Boardman's *remarkable Deliverance.*

Northampton, Sept. 7, 1793.

THE late Mr. Richard Boardman, being at my house one evening, related the following providential deliverance, which through the mercy of God, he experienced when travelling in Wales, many years ago. Owen Davis.

"I preached one evening at Mould, in Flintshire, and next morning set out for Park Gate. After riding some miles, I asked a man, if I was on my road to that place. He answered "Yes, but you will have some sands to go over; and unless you ride very fast you will be in danger of being inclosed by the tide." It then began to snow in such a degree, that I could scarce see a step of the way; and my mare being with foal, prevented me from riding so fast, as I otherwise should have done. I got to the sands, and pursued my journey over them for some time; but the tide then came in, and surrounded me on every side, so that I could neither proceed nor turn back; and to ascend the perpendicular cliffs was impossible. In this situation, I commended my soul to God; not having the least expectation of escaping death. In a little time I perceived two men running down a hill, on the other side of the water, and by some means they got a boat, and came to my relief, just as the sea had reached my knees, as I sat upon the mare. They took me

into the boat, the mare swimming by our side, till we reached land. While we were in the boat one of the men cried out, "surely, sir, God is with you!" I answered, "I trust he is." The man replied, "I know he is; and then related the following circumstance: "Last night I dreamed, that I must go to the top of such a hill. When I awoke, the dream made so deep an impression upon me, that I could not rest. I went and called upon this my friend, and desired him to accompany me. When we came to the place, we saw nothing more than usual. However I begged him to go with me to another hill, at a small distance, and then we saw your distressing situation." When we got ashore, I went with my two friends to a public-house not far from the place where we landed, and as we were relating this wonderful providence, the landlady said "This day month, we saw a gentleman just in your situation: but before we could hasten to his relief, he plunged into the sea, supposing, as we conjectured, that his horse would swim with him to the shore; but they both sunk, and were drowned together."

I gave my deliverers all the money I had, which I think, was eighteen-pence: and tarried all night at the public-house. Next morning I was not a little embarrassed how to pay my reckoning. I therefore apologized to the landlord for the want of cash, and begged he would keep a pair of silver spurs till I should send to redeem them. But he answered, the Lord bless you, Sir; I would not take a farthing of you for the world." After some serious conversation with the friendly people of the house, I bid them farewel; and recommenced my journey, rejoicing in the Lord, and praising him for his great salvation."

An Account of the LIFE. AFFLICTION, TERRORS, *and awful* DEATH, *of a remarkable* APOSTATE.

WILLIAM P————, came to Bolton soon after his first marriage, where he continued to the time of his death. He was a man of a lively imagination, strong passions, very fond of argument, but could not bear contradiction. The steady conduct and upright behaviour of one of his neighbours, a Methodist had a great effect upon him, and he began to think there was something in religion more than he had yet known, he therefore resolved to hear preaching for himself; when it pleased the Lord to awaken him to a sense of his sin, and bring him to true repentance. His repentance was genuine, being accompanied by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, which brought peace and joy into his soul. His wife soon perceived that he was become a new man, which induced her to go with him to the Methodist chapel, and the word was made the power of God to her salvation. She enjoyed much of the comfort of religion, and adorned her profession till she was removed to Paradise. In her affliction and death she was gloriously triumphant, and in the full assurance of faith and hope, she yielded up her soul into the hands of her Saviour.

Some time after her death, William married a second wife, and appeared upright in his conduct, though not so zealous in the pursuit of holiness as formerly. The first step which led him into sin, was associating with some apostate Methodists, who ridiculed the eternity of hell torments, and believed, or at least pretended to believe, in the redemption of devils. William soon became an admirer of this novel scheme, and was frequently drawn by his new companions to the public house, where they had many opportunities of talking over the various parts of their creed. William soon became a common drunkard. One time when drinking in company, a tippler upbraided him with being a Methodist: to

which he answered: "I am not a Methodist now: it would be better for me, were that the case, for while I was a Methodist I was as happy as an angel, but now I am as miserable as a devil."

He was now fully prepared to follow Tom Paine in his political career; and politics became his favorite study. He was even so zealous as frequently to fight with those who opposed his principles, and would have made any sacrifice, to make proselytes to his political system. but he did not stop here; he waded forward in error and wickedness, till he plunged into the whirlpool of infidelity. He even dared to depreciate the glorious Redeemer, whom he had formerly called his Lord and Saviour! It was in this state that affliction found him; which proved to be unto death.

April 17, 1797, I was desired to visit William P. For some months he had been afflicted with a consumptive complaint. At the same time the state of his mind was deplorably wretched. When I first saw him, he said, "Last night, I believe, I have been in hell, and have felt the horrors and torments of the damned! But God hath brought me back again, and given me a little longer respite. My mind is also alleviated a little. The gloom of guilty terror does not sit so heavy upon me as it did: and I have something like a faint hope, that after all I have done, God may yet save me." After exhorting him to repentance and confidence in the Almighty Saviour I prayed with him and left him.

In the evening he sent for me again: I found him in the utmost distress, overwhelmed with bitter anguish and despair. I endeavoured to encourage him, and mentioned the hope which he had spoken of in the morning. He answered, "I believe it was merely nature;—that, finding a degree of freedom from the horrors which I had felt in the night, I was a little lifted up on that account." I spoke to him

of the infinite merit of the great Redeemer: of his sufficiency, willingness, and promises to save the chief of sinners, who penitentially return to him. I mentioned several cases in which God had saved the greatest sinners: but he answered, "no case of any that have been saved, is comparable to mine. I have no contrition: I cannot repent;—God will damn me!—I know my day of grace is past—God has said of such as are in my case, *I will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh!*" I asked, "have you ever known any thing of the mercy and love of God?" "Oh yes; said he; many years ago I truly repented and sought the Lord. At one time, in particular, in my distress and penitential sorrow, I cried to the Lord with all my heart; and he heard me, and delivered me from all trouble, and filled me with peace and heavenly consolation. This happiness continued for some time. I was then truly devoted to God. But in the end I began to keep company which was hurtful to me; and also gave way to unprofitable conversation, till I lost all the comfortable sense of God, and the things of God. Thus I fell from one thing to another, till I plunged into open wickedness. Indeed, he several times complained to me, that the company he associated with, had been of irreparable injury to him. I prayed with him, and had great hopes of his salvation: he appeared much affected; and begged I would represent his case in our society, and pray for him. I did according to his desire that night in the congregation; the people were much affected at the account, and many hearty petitions were put up for him.

Being obliged to go into the country, a few days, Mr. Barrowclough, my fellow laborer, visited him in my absence, and gave me the following account.

"April 18. I went to see W. P. He had all the appearance of horror and guilt which a soul feels when under a sense of the wrath of God. As soon as he saw me, he exclaimed,——"You are come to

see one who is damned for ever." I answered, "I hope not. Christ came to save the chief of sinners." He replied, "I have rejected him: I have denied him; therefore he hath cast me off for ever; I know the day of grace is past: gone,—gone,—never more to return!" I entreated him, not to draw hasty conclusions respecting the will of God: and I asked him, if he could pray; or felt a desire that God would give him a broken and contrite heart? He answered, "I cannot pray; my heart his quite hardened; I have no desire to receive any blessing at the hands of God: and then immediately cried out, "O the hell!—the torment!—the fire I feel within me! O eternity!—eternity! To dwell for ever with devils and damned spirits in the burning lake, must be my portion!—And that justly:—yea, very justly."

"I endeavoured to set before him all the all sufficient merits of Christ, and the virtue of his atoning blood, assuring him, that through faith in the Redeemer, he might be forgiven. He fixed his eyes on me and answered, "O that I had hope! O that I had the smallest beam of hope! But I have not; nor can I ever have it again." I requested him to join with me and another friend in prayer. To which he replied, "It is all in vain." However we prayed and had some degree of access to the throne of grace for him. When I was about to come away, he looked at me with inexpressible anguish, and said, "do you remember preaching from these words in Jeremiah, *be instructed, O Jerusalem, lest my soul depart from thee?*" I replied, "that I recollected the time very well;" and asked, did God's Spirit depart from you at that time?" He replied, No, not at that time; for I again felt him strive with me: but, Oh, soon after I grieved;—yea, I quenched him; and now it is all over with me for ever!"

"On Thursday, I found him groaning under the weight of the displeasure of God. His eyes rolled to

and fro: he lifted up his hands, and with vehemence cried out, "Oh the burning flame! the hell! the pain I feel! Rocks, yea, burning mountains, fall upon me! and cover me! Ah, no, they cannot hide me from his presence who fills the universe! I spoke a little of the justice and power of Jehovah, to which he made this pertinent reply, "He is *just*, and is now punishing, and will continue to punish me for my sins. He is powerful, and will make me strong to bear the torments of hell to all eternity!" I answered, "God is just to forgive us, and powerful to rescue us from the dominion of sin and satan. Jesus came to destroy the works of the devil, and I trust he will soon manifest his salvation to you." William replied, "You do not know what I have done. my crimes are not of an ordinary nature. I have done,—done the deed!—the horrible damnable deed;" I wanted him to explain himself: but he sunk down into a stupid sullenness. I prayed with him, and found more freedom than I expected. While I was on my knees he appeared to be in an agony. At length he broke out to the astonishment of all present, "glory be to God, I am out of hell yet!—glory be to God I am out of hell yet!" We immediately cried out, "There is mercy for you." He said, "Do you think so? O that I could feel a desire for it." We intreated him to pray, but he answered, "I cannot pray! God will not have any thing to do with me. O the fire I feel within me!" He then sunk down again into a sullen reservedness. I prayed with him once more: and while I was thus employed, he said, with inexpressible rage, "I will not have salvation at the hands of God! No!—No! I will not ask it of him." After a short pause, he cried out, "Oh how I long to be in the bottomless pit! in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone!" He then lay quiet for some time, and we took our leave of him that day.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The APPEARANCE *of the* GHOST *of Mr.* BRETTON *for the recovery of some lands to the poor; in a narration sent to Dr. Moor, from Edward Fowler, Prebendary of Gloucester, and afterwards Bishop of that diocese. From Dr. Sinclair's Invisible World.*

DR. Bretton, late Rector of Ludgate and Deptford, living formerly in Hertfordshire, was married to the daughter of Dr. S.————.This gentlewoman was a person of extraordinary piety, which she expressed as in her life, so at her death. She had a maid for whom she had a great kindness who was married to a near neighbour, whose name was Alice. Not long after her death, as Alice was rocking her infant in the night, she was called from her cradle by a knocking at the door, which opening, she was surprised at the sight of a gentlewoman, not to be distinguished from her late mistress, neither in person nor habit: she was in a morning-gown, the same to appearance with that she had often seen her mistress wear. At first sight she expressed very great amazement, and said, were not my mistress dead, I should not question but that you were she. She replied, I am the same that was your mistress, and took her by the hand, which Alice declared was as cold as a clod; she added, that she had business of great importance to employ her in, and that she must immediately go a little way with her. Alice trembled, and besought her to excuse her, and entreated her very importunately to go to her master, who must needs be more fit to be employed: the spectre answered, that he who was her husband was not at all concerned, but yet she had a desire rather to make use of him, and in order thereto, had several times been in his chamber, but he was still asleep, nor had she power to do more, than once to uncover his feet, towards the awakening him; and the doctor said he had heard walking in his chamber of a night; which till now

he could not account for. Alice next objected, that her husband was gone a journey, and she had no one to look to her child, and that it was very apt to cry vehemently, and she feared if it awaked before her return, it would cry itself to death, or do itself a mischief; the spectre replied the child should sleep till her return.

Alice seeing there was no avoiding of it, sorely against her will, followed her over a stile into a large field, who then said to her, observe how much this field I measure with my feet; and when she had taken a good large leisurely compass, she said, all this belongs to the poor, it being gotten from them by wrongful means; and charged her to go and tell her brother, whose it was at that time, that he should give it up forthwith, as he loved her and his dear aged mother. This brother was not the person who did this unjust act, but his father; she added that she was the more concerned, because her name was made use of in some writing that related to this land.

Alice asked her how she could satisfy her brother that this was no cheat or delusion of her fancy? She replied, tell him this secret, which he knows that only himself and I am privy to, and he will believe you. Alice having promised to go on this errand, she proceeded to give her good advice, and entertained her all the rest of the night with heavenly and divine discourse. When twilight appeared, they heard the whistling of carters, and noise of horse-bells, whereupon the spectre said, Alice, I must be seen by none but yourself, and then disappeared.

Immediately Alice made all haste home, being thoughtful of her child, but found it as the spectre had said, asleep as she left it. When she had dressed it, and committed it to the care of a neighbour, away she went to her master, the doctor, who, amazed, at the account she gave him, sent her to his brother-in-law. He at first hearing Alice's story and message laughed at it heartily; but she had no sooner told

him the secret but he changed his countenance, told her he would give the poor their own, and accordingly did so, and they now enjoy it.

This, with more circumstances, had been several times related by Dr. Bretton himself, who was well known to be a person of great goodness and sincerity; he gave a large narrative of this apparition of his sister to my two friends, first to one Mr. Needham, and afterwards, a (little before his death) to Dr. Whichcot. About forty years after I received the foregoing narrative, I fell into company with three sober persons of good rank, who all lived in the city of Hereford, and I travelled in a stage-coach three days with them: I related this story, but told it was done at Deptford, for so I presumed it was, because I knew that there Dr. Bretton lived. They told me, as soon as I had concluded it, that the story was very true in the main, but only I was out as to the place, for it was not at Deptford: but as I remember they told me at Pembridge near Hereford, where the Doctor was minister, before the return of the king, and they assured me, upon their own knowledge, that to that day the poor enjoyed the piece of ground. They added, that Mrs. Bretton's father could never endure to hear any thing of his daughter's appearing after death; but would still reply, that it was not his daughter, but the devil, so that he acknowledged something appeared in the likeness of his daughter.

This is attested by me, 17th Febuary, 1681, Edward Fowler.

A Relation *of a* Yarmouth Witch, *who, (with fifteen more, convicted upon their own confessions) was executed,* 1644: *extracted from Lord Chief Justice* Hale's *collection of matters of fact.*

IN the year, 1644, sixteen women were accused at Yarmouth, for witches, by Mr. Hopkins: and

sent by the Magistrates to Mr. *Whitfield* and Mr. *Brinsley*, Ministers of that place, to be examined. Among these was an old woman who used to be relieved twice a week at Mr. *Whitfield's* door, who made the following confession; viz That she using to work for Mr. *Moulton* (a stocking merchant, and alderman of the town) went to his house for work, but he being from home, his man refused to let her have any till his master returned; whereupon being exasperated against the man, she applied herself to the maid, and desired some knitting work of her; and when she returned the like answer, she went home in great discontent against them both. That that night when she was in bed, she heard one knock at her door, and rising to her window, she saw (it being moon-light) a tall black man there; and asked what he would have? He told her that she was discontented, because she could not get work; and that he would put her into a way that she should never want any thing. On this she let him in, and asked him what he had to say to her? He told her he must first see her hand; and then taking out something like a pen-knife, he gave it a little scratch, so that blood followed, and the mark remained to that time, which she then showed them; then he took some of the blood in a pen, and pulling a book out of his pocket, bid her write her name; and when she said she could not, he said he would guide her hand. When this was done, he bid her now ask what she would have. And when she desired first to be revenged on the man, he promised to give her an account of it the next night, and so leaving her some money went away. The next night he came to her again, and told her he could do nothing against the man; for he went constantly to church, and said his prayers morning and evening. Then she desired him to revenge her on the maid; and he again promised her an account thereof the next night; but then he said the same of the maid, and that therefore he could not

hurt her. But she said that there was a young child in the house, which was more easy to be dealt with. Whereupon she desired him to do what he could against it. The next night he came again, and brought with him an image of wax, and told her they must go and bury that in the church-yard, and then the child which he had put into great pain already should waste away as that image wasted. Whereupon they went together, and buried it. The child having lain in a languishing condition for about eighteen months, and being very near death, the minister sent this woman with this acount to the magistrates, who thereupon sent her to Mr. Moulton's; where, in the same room that the child lay, almost dead, she was examined concerning the particulars aforesaid said; all which she confessed again, and had no sooner done, but the child who was but three years old, and was thought to be dead or dying, laughed, and began to stir and raise up itself; and from that instant began to recover. This woman and all the rest were convicted upon their own confessions, and executed accordingly.

This account, said *Judge Hale,* I had from a son of Mr. *Whitfield,* who was present.

Captain Porteus.

IN the study of an eminent divine of the church of Scotland was recently found in MS. the relation of a very remarkable dream, which, with the no less striking fulfilment of it, we present to our readers as positively authentic.

A lady lately married saw one day at noon, in a vision, the child, then in embryo in her womb, rise to an elevated situation in the world, having the command of soldiers, dragged to a dungeon, tried for murder, condemned, pardoned, but soon after

torn to pieces by the populace. After this she imagined much confusion arose in the country, till the name of her son was rendered odious and detestable to almost the whole nation. When she awoke, she related what she had dreamed to her husband, who administered to her all the consolation in his power, assuring her that dreams always turn out quite the reverse of what they had discovered.

The child, agreeable to the prediction, proving a son, much care was taken in his education, at one of the public schools of Edinburgh. When he grew up he discovered a strong inclination for travelling. He went abroad without the consent of his parents, remained many years in the king's service abroad, and after obtaining his discharge, resided for some years in London; all the while totally unmindful of his filial duty, and indeed never taking the least notice of his parents, who now lived in a recluse situation about ten miles west from Edinburgh: to which city the hero of the story returning about the year 1735, was by the interest of a gentleman, appointed to the command of the city guard; and before we proceed farther, it may be proper in this place to apprize the reader, that this captain was no less a personage than the notified Porteus.

One day, as the captain was mustering his men in a field adjacent to the city, he cast his eye upon a man of Musselburgh, who was reputed to possess the second sight. The captain called the augur aside, and required him to foretel his destiny. The poor soothsayer, with much reluctancy, informed the curious inquirer, that his time would be but short; that he would be *a midnight market man.* This threw the officer into a violent rage: and had not the sage softened the sentence, by an explanation which gave a different turn to it, he certainly would, from a military man so tyrannical as the Captain was known to be, have suffered a severe flagellation.

Soon after this two men, very notorious smug-

glers, were condemned to die at Edinburgh, for breaking into the King's store-house at Leith, and carrying away those goods which had been taken from them by the officers of the revenue. These men, on the sunday preceding the day of execution, were conducted to one of the churches, as was then usual, under a guard, During the sermon, notwithstanding the vigilance of Captain Porteus, one of the prisoners found means to make his escape, and got clear off. The other was executed on the Wednesday following in the Grass-market, much contrary to the desire of the populace. As soon as the man was turned off, the boys began to pelt the executioner; and the impetuous Captain, who then attended with a strong party, commanded them to level their pieces, and follow his example. He himself fired upon a young gentleman of good family from the Highlands, and killed him upon the spot; and the men instantly discharged their musquets, killed several of the citizens, as beholding from their windows the dreadful spectacle.

The captain was seized by order of the Lord Provost, conducted to the Tolbooth, tried by the Lords of Justiciary, and being found guilty on the clearest evidence, received sentence of death.

It was now his mother, who alone was living, heard of the awful situation of a man whom she knew to be her son, by a letter which she received from him during his troubles. The lady readily recollected her dream, flew to Edinburgh in the utmost distress, and would certainly have been quite distracted had she not been informed, from a quarter where much confidence might be placed, that great interest was making at London in favor of the captain.

In a few days a respite arrived from the queen, (for George II, was then at Hanover) with an order to secure the captain in the castle. This quite altered the face of the affairs with the captain and his mother, who began to ridicule the prediction of the

dream, and the soothsayer. That evening they made merry with several friends in the prison, till the captain was cast into a state of inebriation, and consequently unprepared to meet the awful fate which awaited him.

In this the captain was not unlike the Eastern monarch, who, amidst his banquet, beheld the handwriting on the wall. He was instantly alarmed by a report, that the city was up in arms, and intent on his destruction. The noise of sledge-hammers on the iron doors soon convinced him that the alarm was not chimerical. In short, the enraged multitude gained entrance, dragged forth the captain, led him in triumph along the high street, procured a rope, reached the usual place of execution, and after suffering him to say a short prayer, hung him upon a projecting pole, a dreadful spectacle to an assembled city.

The confusion in the established national church, occasioned by the queen's proclamation being read by some and burnt by others, is too well known to be recorded in this place; but proved an almost literal accomplishment of the visionary prediction of the mother, who did not long survive the calamity of her son.

The Different Degrees *of* Heavenly Glory.

THE perfection of the spirits above, not only admit of a rich variety of entertainments, according to the various relish and inclination of the blessed, but it is such a perfection as allows of different degrees even in the same blessedness, according to the different capacities of spirits, and their different degrees of peparation.

If all the souls in heaven were of our mould, and make, and inclination, yet there may be different sizes of capacity even in the same genius, and a different degree of preparation for the same delights and

enjoyments: therefore though all the spirits of the just were uniform in their nature and pleasures, and all perfect, yet one spirit may possess more happiness and glory than another, because it is more capacious of intellectual blessings, and better prepared for them. So when vessels of various sizes are thrown into the same ocean, there will be a great difference in the quantity of the liquid which they receive, though all might be full to the brim, and all made of the richest metal.

Now there is much evidence of this truth in the holy Scripture. Our Saviour intimates such differences of rewards in several of his expressions, Mat. xix. 28. he promises the apostles that they "shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." And it is probable this may denote something of a superior honor or dignity above the meanest of the saints. And even among the apostles themselves he seems to allow of a difference: for though he would not promise James and John to sit next to him "on his right hand and his left in his kingdom," Mat. xx. 20, &c. yet he does not deny that there are such distinct dignities, but says, "It shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of my Father." ver. 23.

Again, our Lord says, Mat. x. 41, 42 "He that receives a prophet," and entertains him as a prophet, "shall have a prophet's reward;" and he that entertains a "righteous man," agreeable to his character, and from a real esteem of his righteousness "shall have a righteous man's reward:" and even the meanest sort of entertainment, "a cup of cold water given to a disciple," for the sake of his character, shall not go without some reward. Here are three sorts of degrees of reward mentioned, extending to the life to come, as well as to this life: now though neither of them can be merited by works, but all are entirely conferred by grace, yet, as one observes here, "The Lord hath fixed a proportion between the

work and the reward; so that as one has different degrees of goodness, the other shall have different degrees of excellency."

Our Saviour assures us, that the torments of hell shall admit of various degrees and distinctions: some will be more exquisite and terrible than others. "It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment," who never sinned against half so much light, than it shall be for "Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum," where Christ himself had preached his gospel, and confirmed it with most evident miracles, Mat. xi. 21—24, and the "servants who did not the will of their Lord, shall be beaten with" more or fewer "stripes," according to their different degrees of knowledge and advantage of instruction, Luke xi. 47, 48. Now may we not, by a parallel reasoning, suppose there will be various orders and degrees of reward in heaven, as well as punishment in hell; since there is scarce a greater variety among the degrees of wickedness among sinners on earth, than there is of holiness among the saints?

When the apostle is describing the glories of the body at the great resurrection, he seems to represent the differences of glory that shall be conferred on different saints, by the difference of the great luminaries of heaven. I Cor. xv. 41, 42. "There is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for as one star differeth from another in glory: so also is the resurrection of the dead."

The prophet Daniel led the way to this description, and the same spirit taught the apostle the same language; Dan. xii. 2, 3. "Many of them, that sleep in the dust of the earth, shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt: and they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness," shall have a peculiar lustre, "as the

stars, for ever and ever." And if there be a difference in the visible glories of the saints at the resurrection, if those who "turn many to righteousness" shall sparkle in that day, with brighter beams than those who are only *wise* for their own salvation; the same reason leads us to believe a difference of spiritual glory in the state of separate spirits, when the recompence of their labor is begun.

So, 1 Cor. iii. 8. "He that planteth, and he that watereth, are one; and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor." If all be rewarded alike, the apostle would not have said, "each man shall receive according to his own labor." Surely since there is such a distinction of labor, there will be a distinction of rewards too.

And it is with this view that the same Apostle exhorts the Corinthians, 1st Epist. xv. ult. "Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." Now that great labor and diligence, that steadfastness in profession, and that zeal in practice, to which the apostle exhorts them, might seem to be in vain, if those who were far less laborious, less zealous, and less steadfast, should obtain an equal recompence.

It is upon the same principle that he encourages them to holy patience under afflictive trials, 2 Cor. iv. 17. when he says, "our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not to the things that are seen, and are temporal, but to the things invisible and eternal." Now if the saint, who was called to heaven almost as soon as he was made a christian, and went through no suffering, should possess the same weight of glory with the martyrs and confessors, under the long and tedious train of cruelties which they sustained from men, or painful trials from the hand of God; I cannot see how

their afflictions could be said to work "for them a far more exceeding weight of glory."

(Concluded in our next.)

Supernatural Impressions.

(Concluded from page 343.)

A YOUNG man, servant to a silk mercer, in New-street, Covent-Garden, was one sunday intrusted with the sole care of the house. In the evening, having, as he thought, properly secured the place, he ventured out to an evening lecture, in the city: where he had not been long present, when, by a sudden and unaccountable emotion in his mind, he imagined that all was not safe at home. At first he paid but little regard to the intimation; but the idea of a robbery continuing to operate upon his fancy, he was prevailed upon to retire, and immediately returned home. On his arrival at the corner of New-street, he discovered the shop door unbarred, and half open. On rushing into the shop, two men ran past him with the utmost precipitation: he followed fast, crying, stop thief! and they were taken and conveyed to the watch house. All the most valuable goods in the shop, to the amount of several hundred pounds, were packed up, several implements of house-breaking were found on the thieves and in the shop. The miscreants were committed, tried, convicted, and executed; justice having been first moved by an invisible agent, who, like the vapor in the brain of King Ahasuerus, the Persian, would not suffer her that night to rest, till two old offenders were fast in her hands, the goods of the mercer happily saved, and the integrity of the shopman vindicated.

IN a certain village lived a peasant, quiet, unaffected, and unnoticed. Poor himself, he had married a poor girl; they brought nothing together but affectionate hearts and industrious hands. However, by unwearied labor, they acquired a comfortable livelihood, and brought up their children in good habits, like their own. At length his strength failed, though he was a little more than fifty; and often he said he should not live long. One morning, when he was as well as usual, he thus addressed his family; "I shall soon finish my course: in nine days I shall be in heaven. How was I obliged last night to force my way through hosts! but at last I got safe. I heard the angels sing, and joined them. O it sounded gloriously! They said unto me, "In nine days you will be with us."

On the evening of that very day, he was seized with his last illness. On the ninth day he saw the sun arise, thanked God for having brought him so far through life; and spent the day in prayer, and in conversation with his wife and children. In the evening, when the sun went down, he was sitting at the window, and said to his wife, "when the sun is quite down, I will lay myself down also." He did so; praying for himself and his family. They stood around his bed: he asked for a glass of water;—drank it;—gave to each his hand, and his blessing. He then exclaimed, "naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." With these words he resigned his spirit.

His excellent wife survived him many years (I knew her personally, says our correspondent); and his children prosper.—The above case was communicated by a very credible and respectable minis-

ter of the gospel, and whose veracity may be relied on.

THE following account, as delivered by Mr. J. Pawson, was received by him from the person himself, written in his own hand, as follows:

"On thursday the 11th of August, 1796, I felt a violent pain in my stomach; to remove which I tried several things in vain. On sunday the 14th, I began to swell; and on the 18th, I was satisfied that my complaint was a dropsy, from this circumstance, that if I pressed with my finger upon any part of my body, the impression remained for a considerable time. One of our friends advised me to use a milk diet, which I did, and continue to do. On sunday the 21st, a few of our friends spent some time in prayer with me. One of them said, "I found great liberty in prayer for you and my family: nevertheless, as we ought to make use of every lawful means for our recovery from sickness, I advise you to go to Dr. Hawes', in Spittle-square, to-morrow morning, who gives advice to poor people at eight o'clock."

After our friends were gone, I found much nearness to God in private prayer, yet not without the buffetings of satan, who suggested to my mind, 'the dropsy is incurable, and it is downright enthusiasm to expect the Lord to work miracles." Yet from the consideration of the Lord's former mercies to me, together with the strong desire I felt to believe that he would even grant me my request in this instance also, I continued in prayer, or rather in a sort of silent waiting upon the Lord. My mind was in an heavenly frame, and I had a clear view of the wonderful works of God, especially of his love manifested in the redemption of mankind.

The next morning at eight o'clock, I went to Dr.

Hawes', and found he was just gone to the country for three weeks. In returning home, I clearly saw that all human help was entirely cut off, and this blessed word, (a word which I hope I shall never forget,) came to my mind with wonderful power, and continued with me all the day, "*Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.*" I found power to believe that he would, and resolved to look to him alone for help. I observed at night that the swelling was much abated, and about Thursday it was entirely gone. Three or four days after, I caught a bad cold, so that I nearly lost my voice, but the Lord again mercifully healed me by applying these words to my mind, "*Who healeth all thy diseases.*" I am now, through the mercy of God, quite well, and able to work for my daily bread: "blessed be the name of the Lord for his abundant goodness."

The WONDERFUL DISCOVERY *of the* ROBBERS *and* MURDERERS *of Mr. Stockden, Victualler, in Grub-street, near Cripplegate, by a visionary Appearance of Mr. Stockden to one Mrs. Greenwood, in a dream.*

ON the 3d of December, 1695, about midnight, Mr. Stockden was murdered and robbed by four men then unknown; one Maynard was suspected, but he got off. Soon after, Mr. Stockden appeared to Mrs. Greenwood in a dream, and showed her a house in Thames-street, near the George, and said that one of the muderers was there. She was somewhat intimidated at the thing, yet she went the next morning, and took with her one Mary Bugges, a discreet woman, to go with her to the house the woman had directed her to, and asked for Maynard, but was told he was gone abroad. Mr. Stockden appeared to her again, and then presented Maynard's face before her, with a flat mole on

the side of his nose (whom she had never seen;) and more particularly informed her, that a wiredrawer should take him, and that he should be carried to Newgate in a coach. Upon inquiry they found out one of that trade, who was his great intimate, and who, for a reward of ten pounds, promised to take him; which he both undertook and effected; which was as follows: he sent for Maynard to a public house, near Hockly in the Hole; where he played at cards with him till a constable was got, who apprehended him, carried him before a magistrate, who committed him to Newgate, and he was carried thither in a coach.

Maynard being in prison, confessed the fact, and impeached his accomplices, who were Marsh, Bevel, and Mercer, and said, that Marsh was the setter on, knowing that Mr. Stockden had plenty of money and plate, but was not present at the murder, &c. yet he had his share of the booty; but Marsh having a suspicion that Maynard had made some discovery, left his habitation; but soon after this, Mr. Stockden appeared again to Mrs. Greenwood, and showed her a house in Old-street (where she had hot been before) and said, that Marsh lodged there. Next morning she took Mary Bugges with her, as before, went to the house, and inquired for Marsh, but he was not there. But he was soon taken at another place and secured.

Soon after this, Mrs. Greenwood dreamed again that Mr. Stockden carried her into the Borough prison-yard, and showed her Bevel, the third criminal, (whom she had never seen before.) Thither she went, taking with her Mrs. Footman, who was Mr. Stockden's kinswoman and house-keeper: they went together to the Marshalsea, and inquired for Bevel, being informed that he was lately brought thither for coining, &c. They desired to see him; and when he came down, both declared that he was the man. They then applied to a peace-officer, who procured his removal to Newgate, where he presently con-

fessed the horrid murder; and thus the three principal criminals were tried, condemned, and hanged. This account is testified by the bishop of York, &c. and also by the curate of Cripplegate, who published the account.

Apparition *of* Lord Mohun.

LORD MOHUN was a fashionable young gentleman, in the days of King Charles the first. According to the custom of that time, his sense of honor led him to resent, in a serious manner, an affront, which had produced a quarrel between him and a person of the first quality, though a foreigner, in this kingdom. By appointment they met in Chelsea-fields, near a place called Ebery-Farm, and where Lord Mohun was killed, but not without suspicions of foul play.

At the same time Lord Mohun kept company with a certain lady whon he entertained in a genteel lodgings in James-street, Covent Garden. Lord Mohun was murdered about 10 o'clock in the morning; and at that very time, his mistress, being in bed, saw him come to her bedside, draw the curtains, look upon her, and go away: she called after him, but received no answer; she then rung for her maid, asked her for Lord Mohun, but the woman replied, she did not see him, and had the key of the chamber door in her pocket. This account was attested by the lady and her maid, to Mr. Aubery, who relates it in his Miscellanies.

About the same time, Mr. Brown, brother-in-law to Lord Coningsby, discovered his being murdered to several of his friends.

Mr. Glanvil relates, that his apparition was seen by his sister and her maid, then dwelling in Fleet-street, at the very hour and minute he was killed, in Herefordshire, which happened in 1692. The circumstance was much talked of at that time.

Apparition *of Mr.* Thomkins *to the Rev.* John Warren.

MR. John Warren, minister of Hatfield Broad-oak, in Essex, a worthy and pious man, being one day in his garden reading Bunyan's publican and pharisee, was accosted by a neighbour, as he thought, who entered into discourse with him upon the words, "shall man be more righteous than his Maker?" Mr. Warren's discourse in general ran upon the promises, while Mr. Thomkins, his neighbour, as he imagined he was discoursing with, chiefly urged the threatenings of God. For a while they discoursed in this sort, till Mr. Warren's servant came and informed him the dinner was ready, and mistress waited for him: common civility made him ask his neighbour Thomkins to come in with him and eat some dinner, which the latter, with tears now standing in his eyes, refused, saying, "my time is come, and I must away." Mr. Warren thought it very odd, and was proceeding to expostulate with his friend Thomkins, when the servant repeated the message, urging that a neighbour had sent for him to go immediately upon occasion of life and death. Mr. Warren withdrawing towards the house, still held up the discourse upon the former subject, comforting his friend till he arrived at the door, when entering first, he left the door open that Mr. Thomkins might come in; but nobody coming in, he went directly and sought him all over his garden, but found him not, which much disturbed his mind then, and much more soon afterwards, when he found that his neighbour and friend Thomkins was just expired, and had not been out of his house, according to every testimony, that day. Mr. Warren's servant testified seeing her master in conversation with a person, in the garden, and telling her mistress so, she wondered she had seen nobody go through the house, as there was no other way into the garden. Mr. War-

ren, a pious and sensible divine often relates this to Mr. Goodman, who recites it in his winter evening conferences between neighbours.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

HEBREWS xii. 2.

IT was a maxim of old (and perhaps it might never be applied with greater propriety than in the present day,) That the eye is never satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. Novelty is the charming object that all men naturally pursue; and we seldom find a man wise enough to inquire before any object engrosses his attention, "Whether it is worth looking after?"

However men may appear in other respects, with regard to the concerns of their soul they seem to act perfectly disinterestedly; for instead of pursuing those means which may prove their eternal benefit, we are found bending the whole of our attention to subjects which are even incapable of bestowing any real or substantial good.

It was the best curiosity that ever actuated the mind of Zaccheus, when it made him earnestly seek to see Jesus, Luke xix. 3. It was the most noble desire that had influenced the hearts of those Greeks who came wishing to see the Lord of life and glory, John xxii. 21.

O convinced sinner! that feelest the burden of thy guilt, as the atonement for thy transgressions.

O fearful Christian! who art doubting on account of thy weakness, and standest in peculiar need of preserving grace, look to Jesus, as unto one who is not only able to snatch souls from destruction; but is as mighty to preserve, as he is to restore; and willing to help, as he is mighty to save.

O tempted soul! who art bowed down by the suggestions of satan, and weakened by the unbelief of thy own heart, look to Jesus, not merely as the man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief (though that may prove thy comfort,) but as the Lord God omnipotent, who reigneth to quell thy foes, and deliver thy soul.

O aged saint! who art daily expecting (after having gone a tedious pilgrimage below) to be called to enter into mansions of eternal rest, look to Jesus, and remember, that him whom thou seest as through a glass darkly, you shall shortly see face to face, and triumph in his love for ever.

And O, my soul! what shall I say to thee: thou art but yet young in the ways of God, and art not acquainted with many of satan's devices; perhaps thou hast got innumerable difficulties to encounter with before you come to pass over Jordan—look to Jesus! Yes, my blessed Saviour! let me look to thee! for

In thy presence I can conquer,
I can suffer, I can die;
Far from thee I faint and languish—
O my Saviour! keep me nigh.

And when I see thy face in the bright realms above,
I'll ever praise thee in more pure and perfect streams.

R—— L——.

The Three Warnings.

THE tree of deepest root is found,
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much that in our latter stages
When pains grow sharp and sickness rage
The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day;
Death call'd aside the jocund groom,
And stept into another room,
And looking grave,—you must, says he,
Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.
With you! and quit my Susan's side!
With you the hapless husband cried:
Young as I am—'tis monstrous hard—
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd;
My thoughts on other matters go,
This is my wedding night you know.
What more he urged I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death at last his prisoner spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet called up a serious look,
The hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
Neighbour, he said, farewel; no more
Shall death disturb your mirthful hour:
And further to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have
Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
Well-pleased the world will leave.
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse
The willing muse shall tell.—
He chaffered then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of death so near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains his children few,
He passed his hours in peace;
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time whose health no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in musing mood,
As all alone he sat,
The unwelcome messenger of fate,
Once more before him stood.
Half killed with anger and surprize,
So soon returned! old *Dobson* cries,
So soon dost call it! *Death* replies,
Surely my friend, you're but in jest,
Since I was here before,
'Tis six and thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore.
So much the worse, the clown rejoined;
To spare the aged would be kind;
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is regal:
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides you promised me THREE WARNINGS,
Which I have look'd for nights and mornings;
But for the loss of time and ease
I can recover damages.

I know, cries Death, that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least.
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length,
I wish you joy of all your strength.
Hold, says the farmer, not so fast,
I have been lame these four years past.
And no great wonder, Death replies,
However you still keep your eyes;
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends.
Perhaps, says Dobson, so it might,
But I have lately lost my sight.
This is a shocking story, faith!
But there's some comfort still, says Death;
Each strives your sadness to remove:
I warrant you hear all the news.
There's none, cries he, and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf I could not hear.
Nay then, the spectre stern rejoined,
These are unwarrantable yearnings,
If you are *lame*, and *deaf*, and *blind*,
You've had your *three sufficient warnings;*
So come along, no more we'll part,—
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now old Dobson turning pale,
Yields to his fate,—so ends my tale.

Extracts from Mr. Baxter's certainty of the World of Spirits,

THE Earl of Orrery told me, that Colonel Venables, (then going to Hispaniola, with the soldiers that were there repulsed and took Jamaica) had a soldier in his army that came out of Ireland, and was under Colonel Hill. That this soldier look-

ed pale and sad, and pined away, but the cause was unknown: at last he came to Colonel Hill with this confession, viz. That he had been a servant in England, to one that carried stockings and such like ware about to sell, and, for his money, he had murdered his master, and buried him in such a place; and flying into Ireland, enlisted himself his soldier, and that for a long time, whenever he lay alone, something like a headless man stood by his bed side, saying to him, Wilt thou yet confess? And in this case of fear he had continued, till lately it appeared to him when he had a bedfellow, and said as before, Wilt thou yet confess? And now seeing no hope of concealing it any longer, he confessed. And his going to Hispaniola was his punishment, instead of death.

ABOUT nine or ten years since, in the house of Mrs. Hieron, of Honyton, widow, there happened this strange instance.

This widow Hieron, a person of good quality, kept a mercer's shop. She had a maid servant, Elizabeth Broker, who sold small wares in a stall before her door. On Saturday (being the market-day) a certain woman of Honyton, came to the said Elizabeth Broker, and asked her for a pin. The maid readily gave her one from her sleeve; but this did not satisfy her, for she would have one of a larger sort, out of a paper that hung up to sell. The maid told her those pins were not hers to give, she must ask her mistress; and when she had orders, she would give her one. The woman asked her again and again, and the maid as often refused complying with her request. At length the woman went away in a great rage, telling the maid she should hear farther from her, and that she would ere long wish she had given her the pin, with many other threatening speeches. The next day (being the Lord's day)

while her mistress and the rest of the family were at dinner, and the maid waiting at the table, on a sudden she gave a very great cry, saying, she had a pin thrust into her thigh, which few of the family believed, knowing there was no person in the room beside herself, and her family, who all sat at meat, she only standing to attend them. Her mistress arose from table, and Mr. Samuel Hieron's wife, who was then living. She was forced to go to bed, and they sent for a midwife who had skill in sores and wounds. On her arrival, she saw there had been some small hurt in the skin, but the pin was out of sight; and feeling so as to understand what it was, or exactly where, she applied a plaster of Venice turpentine all that night, and many other things the next day, but the pain was still the same. On Tuesday they advised with Mr. Salter, a skilful apothecary, whose counsel they followed, but all in vain. On Wednesday, the same week, they, with great trouble and pain, brought her to Exeter, and lodged her at Mr. John Hopkin's, a worthy minister of the gospel. They sent me to see her, and to advise what to do to ease her pain. Nothing would satisfy the maid, but cutting it out: which was somewhat difficult, because it was hard to find the place exactly, where to make the incision: but the courage of the patient did greatly promote the operation. I made a large incision, according to the length of the muscles; and though I could find no sign of the pin upon the first incision, yet by putting my incision-knife obliquely, I felt the pin, and brought it out near an inch within the skin on which she had great ease, and in fifteen days the sore was entirely cured. This operation was performed in the presence of Mrs. Hopkin, Mrs. Gold, Mrs. Ford, and many worthy persons of good reputation. And the truth of that I give under my hand, this 6th day of September, 1681.

ANTHONY SMITH, Surgeon.

IN the town of Beckington, in Somersetshire, lived Mary Hill, a maid, of about eighteen years of age, who having lived very much in the neglect of her duty to God, was some time before Michaelmas was twelve months taken very ill, and being seized with violent fits, began to vomit up about two hundred crooked pins. This drew a numerous concourse of people to see her: to whom, when in her fits, she constantly affirmed, that she saw against the wall of the room, wherein she lay an old woman named Elizabeth Carrier.

About a fortnight after she began to vomit up nails, pieces of nails, pieces of brass, handles of spoons, and so continued to do for the space of six months, and upwards; and in her fits, she said there appeared to her an old woman, named Margery Coombes, and one Ann Moore, who also by a warrant from two justices of the peace, were apprehended and brought to the sessions held at Brewton. The persons bound over to give evidence, were Susanna Belton, and Ann Holland, who upon their oaths deposed, that they hooked out of the navel of the said Mary Hill, as she lay in a dead fit, crooked pins, small nails, and small pieces of brass, which were produced in court before the judge, and from him handed to the jury to look upon them. Whereupon Mr. Francis Jesse and Mr Christopher Brewer declared, that they had seen the said Mary Hill vomit up, at several times, crooked pins, nails, and pieces of brass, which they also produced in open court; and to the end, they might be ascertained it was no imposture, they declared, they had searched her mouth with their fingers before she vomited.

Upon which the court thought fit to call for me, who am the minister of the parish, to testify the knowledge of the matter, which I did to this effect: that I had seen her at several times, after having given her a little small beer, vomit up crooked pins, nails, and pieces of brass. That to prevent supposi-

tion of a cheat, I had caused her to be brought to a window, and having looked into her mouth, I searched it with my finger, as I did the beer before she drank it. This I did, that I might not be wanting in circumstantial answers, to what my Lord and the court might propose.

I well remember, a gentleman on a Saturday came to my house (*incognito*) to know of me the truth of the country report about this maid, having seen some of the nails, &c. that she had vomited up. I told him it was very true, and if he would stay in town till the morning, he might see it himself, for his own satisfaction. This he did, and early in the morning, was called to see her. But because beer was not given her when she wanted it, she lay in a very deplorable condition, till past two in the afternoon; when with much difficulty, she brought up a piece of brass, which the said gentleman took away with him. Though before the said piece of brass came up, he told me he was satisfied of the truth of the thing, because it was impossible for any mortal to counterfeit her miserable condition. She sometimes lying in a dead fit, with her tongue swelled out of her head, and then reviving, she would fall to vomiting, but nothing came up till about two o'clock in the afternoon. Nay, so curious was he to anticipate any cheat, that he searched her mouth himself, gave her the beer, held her up in his hand, and likewise the bason, into which she vomited, and continued with her all this time, without eating and drinking, which was about eight hours, that he might be an eye-witness of the truth of it. Nay, farther, he found the maid living only with a brother, and three poor sisters, all young persons, and very honest, and the maid kept at the charge of the parish, were sufficient testimonies they were incapable of making a cheat of it. The gentleman I now mentioned, was (as I afterwards learnt) Squire Player, of Castle Cary.

After the assizes, she was turned home, but she

grew worse than ever, by vomiting of nails, pieces of glass, &c. So that one day, she being taken desperate ill, I was sent for to pray with her, and compassionating the deplorableness of her condition, I at last resolved to take her into my own house, where in a short time, the vomiting ceased; though for some space her distorting fits followed her. But, blessed be God, she is now, and has been for a considerable time in very good health, and fit for service.

April 4, 1694. MAY HILL, Minister of Beckington, in the County of Somerset.

From the Duke of Lauderdale.

ABOUT thirty years ago, when I was a boy at school, there was a poor woman who lived near the town of Duns in the Mers; and Mr. John Weems, then minister of the place, was persuaded she was possessed. I have heard him many times speak with my father about it, and both of them concluded it a real possession. Mr. Weems visited her often, and being convinced of the truth of the thing, he, with some other ministers, applied to the king's privy council for a warrant to keep days of humiliation for her. But the bishops being then in power, would not allow any fasts to be kept. I will not trouble you with many circumstances: I shall only mention one, which I think will evince a real possession. The report being spread in the country, a knight of the name of Forbes, who lived in the north of Scotland, being come to Edinburgh, meeting there with a minister of the north, and both of them being desirous to see the woman, the minister invited the knight to my father's house (which is within ten or twelve miles of Duns) from whence they

went to see the woman. They found her a poor ignorant creature; and seeing nothing extraordinary, the minister said to the knight, *Nondum audivimus spiritum loquentem;* presently a voice came out of the woman's mouth, *Audis loquentem, audis loquentem:* this put the minister into some amazement. He took off his hat, and said, *Misereatur Deus peccatoris:* the voice, presently out of the woman's mouth said, *Dic peccatricis, dic peccatricis;* whereupon they both came out of the house fully satisfied, took horse immediately and returned to my father's house, where they related the affair. Many more particulars might be ascertained, but the above Latin criticism in a most illiterate, ignorant woman, where there was no pretence to dispossessing, is evidence enough.

As to houses being disturbed by noises, I can instance one that was troubled therewith, since I was a married man.

Within four miles of Edinburgh, there lived an aged minister: his son is now Pastor of the same place. Their house was troubled with noises in a very extraordinary manner, which the family, and many neighbours (who for several weeks used to watch with them) did ordinarily hear. It troubled them most on the Saturday night, and the night before their weekly lecture-day. Sometimes they heard as if all the locks in the house, and doors and chests flew open; yea, their clothes which were at night locked up in trunks and chests, they found hanging about the walls in the morning. Once they found their best linen taken out, the table covered with it, napkins as if they had been used, yea and liquor in the cups, as if the company had been at meat. The rumbling was extraordinary. The good old man commonly called his family to prayer when it was most troublesome; and immediately it was converted into gentle knocking, like the modest knocking of a finger: but as soon as prayer was done, they heard such excessive knocking as if a beam had been heaved

against the floor. There was never either voice heard or apparition seen; but one thing is remarkable: it is very common in Scotland to have a half cannot bullet in the chimney-corner, on which they break their great coals. A servant maid in the house, being accustomed to the rumblings, said, That if the devil troubled them that night, she would brain him; so she took the half cannon bullet into bed: the noise did not fail to awake her, nor did she fail in her design, but took up the great bullet, and with a threatening, threw it as she thought, on the floor, but the bullet was never seen any more. All these particulars I have had from the minister. I was not in the country myself, at the time this happened, but it was confirmed to me by many other witnesses; and my father's steward lived then in a house of mine within a mile of the place, and sent his servants constantly thither; his son now serves me, who also knows it.

The Rev. Mr, Davis's account of Corpse-Candles, in Wales.

THESE in our language, we call Canhywllau Cyrth, Corpse-candles. We call them candles, because that light doth much resemble a material candle-light: saving, that when one comes near them, they vanish; but presently appear again. If it be a little candle, pale or bluish, then follows the corpse either of an abortive, or some infant; if a big one, then the corpse of some one come of age; if there be seen two or three, or more, some big, some small together, then so many, and such corpses together. If two candles come from diverse places, and be seen to meet, the corpses will do the like; if any of these candles be seen to turn sometimes a little out of the way that leadeth unto the church,

he following corpse will be found to turn in that very place, for the avoiding of some dirty lane, &c. When I was about fifteen years of age, dwelling at Lanylar, late at night, some neighbours saw one of these candles hovering up and down along the bank of the river, until they were weary in beholding; at last they left it so, and went to bed. A few weeks after a damsel from Montgomeryshire, came to see her friends, who dwelt on the other side of the river Istwyth, and thought to ford it at the place where the light was seen; but being dissuaded by some lookers on, (by reason of a flood) she walked up anddown along the bank, where the aforesaid candle did, waiting for the falling of the water: which at last she took; and was drowned therein.

Of late, my Sexton's wife, an aged, understanding woman, saw from her bed, a little bluish candle upon her table-end: within two or three days after, comes a fellow in, inquiring for her husband, and taking something from under his cloak, clapt it down directly upon the table-end, where she had seen the candle, and what was it, but a dead-born child! Another time, the same woman saw such another candle upon the other end of the same table, within a few days after, a weak child, by myself newly christened, was brought into the sexton's house, where presently he died; and when the sexton's wife, who was then abroad, came home, she found the woman shrouding the child, on that other end of the table, where she had seen the candle. On a time, myself and a kinsman coming from our school in England, and being three or four hours benighted, ere we could reach home, saw such a light, which coming from a house we well knew, held its course (but not directly) in the highway to church; shortly after, the eldest son in that house died, and steered the same course. Myself, and my wife one evening saw such a light, coming to the church, from her midwife's house, and within a month, she herself did

follow: at which time, my wife told me a story of her own mother, Mrs. Catharine Wyat, an eminent woman in the town of Tenby, that one evening, being in her bedchamber, she saw two lights just upon her belly, which she assayed to strike off with her hand, but could not; within awhile they vanished of themselves. Not long after, she was delivered of two dead-born children: long since, there happened the like in my own house, to a neighbour's wife. And not long since, a neighbour's wife of mine, being great with child, and coming in at her own door, met two candles, a little and a big one; and a little after, falling in labor, she and her child both died.

About thirty-four, or thirty-five years since, one Jane Wyat, my wife's sister, being nurse to Baronet Rudd's three eldest children, and (the Lady being deceased) the lady controller of that house, going late into a chamber where the maid servants lay, saw there no less then five of these lights together. It happened awhile after, the chamber being newly plastered, and a great grate of coal fire therein kindled to hasten the drying up of the plastering, that five of the maid servants went there to bed, as they were wont; but in the morning, they were all dead, being suffocated in their sleep with the steam of the new tempered lime and coal. This was at Langathen in Carmaerthenshire.

ABOUT thirty-three or thirty-four years since, returning home (on a Tuesday) from Cardigan, where I had been to preach the session sermon, it being as light as noon, there seemed twice or thrice from behind me, on my right side between my shoulder and my hat, to fly a little whitish thing, about the bigness of a walnut, and that once in seventy or eighty paces. At first I took no notice of it. By degrees it waxed reddish, and as the night

came on, appeared like pure fire both for light and color. I turned about to see from whence it came, and whether it would flash in my face, but I could see nothing; yet when I turned homewards it flashed as before, till I came to a village called Lanrislid, where as yet I did not intend to lodge. In passing by a house the fire flashed upon or very near the threshold, and there I think it lodged, for I saw it no more. I still thought of going home; but on reflecting that hereby I might tempt God, I returned to the farthest lodging in the town; and after a little rest, I told my host of the vision. The next day he communicated the same to some persons who were going to the sessions, by which means the judge became acquainted with it. At which sessions one John William Lloyd, gentleman, who lived near Glasterig fell sick, and in going home was taken with such a violent paroxysm, that he could ride no farther than the house where I left the fire, and he died about four days after. Some candles have been seen to come to my church, whithin these three weeks, and the corpse not long after.

J. D.

ABOUT the year 1678, I knew a young woman who was Niece to Alderman Arundel, in Dublin.

In her said uncle's house she was pursued with very terrible noises; as by violent strokes on the wainscots and chests, in the chambers she frequented.

The blows were heard throughout the house, and were so troublesome, as to occasion the removal of the young woman to a house near Smithfield, in Dublin, not without hopes that the disturbance might thereby cease: but the noise pursued her thither, and was no more heard in her former dwelling.

Here she continued as long as the owner of that house would bear the resort of people, and terror of those sudden and frequent claps.

From this place she was removed to a house in Patrick street. Here she met with the same exercise, and the noise was generally about two o'clock in the morning greater than at any other times.

Several nights were spent in prayer with her by Mr. Cox, Dr. Roles, Mr. Chambers. Mr. Keys, &c. who with many others, assured me, they heard the said blows in the room where they prayed, some times on a great chest, sometimes on the wall, &c.

Mr. Chambers and Mr Keys were employed there the night before I had promised to be with her.

The next night, Mr. Cox, having often heard the said noises; and often prayed with the woman, was desirous to accompany me. There were many people, as usual, sat up with us: I preached from Heb. ii. 18. and contrived to be at prayer at the time when the noise used to be greatest.

When I was at prayer, the woman kneeling by me catched hold of my arm, and afterwards told us, she saw a terrible sight: but it pleased God there was no noise at all. And from that time, God graciously freed her from all that disturbance.

These noises lasted about three months, and she was much enfeebled in body, and almost distracted thereby; but soon recovered upon the removal thereof.

DANIEL WILLIAMS.

Lord Bacon's Apparition to Lord Middleton, as related by Mr. Aubrey.

SIR William Dugdale informed several gentlemen that Major-general Middleton, afterwards created Lord, went into the Highlands of Scotland, to endeavour to make a party for king Charles I. An

old gentleman, that was second-sighted, met him and told him, that his attempt, though laudable, would not be successful; and that besides they would put the king to death: and that several other attempts would be made, but all in vain, but that his son would come in, although it would be long first, and should at last be restored.——This nobleman had a great friendship with the Laird Bocconi, and they made an agreement, that the first of them that died should appear to the other in extremity. It happened that the Lord Middleton was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and sent up to London: while he was confined in the Tower, under three locks, one day in the morning, lying pensive in his bed, Bocconi appeared to him. My Lord Middleton asked if he were dead or alive? He replied, that he was dead, and had been so many years, but that he was come to revive his hopes, for that in a very short time, within three days, he should escape: this fell out as it was foretold, and he did so in his wife's clothes. When he had performed his message, he lightly tript about the room, like a vapor, then gathered up and vanished.

This account Sir William Dugdale had from the Bishop of Edinburgh, who had inserted it in his Miscellanies, which is now deposited, with other books in the Museum at Oxford.

An Account *of the* Melancholy Death *of one Joseph M——ge, of the Parish of S——y, near Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, some years ago.*

HE lived estranged from God, in a course of open rebellion and actual transgression against him; violating his law, trampling upon his authority, and adding iniquity unto iniquity; walking in the ways of his evil heart, and in the sight of his eyes; not considering "that for all these things God would

bring him into judgment; and that he was "treasuring up for himself wrath against the day of wrath:" satan having blinded his eyes and hardened his heart. It may be necessary to observe here, that amongst other vices, he was much addicted to the brutal practice of cock-fighting.

When he was near thirty or forty years of age, it pleased God to afflict him with a violent fever, when there was little hope of his recovery. He now began to be alarmed; his conscience, which till that time seemed to have been asleep, was roused; the fear of death was on every side; yea the unutterable pangs of hell got hold on him; and the keenest sensibility of being exposed to eternal punishment constrained him to cry out in the bitterest anguish; not so much for the pardon of his sins, as to have his life spared; for the thought of dwelling with everlasting burnings (which was all he dreaded) was what he could not endure. "O (said he) that God would spare me a little longer!—O that he would suffer me to live, that I may turn to him, and become a new man!" Many such things as these he uttered, when he thought death was approaching near him, and its terrors took hold of his mind; then he made the most solemn vows and protestations to forsake his wicked practices and cleave unto the Lord with full purpose of heart, upon condition that he would raise him up again; promising to part with all his fighting cocks, and never to be guilty of any of those sins that he had formerly committed.

It pleased God to grant him a respite, and restore him in a great measure to his former health; when his vicious inclinations returned again, and his words proved like water spilt upon the ground, or like the morning clouds, and early dew; for he seemed to have lost all sense of the horrors he had felt, and the engagements he had entered into. The first time he went abroad after his recovery was to a place in the neighbourhood where he had a hatch

of chickens, to appoint where they should be trained for the purpose of fighting: but God met him in the way, and he was seized with a relapse of his disorder: His guilty horrors returned with redoubled violence, so that the last state of this miserable man was worse than the first: he had not the least glimmering of hope, but languishing in the most fearful torments, as though the flames of hell were already kindled upon him: he constantly cried out, "Hell fire for ever! hell fire for ever!" until he expired in the sharpest agonies. Thus he died with no other prospect, than that of a certain fearful looking for of wrath and fiery indignation, to be showered upon him throughout the ages of eternity,

WILL'S Spiritual Register, Vol. iii. 1795.

On SEEING *a* YOUNG MAN *far gone in a* DECLINE.

FAREWEL, ye sweet and flowery scenes,
I take my last long leave of you;
Ye purling rills, and fertile plains,
With all that's gay, adieu! adieu!

The blooming tree, the leafy bower,
May charm the man of health possest;
But none of these have got the power
To cheer the soul with sickness press'd.

My shortlived pleasure fades each day:
To me can earth give comfort more,
When health and hope of life's away,
And death stands knocking at my door?

The lone churchyard doth suit me best,
Where the long grass luxuriant grows;
There shortly I shall sleep at rest,
And there my weary eyes shall close.

O come, dear Jesus, with thy joys,
And cheer my pensive drooping mind;
Make me forget departed toys,
And all my bleeding wounds upbind.

Paint fair the bliss beyond the skies,
Show death of his dread sting bereaved;
Show me, that tho' I fall—I'll rise,
And tho' once lost, yet now am sav'd.

An account of the Life, Affliction, Terrors, *and awful* Death, *of a remarkable* Apostate.

(Concluded from page 358.)

THE day following I saw him again. This was a painful visit. His language and visage were of the most dreadful kind. Some of his expressions were so diabolical, that I dare not repeat them. I said to him, "William, your pain is inexpressible." He groaned, and then with a loud voice cried out, "Eternity will explain my torments: I will tell you again, I am damned:—I will not have salvation." We desired he would pray for mercy: but he exclaimed:—"Nothing for me but hell!—Come eternal torments!—You will soon see I shall drop into the flames of the pit." I said, "Do ask the Lord to be merciful unto you." Upon which he called me to him, as if to speak to me; but as soon as I came within his reach, he struck me on the head with all his might, and gnashing his teeth, cried out. "God will not hear your prayer."

"While we were on our knees praying for him, he shouted aloud, "God will confound you that you cannot pray. O God hear them not; for I will not be saved:" His words were accompanied with the strongest marks of rage and inveterate malice, and he cried out, "I hate every thing that God has

made; only I have no hatred to the devil; I wish to be with him!" He seemed to be in his element while speaking of the devil as the sovereign lord, who might shortly reign supreme! These things greatly distressed us, and we were afraid that he was given up to a reprobate mind." D. B.

On the 21st, having returned from the country, I went again to see William P. I found him in the most deplorable condition. He charged me with telling him a lie, in my last visit, by saying, that I believed there was salvation for him. I replied, that I had not told him a lie, but verily believed there was salvation if he would accept of it. He was now in a tempest of rage and despair: his looks, his agonies, and dreadful words, are not to be expressed Speaking to him of mercy, or a Saviour, seemed to increase the horrors of his mind. When I mentioned the power of the Almighty to save,—"God, he said, is Almighty to damn me! He hath already sealed my damnation! and I long to be in hell." While two or three of us were praying for him, he threw at us any thing on which he could lay his hands. I observed to-day, that his state was an awful confirmation of the truth, and justice, and being of God:—Of an immortal soul in man;—and of the evil of sin. Who but a righteous God could inflict such punishments? What but sin deserves them? What but an intelligent immortal soul could bear them?

Towards the evening of this day, I. T. a pious young man, went to see him, and gave me the following account: "When I entered the room, he seemed to be the most terrible sight I had ever seen. I asked him how he did? he answered, "Full of hell fire." I intreated him to trust in the Lord, and he would have mercy upon him. But he desired me to hold my tongue, or leave the room. That night, I, and three other friends, sat up with him. We prayed most of the night; but he told us, he had sinned

away his day of grace. Next morning I got a minister of the church to visit him. He told the minister it was too late, for his day of grace was past. The minister prayed with him: And afterwards upon a friend asking, If he was any better? He made no answer, but spit in his face." Next day, when I called to see William P. I found the dreadful tempest of defiance and rage had ceased: he now appeared full of timidity and fear,—in perpetual dread of the powers of darkness; apprehensive of their coming to drag him away to the regions of misery. But no marks of penitent contrition appeared about him. He said he was full of blasphemy: he often laid his hand upon his mouth, lest it should force its way out, He complained that it had come out, and that more would force its way.

"In the afternoon of the 24th," says Mr. Barrowclough, "I called upon William P. For some time he would not speak to me, but after repeatedly asking him, How he felt his mind? He replied, "Bad, bad" I said, God can make it better.—"What! make me better!—I tell you, no. I have done the horrible deed, and it cannot be undone again—I feel I must declare to you, what it is, for which I am suffering the pains I feel. The Holy, and Just One! I have crucified the Son of God afresh, and counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing! O that wicked and horrible deed of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, which I know I have committed!—It is for this I am suffering the torture and horrors of guilt, and a sense of the wrath of God."

He then suddenly looked up towards the chamber floor, and started back; he trembled, gnashing his teeth, and cried out, "Do you not see? Do you not see him? He is coming for me! The devil will fetch me! I know he will, Come, O devil, and take me!" At this time brother Eskrick came into the room, to whom William said, "George, I am lost

I am damned!" Brother Eskrick replied, "Do not say so, but pray earnestly to God to give you true repentance. And who can tell but the Lord may deliver you this day from the power of sin and satan." He answered, "I cannot pray: No: No: I will not pray. Do not I tell you there is no salvation for me? I want nothing but hell." Some time after he had said, Undone for ever! Doomed to eternal pain? To the burning flame!" When all on a sudden he sprung up from his seat, and cried out. "Your prayers will avail nothing: God will not hear you" However brother Eskrick prayed with him. During the time of prayer, when any petition was asked for him, he suddenly said, "I will not have any favor at his hands." Many other dreadful expressions he made use of, which are not proper to be repeated.

On the 25th I called to see William P. and asked him how he was? "Very bad, he answered, both in body and soul, there is nothing good about me." I said to him, "William, if God is willing to save you for Christ's sake, and if you knew that he was so, would you not be willing to be saved? "No; he answered, I have no willingness, nor any desire to be saved. You will not believe me when I tell you, it is all over. If I had a million of worlds I would give them all to undo what I have done." I told him I was glad to hear that confession from him, and hoped that through the violence of his terrors he had mistaken his case, and imagined against himself what was not true." "I tell you, he replied, I know hell burns within me now: and the moment my soul quits the body, I shall be in such torments as none can conceive! I have denied the Saviour! I have blasphemed the Most High! and have said, Oh that I were stronger that God!" He was quite unwilling that I should attempt to pray for him. I visited him the next morning, when he appeared to be hardened beyond all feeling of remorse or fear.

His violent agitations, dread, and horror, had ceased their rage. His infidel principles returned upon him, and he gave full place to them, and gloried in them.

On my next visit, after a little conversation, he spoke with the greatest contempt of the Lord Jesus Christ; and derided his merits, and the virtue of his atoning blood. The words he used are too detestable and abominable to be repeated. The day following he appeared too much in the same state of mind, full of a diabolical spirit. Hell and damnation were his principal theme, and apparently without terror.

The following is a short account of what passed in two or three visits which the young man mentioned before, made him. "May the 1st, I again visited William P. when I asked him how he did?" he said, "No better. I have denied the Lord Jesus Christ, and the word of God. This is my hell!" He then took hold of his tongue and said, "Oh this damned tongue of mine!" Soon after he smote upon his breast, and said, "Oh this damned hypocritical heart. My pain is all within: if this were removed I should be better. Oh what a terrible thing it is! Once I might, and would not; now I would, and must not!" He sat a little while, and then cast his eyes upon me with the most affecting look I ever saw, and shook his head. At this sight I could not refrain from tears. At another time he said, "I attempted to pray, but when I had said a word or two, I was so confounded, I could say no more." At this time one of his old companions in sin came to see him: William said to him, "I desire you will go away; for I have ruined myself with being too much in such company as yours." The man was unwilling to depart, but William insisted on his going.

"Some time after, I sat up with him again, with some other friends. We would have prayed with him in the night, but he would not suffer us: he

said, it did him hurt, and added, "I am best content when I am cursing; I curse frequently to myse f, and it gives me ease. God has made a public example of me, for a warning to others; and if they will not take it, everlasting misery will be their portion!"

May 19th. I have visited him several times since the last mentioned. In all my visits I have found him perfectly averse to prayer, and to every thing that is good. Not the least mark of conviction, nor the most distant desire for salvation. When I attempted to pray at one time, he said, "Do not pray to Jesus Christ for me: he can do me no good: nor is there any being that can. When I began to pray he blasphemed in a most horrible manner, and dared the Almighty to do his worst to him, and send him to hell."

On the 24th. his state was not to be described. His eyes darted hate, and distraction. He grinned at me, and told me how he despised, and hated my prayers: at the same time he exclaimed,—"Curse on you all."

On the 26th. I visited him for the last time. I saw his dissolution was at hand. My soul pitied him. My painful feelings on his account cannot be expressed. I spoke to him with tenderness and plainness about the state of his soul and of another world: but he answered me with an high degree of displeasure: his countenance at the same time was horrible beyond expression; and with great vehemence he commanded me to cease speaking to him. I then told him, it would be the last time that I ever should see him in this world; and asked, if he were willing for me to put up another prayer for him? he, then, with great strength, considering his weakness, cried out, "No." This was the last word which I heard him speak, I left him, and he died in the evening.

I had the opportunity of seeing W. P. many times during his dreadful affliction, and cannot help ob-

serving, that he always clearly understood an argument when proposed to him, and returned rational answers; that if he was deranged, the delirium was of a singular kind: he was cut off by a slow consumption, which did not seem accompanied with a high degree of fever. His pain, as he expressed himself, was all within; and that he was made an example of as a warning to others, B. R.

The Murderer detected.

A CERTAIN man who was brought to the bar of justice on suspicion of murder, which, however, he knew it was not in the power of human knowledge to detect. When he came to hold up his hand at the bar, he pleaded not guilty; and the court began to be at a loss for proof, nothing but suspicion and circumstances appearing; however such witnesses as they had, they examined as usual; the witness standing up, as is customary, upon a little step, to be visible to the court.

When the court thought they had no more witnesses to examine, and the man in a few moments would have been acquitted; but recovering his courage a little, he stretches out his arm towards the place where the witnesses usually stood to give evidence upon trials, and pointing with his hand, my lord, says he, (aloud) that is not fair, tis not according to law, he is not a legal witness.

The court was surprised and could not understand what the man meant; but the judge, a man of more penetration, took the hint, and checking some of the court that offered to speak, and which would have perhaps brought the man back again to himself; hold, says the judge, the man sees something more than we do, I begin to understand him; and then speaking to the prisoner:

Why, says he, is not he a legal witness? I believe the court will allow his evidence to be good when he comes to speak.

No, my lord, it cannot be just, it cannot be allowed, says the prisoner, (with a confused eagerness in his countenance, that showed he had a bold heart but a guilty conscience.)

Why not friend, what reason do you give for it? says the judge.

My lord, says he, no man can be allowed to be witness in his own case; he is a party, my lord, he cannot be a witness.

But you mistake, says the judge, for you are indicted at the suit of the king, and the man may be a witness for the king, as in cases of robbery on the highway we always allow that the person robbed is a good witness; and without this the highway-man could not be convicted: but we shall hear what he says, when he is examined.

This the judge spoke with so much gravity, and so easy and natural, that the criminal at the bar answered, nay, if you will allow him to be a good witness, then I am a dead man; the last words he said with a lower voice than the rest, but withal called for a chair to sit down.

The court ordered him a chair, which if he had not had, it was thought he would have sunk down at the bar; as he sat down he was observed to be in a great consternation, and lifted up his hands several times repeating the words, a dead man, a dead man,, several times over.

The judge, however, was at some loss how to act, and the whole court appeared to be in a strange consternation, though nobody saw any thing but the man at the bar: at length the judge said to him, look you Mr. ——, calling him by his name, you have but one way left that I know of, and I'll read it to you out of the scripture; and so calling for a Bible he turns to the book of Joshua, and reads the

text, Josh. vii. 19. "And Joshua said unto Achan, my son, give, I pray, the glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto him, and tell me now what thou hast done, hide it not from me."

Here the judge exhorted him to confess his crime, for he saw, no doubt, an evidence ready to convict him, and to discover the whole matter against him; and if he did not confess, heaven would, no doubt, send witness to detect him.

Upon this the self condemned murderer burst out into tears and sad lamentations for his own miserable condition, and made a full confession of his crime; and when he had done, gave the following account of his case, as to the reasons of his being under such a surprise, viz. that he saw the murdered person standing upon the step as a witnesss, ready to be examined against him, and ready to show his throat which was cut by the prisoner, and who, as he said, stood staring full upon him with a frightful countenance: and this confounded him, as well it might, for it was seen by no one but himself.

The different Degrees of Heavenly Glory.

(Concluded from page 370.)

HE urges them also to great degrees of liberality from the same motive; 2 Cor. ix. 6. "This I say, he that soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully, shall also reap bountifully." Which words may reasonably be construed to signify the blessings of the life to come, as well as the blessings of the present life; for this apostle, speaking of the same duty of liberality, expresses the same encouragement under the same metaphors; Gal. vi. 6, 9. "Let him, that is taught in the word, communicate to him that teacheth in

all good things. Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap: for he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." When God distributes the riches of his glory amongst the saints in heaven, he pours them out in a large and bountiful manner, upon those who have distributed the good things of this life bountifully to the poor; but he rewards the narrow-souled christian with a more sparing hand.

With the same design does the apostle encourage christians to great watchfulness against sin, as well as ministers to a solicitous care of their doctrine and preaching: 1 Cor. iii. 12—15. "If any man build gold, silver, or precious stones upon the true foundation Jesus Christ," and raise a glorious superstructure of truth and holiness, "he shall receive a reward" answerable to his skill and care in building; for "his work" shall stand, when it is "tried by the fire" of the judgment-day: but if he build wood, hay, and stubble upon it," evil inferences, and corrupt practices, or trifles, fruitless controversies, idle speculations, and vain ceremonies, "his work shall be burnt, and he shall suffer loss, shall obtain a far less recompence of his labor: yet, since he has "laid Christ for the foundation," and has taught and practised the fundamental doctrines and duties of christianity, though mingled with much folly and weakness, "he himself shall be saved;" yet in so hazardous a manner as a man that is saved by fire, who loses all his goods, and just escapes with his life.

When you hear Paul, or John, speaking of the last judgment, they give hints of the same distinction of rewards, 2 Cor. v. 10. "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according

to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." Eph. vi. 8. "Whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free." Rev. xxii. 12, "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." Though the highest and holiest saint in heaven can claim nothing there by way of merit (for it is our Lord Jesus Christ alone, who has purchased all those unknown blessings) yet he will distribute them according to the different characters and degrees of holiness which his saints possessed on earth; and those larger degrees of holiness were also the free gift of God our Saviour.

I have often represented it to my own thoughts under this comparison. Here is a race appointed; here are a thousand different prizes, purchased by some prince to be bestowed on the racers: and the prince himself gives them food and wine, according to what proportion he pleases, to strengthen them and animate them for the race. Each has a particular stage appointed for him; some of shorter, and some of longer distance. When every racer comes to his own goal, he receives a prize in most exact proportion to his speed, diligence, and length of the race: and the grace and the justice of the prince shine gloriously in such a distribution. Not the foremost of the racers can pretend to have merited the prize; for the prizes were all paid for by the prince himself; and it was he that appointed the race, and gave them spirit and strength to run: and yet there is a most equitable proportion observed in the reward, according to the labors of the race. Now this similitude represents the matter so agreeably to the apostle's way of speaking, when he compares the christian life to a race, Heb. xii. 1, that I think it may be called almost a scriptural description of the present subject.

The reason of man, entirely concurs with scrip-

ture in this point. The glory of heaven is prepared for those who are prepared for it in a state of grace, Rom. ix. 23. It is God who makes each of us meet for our own inheritance among the saints in light, Col. i. 12. and then he bestows on us that inheritance. As grace fits the soul for glory, so a larger degree of grace advances and widens the capacity of the soul, and prepares it to receive a larger degree of glory The work of grace is but the means, the reward of glory is the end: now the wisdom of God always fits and adjusts the means in a due proportion to answer the end he designs; and the same wisdom ever makes the end answerable to the means he uses; and therefore he infuses more and higher glories into vessels more enlarged and better prepared.

The worship of heaven, and the joy that attends it, may be exceedingly different in degrees, according to the different capacities of spirits; and yet all may be perfect and free from sinful defects. Does not the sparrow praise the Lord its Maker upon the ridge of a cottage, chirping in its native perfection? And yet the lark advances in her flight and her song as far above the sparrow, as the clouds are above the house top. Surely superior joys and glories must belong to superior powers and services.

Can we think that Abraham and Moses, who were trained up in converse with God face to face, as a man converses with his friend, and who followed him through the wilderness and unknown countries, in a glorious exercise of faith, were not prepared for a great intimacy with God, and nearer views of his glory in heaven, than Samson and Jephthah, those rude heroes, who spent their days in bloody work, in hewing down the Philistines and the Ammonites? For we read little of their acquaintance with God, or converse with him, beside a petition now and then, or a vow for victory and for slaughter; and we should hardly have charity enough to believe they were saved, if St. Paul had not placed them

among the examples of faith, in his 11th ch. to the Hebrews. Can we believe that the thief upon the cross, who made a single though sincere professsion of the name of Jesus just in his dying hour, was prepared for the same high station and enjoyment in paradise, so near the right hand of Christ, as the great apostle Paul, whose prayers and sermons, whose miracles of labor and suffering, filled up and finished a long life, and honored his Lord and Saviour more than all the twelve apostles besides? Can we imagine that the child that is just born into this world, and weeps, and dies, and is taken to heaven, is fit to be possessor of the same glories, or raised to the same degree there, as the laborious and the zealous christian, that has lived about fourscore years on earth, and spent the greatest part of his life in the studies of religion, the exercises of piety, and the zealous and painful services of God and his country? Surely, if all these which I have named must have equal knowledge and joy in the future world, it is hard to find how such an exact equity should be displayed in the distribution of final rewards, as the Word of God so frequently describes.

Object. "But in the parable of the laborers hired to work in the vineyard, Matt. xx. 9. does not "every man receive his penny," they who were called at the first and third hour, and they who were called at the last? Were not their rewards all equal, those who had "wrought but one hour," and those "who have borne the burden and heat of the day?"

Answ. It is not the design of this parable to represent the final reward of the saints at the day of judgment, but to show that the nations of the Jews, who had been called to be the people of God above 1000 years before, and had "borne the burden and heat of the day," i. e. the toil and bondage of many ceremonies, should have no preference in the esteem of God above the Gentiles, who were called at the last hour, or at the end of the Jewish dispensation;

for it is said, "the last shall be first, and the first last," i. e. the Gentiles who waited long ere the gospel was preached to them, shall be the first in receiving it; and the Jews, to whom it was first offered, from inward pride will reject it, or receive it but slowly: and Christ adds this confirmation of it, "for many be called, but few chosen," i. e. though multitudes of Jews were called to believe in Christ, yet few accepted the call.

There is another reason why this parable cannot refer to the final rewards of heaven; because, ver. 11, it is said, "Some of them murmured against the good man of the house." Now there shall be no envy against the saints, nor murmuring against God in the heavenly state. But the Jews, and even the Jewish converts to christianity, were ready often to murmur that the gospel should be preached to the Gentile world, and that the Heathens should be brought into privileges equal with themselves.

Thus it sufficiently appears from the frequent declarations of scripture, as well as from the reason and equity of things, that the rewards of the future world shall be greatly distinguished, according to the different degrees of holiness and service for God, even though every spirit there shall be perfect; nor is there any just and reasonable objection against it.

It is certain then, that heaven has various degrees of happiness in it, and shall my spirit rest contented with the meanest place there, and the least and the lowest measure? Hast thou no sacred ambition in thee, O my soul, to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? Or dost thou not aspire at least to the middle ranks of glorified saints, though perhaps thou mayest despair of those most exalted stations which are prepared for the spirits of chief renown, for Abraham and Moses, of ancient time, and for the martyrs and the apostles of the Lamb? Wilt thou not stir up all the vigor of nature and grace within thee, to do great service for thy God and Saviour

on earth, that thy reward in heaven may not be small? Wilt thou not run with zeal and patience the race that is set before thee, looking to the brightest cloud of witnesses, and reaching at some of the richer prizes? Remember that Jesus, thy judge, is coming apace: he has rewards with him of every size, and the lustre and weight of thy crown shall exactly correspond to thy sweat and labor.

[WATTS' Death and Heaven.

An account of Mr Booty; extracted from captain Spink's journal, and from the Records of the court of King's bench.

TUESDAY, May 12, we anchored at Mansat-Road, with Capt. Barnaby, Capt. Bristow, and Capt. Brewer. About six o'clock we all four weighed anchor and sailed for the Island of Lusara. Friday 15. about two o'clock we saw the island, and about seven came to an anchor in twelve fathom water. Saturday 16, we (the Captains) with Mr. Ball, merchant of Wentworth, went on shore, in order to shoot curlews, on mount Strembolo. Half an hour and fourteen minutes after three, we called our men to us, when we all, to our great surprise, saw two men running with amazing swiftness, and Capt. Barnaby cried out, "Lord, bless me! the foremost man is Mr Booty, my next neighbour in London." He was in grey cloaths with cloth buttons. He that ran after him was in black. They both ran straight into the burning mountain, and at the instant was such a noise as made us all tremble. Capt. Barnaby said, "I do not doubt, but it is old Booty running into hell:" and as soon as we came on board, he desired us to mark the time, and write it down in our journals, which we did.

We returned to Gravesend, October 6. Capt. Barnaby then went for the rest, to congratulate them

on their safe arrival. After some discourse, Capt. Barnaby's Wife said, "I can tell you some news: old Booty is dead." He answered, "That we all know; for we saw him run into hell." Mrs. Barnaby related this to an acquaintance in London: and she informed Mrs. Booty of it. On this, Mrs. Booty arrested Capt. Barnaby in an action of a thousand pounds. It came to a trial in the court of King's Bench. The four Captains, Mr. Ball, and all the men made oath, that they saw him run very swiftly, and leap into the burning mountain: that he had on a grey coat with cloth buttons, (which was brought into the court, and exactly answered the description.) And that they all set it down just then in their journals, which were also produced in court, and answered the time when he died to two minutes, as appeared from the sexton of the Parish, and several others who were with him at his death. In summing up the evidence the Lord Chief Justice said, "Two or three may be mistaken; but we cannot suppose above thirty were." So the cause was given for the defendant.

An account of the first Duke of Queensbury, taken from a book, called The Scots Worthies.

A YOUNG man perfectly well acquainted with the Duke, (probably one of those he had formerly banished,) being now a sailor and in foreign countries, while the ship was upon the coast of Naples or Sicily, near one of the burning mountains, one day they espied a coach and six, all in black, going towards the mount with great velocity; when it came past them they were so near that they could perceive the dimensions and features of one that sat in it. The young man said to the rest, if I could believe my own eyes, or if ever I saw one like another, I would say, that is the Duke. In an instant,

they heard an audible voice echo from the mouth, *Open to the Duke of Queensbury;* upon which the coach, now near the mount, vanished. The young man took pen and paper, and marked down the month, day, and hour of the apparition; and upon his return, found it exactly answer the day and hour the duke died.

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE.

Extracted from the Rev. D. Simpson's Works.

THE following extraordinary narrative was related by the person who is the chief subject of it; as also by his two comrades in the vessel, whose veracity appeared unquestionable;—

Two brothers (of the name of Clarke) who had the command of a small trading vessel in the Isle of Man, were lying at anchor, some distance from the harbour waiting for a fair wind, a sailor on board wishing to go on shore, which they were unwilling to allow, was much offended; as they were Methodists, he had great enmity against them, and therefore, after some personal abuse, swore that he would not be hindered by them. He therefore went down into the boat, which was lying at the side of the ship, and as he took the oar in order to send himself to shore, it fell out of his hand, and he lay with his head hanging over the gunnel. For some time they apprehended he was going to sleep, but not seeing him move, one of the brothers got into the boat, and shaking him by the shoulders he did not awake; then looking upon his face, and finding him pale and motionless, Clarke cried out to his brother, the man is dead. They then fastened ropes about his body, and drew him up into the vessel, and after stripping him, they threw pails of water upon his face and different parts of his body, in hopes this might be a means of rouz-

ing him, if he was in a trance or fit. Finding this ineffectual, they laid him on his belly across a piece of timber, and one holding him by the head and the other by the feet, they pulled him alternately, thinking that the friction might be of service; but as no signs of life appeared, they left him upon deck, and fetched some of the crew of another vessel to see that there were no marks of violence upon the body. After this was done, various efforts were used to restore him to life; at length he was heard to groan, and shortly after opened his eyes. They then put him to bed in the cabin, where he lay for some time without speaking, being exceedingly weak. As Thomas Clarke was standing at the bed side he said to him,—Oh Tom, Tom, I have been a wicked wretch, I have used you and your brother very ill; can you forgive me? Clarke repled, indeed I can, and do, with all my heart, and I hope God will forgive you. When he had regained a little strength, he addressed Clarke in the following manner:

I have been out of the body, and have seen wonderful things. As soon as I jumped into the boat my spirit departed, and I found myself in the custody of two devils, in the shape of black bears, who dragged me to a lime kiln, out of which I saw flames of fire ascending. I shrieked horribly, and just as they were going to throw me in, an angel dressed in white robes, whose face resembled Mr Mason's, the Methodist Preacher, suddenly appeared, and said to the devils, he is not yours, let him go; upon which, they immediately vanished. The angel took me by the arm, and led me from the lime kiln, and when we had gone a little way, I observed a man with a black mantle over his shoulders; and coming near to him, I knew him to be a companion of mine, and it was impressed on my mind, that we had neglected to pay a vow which we once made to God. We were both some time ago in a small fishing boat, and a great storm coming on, we expected nothing but death,

therefore seeing ourselves in such danger, we prayed to God to deliver us, and promised, upon our knees, that if he would bring us safe to shore, we would each give a shilling to the poor; but when we got to land we never thought more about our vow. And now, Tom Clarke, as I do not think I shall live long, finding myself so very weak, I beseech you to charge my wife to give a shilling to the poor for me, or I shall never be happy; on Clarke assuring him he would, he continued his discourse. The angel after this led me to a beautiful river, at the other side of which, in a flowery meadow, I saw a great number of people, (chiefly Methodists) and among the rest you, and the Predestinarian that was arguing with you yesterday. At the time of your dispute, you may remember, that he quoted this text of Scripture; "The Lord hath made all things for himself; yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." At this, thinking I was one of the reprobates that would be damned, I said within myself, surely from my past debauched life, I must expect it, and therefore it is in vain for me to look for salvation. I may continue still in my wicked courses and make myself as happy as I can while I live, since I must go to hell at last. Indeed, I now believe, that this was only a temptation of the devil, for as I saw you on the bank of the river, with the bible in your hand, opened in that very place where the text was, the angel said unto me,—Tom Clarke is right, the other man is wrong; my grace is free for all, therefore free for you.——And now, to convince you I am telling truth, as you know I can neither read nor write, if you look into the Bible you will find that text in the 16th chapter of Proverbs, and that the first letter of the chapter is a T. Upon this Clarke examined his Bible, and finding it to be true, he desired the man to go on with his story.

Well, said he, after receiving some comfort from what the angel said, I saw a large gate, at the end of

the field, which was studded all over with diamonds, and out of the keyhole the rays of the sun shone so bright, that my eyes were quite dazzled; and, as I was admiring the sight, a white dove came through the keyhole, and, flying straight across the river, struck me with force upon the breast, and while it was fluttering with its wings I found my life returning by degrees.

He then told Tom Clarke, that if God would but spare him, he would become a new man, and that both he and his wife (whom before he had grossly abused for going to hear the Methodists) would join them, which they did soon after. He had been among them two years when this account was given, and was then walking in the fear of God and happy in the light of his countenance; and though he was advanced in years, he had taught himself to read, that he might be able to search the Scriptures, and learn from thence the Truth as it is in Jesus.

Providential escape from Poison.

ON the first sabbath day, in the year 1749, Mr. Thomas Lilly, the son of a farmer in the parish of Kelso, in Roxburghshire, a promising young man, intended for the Church of Scotland, and who then had studied a considerable time at school, happened to be at home keeping the house, with only a shepherd's boy, all the rest of the family, (excepting a maid servant,) being at sermon; the young student and the boy being seated by the fire, whilst the girl was gone to the well for some water, a venerable old gentleman, clad in an antique garb, presented himself; and, after some little ceremony, desired the student to open the bible which lay upon the table before him, and turn over to a certain chapter

and verse in the second book of Kings. The student did so, and read: "There is death in the pot."

On this the old man, with much apparent agitation, pointed to the great family-pot boiling on the fire, declaring, that the maid had cast a great quantity of arsenic into it, with intent to poison the whole family, to the end she might rob the house of the hundred guineas, which she knew her master had taken for sheep and grain, which he had sold. Just as he was so saying, the maid came to the door, announcing her approach by the noise of the nails in her shoe-heels. The old gentleman said to the student, "Remember my warning, and save the lives of the family," and that instant disappeared.

The maid entered with a smiling countenance, emptied her pail, and returned to the well for a fresh supply. Meantime, young Lilly put some oatmeal into a wooden dish, skimmed the pot of the fat, and mixed it like what we call brose or croudy; and, when the maid returned, he, with the boy, appeared busily employed in eating the mixture. "Come, Peggy," said the student, "here is enough left for you; are not you fond of croudy?" She smiled, took up the dish, and, reaching a horn spoon, withdrew to the back room. The shepherd's dog followed her, unseen by the boy; and the poor animal, on the croudy being put down by the maid, fell a victim to his voracious appetite; for, before the return of the family from church, it was enormously swelled, and expired in great agony.

The student enjoined the boy to remain quite passive for the present; meantime he attempted to show his ingenuity in resolving the cause of the canine catastrophe into insanity, in order to keep the girl in countenance, till a fit opportunity of discovering the plot should present itself.

Soon after, his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, with the other servants, returned from church,

all hungering after the word, and eager to sit round the rustic board.

The table was instantly replenished with wooden bowls and trenchers, and a heap of barley bannocks graced the top. The kail or broth, infused with leeks or winter cabbages, was poured forth in plenty; and Peggy, with a prodigal hand, filled all the dishes with the homely dainties of Tiviotdale. The master began grace, and all hats and bonnets were instantly off. "O Lord," prayed the farmer, "we have been hearing thy word from the mouth of thy aged servant, Mr. Ramsey; we have been alarmed by the awful famine in Samaria, and of death being in the pot!" Here the young scholar interrupted his father, by exclaiming: "Yes, sir, there is death in the pot now here, as well as there was once in Israel. Touch not! taste not! See the dog dead by the poisoned pot!"

"What!" cried the farmer, "have you been raising the devil by your conjuration? Is this the effect of your study sir?" "No, father," said the student, "I pretend to no such arts of magic or necromancy; but this day, as the boy can testify, I had a solemn warning from one, whom I take to be no demon, but a good angel. To him we all owe our lives. As to Peggy, according to his intimation, she has put poison into the pot, for the purpose of destroying the family root and branch!" Here the girl fell into a fit, from which being with some trouble recovered, she confessed the whole of her deadly design, and was suffered to withdraw from the family and her native country. She was soon after executed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne for the murder of her bastard child, again making ample confession of the above diabolical design.

Assignation to appear after Death.

THE story of the Marquis de Rambouillet's appearing after his death to his cousin the Marquis de Precy, is well known. These two noblemen talking one day concerning the affairs of the next world, in a manner which showed they did not believe much about it, entered into an agreement, that the first that died should come and give intelligence to the other.

Soon after, the Marquis de Rambouillet set out for Flanders, which was then the seat of war, and the Marquis de Precy remained in Paris, being ill of a violent fever. About six weeks after, early one morning, he heard some one draw the curtains of his bed, and, turning to see who it was, discovered the Marquis de Rambouillet in a buff coat and boots. He instantly got out of bed, and attempted to shake hands with his friend; but Rambouillet drew back, and told him he was only come to perform the promise he had formerly made; that nothing was more certain than what they had been told concerning another life; that he advised him earnestly to alter his way of life, for that the first action he should be engaged in, he would certainly fall.

Precy made a fresh attempt to touch his friend, but he immediately withdrew. He lay wondering on his bed upon the strangeness of the circumstance for some time, when he saw the same appearance reenter his apartment: upon which, Rambouillet, finding that he still disbelieved what was told, showed him the wound in his reins, of which he died, and from which the blood still seemed to flow.

Soon after this, Precy received a confirmation of the Marquis de Rambouillet's death; and was killed himself, according to the prediction, in the civil wars, at the battle of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

It may naturally be asked here, whence it happens that so many other persons, who have made the

same promise to come again after their death, have not done it? Seneca mentions a stoic philosopher, named Canius Julus, who, being condemned to death by Caligula, told his friends, that whereas they were inquiring whether the soul was immortal or not, he was going to a place where he should soon know: but we are no where told that he ever returned to clear up the point.

La Motte Vayer, in his book on the Immortality of the Soul, relates how he made an agreement with a friend of his, that the first of the two that died should return and inform the other of his condition. It happened that his friend died first, but he never returned and kept his promise.

Mr. Montague's agreement with the Earl of Rochester ended in the same manner, as the story is related in Mrs. Rowe's Letters; but it is wrong to conclude, that, because the deceased sometimes return, that they always can; and it is equally absurd to deny their coming again, because some, that have promised to do so, have not been able to keep their word.

To justify these positions, we must suppose it to be in their own power to appear when and how they please; but it seems evident, on the contrary, that this does not depend upon them, and that it is by the particular permission of Almighty God that they ever appear at all.

An Account of an Apparition in the north of England.

Newcastle, Dec. 29, 1758.

LAST Monday I took down the following particulars from John and Ann Lambert, of Winlington. The truth of which they are ready to confirm on oath.

Henry Cooke, of Winlington, (a Roman Catholic) departed this life, in the year 1752, and John and Ann Lambert took the house he died in. A few days after their removal to the house, Ann was greatly surprised with a noise in an inner room; the door shook very much, and the latch was lifted up several times About a week after this, John and Ann heard a knocking over the bed, (in which they lay) which seemed to be between the roof and the plastering. Ann heard the same noise three nights after. About a fortnight after this (and one year and a half after the death of Henry Cooke) Ann Lambert, at one o'clock in the day, saw in an inner room an appearance resembling a man dressed in his grave clothes, which frightened her so that she swooned away, and was lifeless for sometime: upon which they immediately left that house and removed to another about 300 yards from it. A month after their removing to this house Ann was suddenly surprised, as she lay in bed, by a stroke given to the bedside. About a week after this, as she lay awake in bed with her husband, at midnight she saw at the further end of the room a square light, and in the middle of it, the appearance of a man's head as white as chalk. She awoke her husband, who saw it likewise. Four days after, she heard, at one o'clock in the morning, a noise like the report of a large gun behind her; upon which she got up and stirred the fire, but could see nothing: she then returned to her bed, but had scarcely laid down, when to her surprize she saw standing by the bedside an appearance, dressed in a surplice and white wig. She said, "In the name of God the Father, &c. why do you trouble me?" He answered, "Meet me at one o'clock, and I will tell you what I want;" and then vanished away. No more noise was heard that night, but the next morning there were two heavy strokes given behind the bed, soon after her husband got up and went to his work. He had not been gone long, when she felt

a heavy pressure, which was accompanied with a loud noise like the report of a large cannon; after this all was hushed for some minutes, and then there was a shaking in the room, like the wind shaking of trees; the apparition then appeared at the bed's foot, like a man in his working-dress, and passing on slowly disappeared. Some days after this, as she lay in bed with her husband and children, (for they all lay together) about eleven o'clock at night, there was a great noise like a cannon, followed with a heavy pressure; then one of the children (a girl five years old) was taken out of the bed, and carried to the middle of the room, and laid on the floor. The mother cried out, and her husband got up and brought the child into bed again. In the morning the child complained of a soreness under her thigh; it being examined, nothing could be discovered but the mark of a pinch in the flesh, which increased every day more and more, and grew worse and worse till the child was obliged to take her bed, and remained five weeks under the Doctor's hands. The next night the noise was as usual. The youngest child lying in the mother's bosom, was snatched from her, and carried out of bed; the mother immediately followed, and found her child laid on the ground unhurt. The night following the noise was repeated, and the eldest child was partly dragged out of the bed; but upon the child's shrieking, the parents awoke and pulled her in again: the bed shook very much at these times. Being thus terribly frightened, and much fatigued for want of natural rest, they resolved once more to change their habitation, to see if this would put an end to these uncommon visits. Accordingly they removed their little all into a house at the other end of the town.——The third night after their removal, they were much disturbed by an uncommon scratching or scraping at their room door, and a great light at the same time appeared at the foot of the bed. The same week the pressure and noise were repeated;

a few nights after her husband felt the pressure, which he thought would have pressed him through the bed.

About three weeks after, at night, there was a great rumbling in the next room, when Ann asked, "In the name of God what art thou?" but there was no answer: and the noise ceased. Soon after her husband went to work: about an hour after he was gone, she saw Henry Cooke stand at her bed's foot, dressed in the clothes which he wore during his life time: she was so overpowered that she could not speak, so he vanished away. All remained quiet for a week; no noise was heard, nor any thing seen, but on Sunday night the noise began again, and there seemed to be a man grinding with a hand-mill over their heads: then the sash window shook very much, so that they thought all the glass had been broken; but upon examining it in the morning, there was but one pane, which was cracked at the four corners, and broke in the middle in the shape of a diamond. Nothing remarkable happened from July 1755, the time the window was broke, till December, save a continual noise in the house, and a large cat killed in an uncommon manner. Dec. 2. As Ann was making her bed at night, she saw a small black four-footed beast run along the bolster, and disappeared. Two or three nights after she saw the apparition in the likeness of a brown and white calf; it grew bigger and bigger till it was the size of a middling horse, then it leaped into the bed and struck her three times, but she received no hurt. Dec. 6. At midnight, John being awake in bed, saw Henry Cooke, dressed in his working clothes, come into the room: who walked to the fire-side, and stood there a considerable time; but he was so overcome that he could not speak, and the apparition vanished away. Dec 20. At midnight Ann felt the hands of a man on her face as cold as ice, which kept teazing her till she awoke her husband, and then they were removed. Dec. 22. About two o'clock in the morning, she saw as

it were a pewter dish the color of blood, with blood sprinkled round the edges of it. This was the last time she saw it, which was the morning I took down this account.

J. G. M.

A Curious Note found among the papers of M. De la Harpe. Imported by Dulaw.

IT appears to me as if it were but yesterday; and it was, nevertheless, in the beginning of the year 1788; we were at the table of a brother academician, who was of the highest rank and a man of talents. The company was numerous and of all kinds; courtiers, advocates, literary men, academicians, &c. We had been, as usual, luxuriously entertained; and at the desert, the wines of Malvoisie and the Cape, added to the natural gaiety of good company that kind of social freedom which sometimes stretches beyond the rigid decorum of it. In short, we were in a state to allow of any thing that would produce mirth. Chamfort had been reading some of his impious and libertine tales, and the fine ladies had heard them, without once making use of their fans. A deluge of pleasantries on religion then succeeded; one gave a quotation from the Pucelle d'Orleans; another recollected and applauded the philosophical distich of Diderot,

Et des Boyaux du dernier Pretre,
Serrez le Cou du dernier Roi.
And of the last priest's entrails from the string
Around the neck of the last king.

A third rises, and with a bumper in his hand, "Yes, gentlemen," (he exclaims) "I am as sure that there is no God, as I am certain that Homer is

a fool." The conversation afterwards took a more serious turn, and the most ardent admiration was expressed of the revolution which Voltaire had produced; and they all agreed that it formed the brightest ray of his glory. "He has given the ton to his age, and has contrived to be read in the chamber, as well as in the drawing-room." One of the company mentioned, and almost burst with laughter at the circumstance, that his hair-dresser had said, while he was powdering him, "Look you, Sir; though I am nothing but a poor journeyman-barber, I have no more religion than another man." It was concluded that the revolution would soon be consummated, and that it was absolutely necessary for superstition and fanaticism to give place to philosophy. The probability of this Epoch was then calculated, and which of the company present would live to see the Reign of Reason. The elder part of them lamented that they could not flatter themselves with the hope of enjoying such a pleasure: while the younger part rejoiced in the expectation that they should witness it. The academy was felicitated for having prepared the grand work, and being, at the same time, the strong hold, the centre and the moving principle of freedom of thought.

"There was only one of the guests who had not shared in the delights of this conversation; he had even ventured, in a quiet way, to start a few pleasantries on our noble enthusiasm. It was Cazotte, an amiable man, of an original turn of mind, but unfortunately infatuated with the reveries of the Illuminati. He renewed the conversation in a very serious tone, and in the following manner: "Gentlemen," said he, "be satisfied, you will all see this grand and sublime revolution. You know that I am something of a Prophet, and I repeat that you will all see it." He was answered by the common expression, "It is not necessary to be a great conjurer to foretel that."—"Agreed; but, perhaps, it may be necessary to be something more, respecting what I am

now going to tell you. Have you any idea of what will result from this revolution? What will happen to yourselves, to every one now present: what will be the immediate progress of it, with its certain effects and consequences?" "Oh," said Condorcet, with his silly and saturnine laugh, "let us know all about it; a philosopher can have no objection to meet a prophet." "You M. Condorcet will expire on the pavement of a dungeon; you will die of the poison which you will have taken to escape from the hands of the executioner: of poison which the happy state of that period will render it absolutely necessary that you should carry about you."

At first there appeared a considerable degree of astonishment: but it was soon recollected that Cazotte was in the habit of dreaming while he was awake, and the laugh was as loud as ever,—"M. Cazotte, the tale which you have just told is not so pleasant as your Diable Amoreux. But what devil has put this dungeon, this poison, and these hangmen in your head? What can these things have in common with philosophy and the reign of Reason?" "That is precisely what I am telling you. It will be in the name of philosophy, of humanity, and of liberty; it will be under the reign of Reason, that what I have foretold will happen to you. It will then, indeed, be the reign of Reason: for she will have temples erected to her honor. Nay, throughout France, there will be no other places of public worship than the temples of Reason." "In faith," said Chamfort, with one of his sarcastic smiles, "you will not be an officiating priest in any of these temples." "I hope not, but you, M. Chamfort, you will be well worthy of that distinction; for you will cut yourself across the veins with twenty-two strokes of a razor, and will, nevertheless, survive the attempt for some months."—They all looked at him and continued to laugh.—"You, M. Vicq. d'Azyr, you will not open your veins yourself, but you will order

them to be opened six times in one day during a paroxysm of the gout, in order that you may not fail in your purpose, and you will die during the night. As for you, M. de Nicolai, you will die on the scaffold; and so M. Bailly, will you: and so will you, Malesherbes." "Oh heavens," said Roucher, "it appears that his vengeance is levelled solely against the academy; he has just made a most horrible execution of the whole of it; now tell me my fate in the name of mercy?"—"You will die also upon the scaffold" "Oh," it was universally exclaimed, "he was sworn to exterminate us all." "No, it is not I who have sworn it." "Are we then to be subjugated by Turks and Tartars?" By no means; I have already told you, that you will then be governed by Reason and Philosophy alone. Those who will treat you as I have described, will all of them be Philosophers; will be continually uttering the same phrases that you have been repeating for the last hour; will deliver all your maxims, and will quote, as you have done, Diderot and Pucelle." "Oh," it was whispered, "the man is out of his senses;" for during the whole of his conversation, his countenance never underwent the least change. "Oh no," said another, "you must perceive he is laughing at us: for he always blends the marvellous with his pleasantries." "Yes," answered Chamfort, "the marvellous, with him, is never enlivened with gaiety. He always looks as if he were going to be hanged. But when will all this happen?" "Six years will not have passed away, before all which I have told you shall be accomplished."

"Here, indeed, is plenty of miracles," (it was myself, says M. de la Harpe, who now spoke) "and you set me down for nothing." "You will yourself be a miracle as extraordinary as any which I have told. You will then be a Christian."

Loud exclamations immediately followed. "Ah," replied Chamfort, "all my fears are removed; for

if we are not doomed to perish till La Harpe becomes a christian, we shall be immortal."

"As for us women, said the duchess de Grammont, it is very fortunate that we are considered as nothing in these revolutions. Not that we are totally discharged from all concern in them; but it is understood that in such cases we are to be left to ourselves. —Our sex,"—"Your sex, ladies, will be no guarantee to you in these times. It will make no difference whatever whether you interfere or not. You will be treated precisely as the men; no distinction will be made between you." "But what does all this mean, M. Cazotte? You are surely preaching to us about the end of the world." "I know no more of that my Lady Duchess, than yourself: but this I know, that you will be conducted to the scaffold, with several other ladies along with you in the cart of the executioner, and with your hands tied behind you." "I hope, Sir, that in such a case, I shall be allowed, at least, a coach hung with black." "No, Madam, you will not have that indulgence: Ladies of higher rank than you, will be drawn in a cart as you will be, with their hands tied as yours will be, and to the same fate as to that which you are destined." "Ladies of higher rank than myself? What, princesses of the blood?" "Greater still."

Here there was a very sensible emotion throughout the company, and the countenance of the master of the mansion wore a very grave and solemn aspect: it was, indeed, very generally observed, that this pleasantry was carried rather too far. Madam de Grammont, in order to disperse the cloud that seemed to be approaching, made no reply to his last answer, but contented herself with saying, with an air of gaiety, "You see, he will not even leave me a confessor." No, Madam, that consolation will be denied to all of you. The last person led to the scaffold who will be allowed a confessor, as the greatest of favors, will be————" Here he paused for a moment.

"And who then is the happy mortal who will be allowed to enjoy this prerogative?" "It is the only one which will be left him; it will be——the King of France."

The master of the house now rose in haste, and his company were all actuated by the same impulse. He then advanced towards M. Cazotte, and said to him, in an affecting and impressive tone, "My dear M. Cazotte, we have had enough of these melancholy conceits. You carry it too far; even to the compromising the company with whom you are, and yourself along with them." Cazotte made no answer, and was preparing to retire; when Madam de-Grammont, who wished, if possible, to do away all serious impressions, and to restore some kind of gaiety among them, advanced towards him, and said, "My good Prophet, you have been so kind as to tell us all our fortunes, but you have not mentioned any thing respecting your own." After a few moments silence, with his eyes fixed on the ground, "Madam," he replied, "have you read the siege of Jerusalem, as related by Josephus?" "To be sure I have, and who has not? But you may suppose, if you please, that I know nothing about it." "Then you must know, Madam, that during the siege of Jerusalem, a man, for seven successive days, went round the ramparts of that city, in the sight of the besiegers and besieged, crying incessantly, in a loud and inauspicious voice,—'Woe to Jerusalem!' and on the seventh day he cried, 'Woe to Jerusalem, and to myself!' At that very moment, an enormous stone thrown by the machines of the enemy, dashed him in pieces."

M. Cazotte then made his bow and retired.

Thus far M. de la Harpe: those who recollect the melancholy exit of all the characters above mentioned, during the reign of terror in France, must be astonished at the exact fulfilment of this remarkable prediction, so unlikely to be accomplished at the

time it was uttered. That M. de la Harpe was capable of imposing falsehood on the world, in the last moments of his life, will, I believe, be suspected by few, and I have never heard the authenticity of the note called in question.

The Conversion of M. de la Harpe, a French Infidel Philosopher.

EVERY person who has paid the least attention to French Literature, knows that there was a society of eminent men of letters, who held regular meetings, in order to canvass the best mode of directing their attacks against christianity. Diderot was the patriarch of these Atheists. D. Alembert, Duclos, Condorcet, and many others, were members of this society. But none was more conspicuous than M. de la Harpe. He was the favorite of Voltaire; repeatedly visited him, and resided with him at Ferney; acted on his theatre, dedicated his first play to him; and, in return, Voltaire revised his productions, recommended him to official patronage, secured a party to his favor; and, in short, exerted all his interest to render him popular. De la Harpe, treading in the footsteps of his master, promoted the French Revolution to his utmost. The ever-shifting governors of France, during many a turbulent scene, were sometimes friendly, sometimes inimical, to literature and *literati*. By one of these temporary presidencies M. de la Harpe was arrested, and shut up in the Luxembourg. The greater number of those with whom he had been particularly connected, had already suffered on the scaffold; and the same fate appeared to be reserved for him. At the moment when he was consigned to a prison, the opinions of those modern philosophers with whom he had associated, were not effaced from his mind; and, though

he abominated their effects, the principles themselves had not altogether lost their influence.

In this comfortless situation M. de la Harpe had the happiness of finding a fellow prisoner whose piety afforded him the means of consolation, and by whom it was recommended to employ himself in studying the Psalms of David, which M. de la Harpe had never looked into but as containing some poetical beauties; and even of these he did not retain the least remembrance. His new friend, however, fearing lest he might alarm the Philosopher by such a proposition, urged this employment rather as the means of amusing his anxious mind; and, therefore, requested him to write a mere literary commentary on these sublime productions.

M. de la Harpe, charmed with an occupation which was so conformable to his taste and inclinations, entered at once upon the work. At the very commencement of it, he was convinced that the Psalms contained poetical beauties of a superior character; and, as he proceeded, this opinion was proportionably heightened. The perusal of other pious works strengthened the growing disposition; and he, at length, discovered the real source of those consolations, and that help to which the wretched never apply in vain. This commentary, which was at first undertaken with the warmth of gratitude, and continued with the zeal of piety, became the preliminary discourse of the Translation of the Psalter, the first work in which the author announced his conversion.

This conversion was attended with all the marks of a sincere conviction. The manuscript notes of M. de la Harpe, afford an additional proof of it. "I was in prison," says he, "all alone, in a small chamber, and in a state of profound sorrow; but many days did not pass before I found that the study of the Psalms and the Gospels, had produced a strong, though gradual, effect in my mind. I was already numbered among the faithful. I beheld a new light,

but it alarmed and terrified me, by discovering the abyss,—an abyss of forty years of error. I beheld all the evil, but could not discern the remedy.—There was no one to afford me aid. On one hand, my life appeared before me, represented to me by a light which beamed from the torch of celestial truth. On the other, I looked on death, that death which I daily expected, and as it was then inflicted. The priest no longer appeared on the scaffold to console the dying victim: he ascended it rather to die himself there. Oppressed by these desolating ideas, my heart sunk within me; and addressing myself in a smothered voice to the God whom I had scarcely known, What ought I to do? and I,—What will be my lot? Upon the table lay Thomas a Kempis. I had been already assured of the excellence of his work, of the comfort I should derive from it, and of the power it possessed to sooth my desponding thoughts. I therefore opened the book, as accident directed, and my eyes fell at once upon these words, *Behold, I am here my son; I come to you, because you have called upon me.* I read no more. The instantaneous impression which I experienced is beyond all expression; and I am as unable to describe as to forget it. I fell with my face on the earth, and bathed in tears; while my words and my cries were but half uttered from the violence of my sobbings. At the same time, I found my heart expanding and relieved: but at the very same moment, as if it were ready to split. Indeed, I remember very little of this situation, but that I wept long, and that beyond all comparison; my heart never experienced such violent and delicious emotions, and that these words, *Behold I am here, my son*, did not cease to resound, as it were, through my soul, and to arouse all the faculties of it."

M. de la Harpe considered it as a duty to proclaim in public those truths which he had formerly been so unfortunate to oppose; and it was with this view

that he resumed the chair of the Lyceum, The effect produced by him at the first sitting will never be forgotten. The orator in a speech full of energy and pathos, gave a picture of the national manners, pointed out their causes, and inspired the crowded audience with those sentiments of indignation and regret which he himself felt.

The noble and pathetic delivery of M. de la Harpe gave great weight to the principles which he maintained; and it was remarked with truth, that his eloquence became more perfect when it was altogether consecrated to the support of such a cause. It was to be expected that his zeal would attract, as in effect it afterwards did, the spirit of persecution: and he was twice proscribed. An order was issued to get possession of him alive or dead: but he continued to pursue his labors with undisturbed tranquillity. His "Defence of Religion" then occupied his mind. Without consulting the authors who had treated the same subject, he confined himself to the meditation of the sacred writings, and drew from that only source the arguments which he opposed to the philosophers. He possessed an advantage unknown to his predecessors. Connected as he had long been with the infidel writers, he was well acquainted with the strong and the weak parts of their doctrine: and, to use his own expression, he had passed almost the whole of his life in *the camp of the enemy*.

All the activity of his mind was exerted in the sacred cause to which he had devoted himself; nor did the continual danger to which he was exposed interrupt the tranquillity of his mind. He has often said that this period of proscription was the happiest of his life. His intimate friends had frequently seen him, when he thought himself unobserved by them, prostrate on the earth, as it were before God, and displaying signs of the most lively and sincere repentance. His health, however, was materially affected by his confinement; and, after his return to public

notice. he gradually sunk under a complication of disorders. He preserved his presence of mind to the last; and when his enfeebled eyes could not bear the light from amidst the curtains which were drawn around him, from the gloom of this anticipated tomb, he continued to converse with his friends on the comforts he experienced from religion, on the errors of his life, and on the mercy of his God. He died Feb. 11, 1803, aged 64.

An Extract of a Letter from a gentleman in Barbadoes to a Friend.

A VERY great friendship existed between Thomas Ostrahan and Robert Straker, two youths of this island, which was contracted at school in England, and continued after their arrival here. Ostrahan died lately; Straker attended his funeral, and expressed lively marks of sorrow at the death of his friend. On his return at night to rest, in his chamber, he there ruminated on Ostrahan's death, and consoled himself for his loss, in a hope that his friend would enjoy a degree of happiness in the invisible world that he could not have expected here. Whilst he was thus employed, he on a sudden saw a glimmering light at a distance from him, which seemed to approach near him, and directly there appeared to his sight a form that made every nerve in him tremble with fear, and so wrought on him, that he sunk speechless in his bed. After some little time he recovered from his swoon, and saw the same form sitting in a chair by the side of his bed; and, notwithstanding the terrific appearance of it, he soon recognized the features of his late departed friend, Ostrahan, who thus saluted him: "Do not be terrified, my dear friend, at my appearance: be of good courage: do not be surprised." At these words he recollected his faultering spirits, and offered to

take him by the hand. "No, my dear Bob." said the spirit, "I am not to be touched by mortal hands. But I have received a command from the Almighty to warn you of an impending danger that hangs over your brother's head, which he is ignorant of. Tell your father that two intimate friends and companions of your brother will shortly seduce him to the most abandoned wickedness; and that unless he uses some precaution to prevent it, your brother will inevitably be lost. I know you love him, and would not willingly see him undone, therefore fail not to acquaint your father. You yourself will shortly die, at what hour I know not; and another of our friends will shortly follow. At this he departed from his sight.

This made a deep impression on him, which his mother took notice of, and asked him the reason of it. He told her he should shortly die; she asked how he came to have such a thought; and in answer to her question he told her of his friend Ostrahan's appearance to him, which she laughed at, and told him it was a dream. At night he retired to rest with his brother as usual; but being kept awake some time by uneasy reflections on what the spirit had told him respecting his brother, he on a sudden saw a very bright light illuminating the whole chamber, which was so beautiful and striking, that it both pleased and terrified him. At the same instant he jumped out of bed, in order to alarm the family; but hearing a fluttering kind of noise, he looked towards the place, and saw his friend arrayed in celestial glory standing before him. Never did his eyes behold a form so beautiful; he was dressed in a long white robe, that carried with it an air of inexpressible grandeur; his cheeks appeared adorned with a rosy-colored hue, that surpassed the beauty of the blooming rose. A glorious illumination sparkled around him. Straker beheld the sight with the most rapturous ecstacy, while he stood some minutes silent to indulge the admiration of his earthly friend. At length this

celestial inhabitant broke silence, and said, "My dear friend, once more I come to visit you; I am in a place of happiness, and sent by the Most High to repeat the former command respecting that youth who now lies sleeping in the bed: why did you delay communicating it to your father? Straker replied, "I designed to acquaint my father of it, but my mother ridiculing it as a dream, prevented me. Will you permit me to awake my brother? Your warning him of danger will have strong weight." "No, it is not permitted," repeated the spirit, "should you awake him he might see me, because I am at present visible to human eyes; but it would also oblige me to depart instantly. You will yourself bid adieu to this world in a few days! Be resigned, and expect the stroke." "I am not afraid of death," replied Straker, "I think I am prepared to obey the summons of the Most High." "Three hours before your death," said the other, "I shall appear to you: be mindful of the injunction laid on you." He then walked very leisurely towards the open window; Straker had resolution enough to follow him, and trod upon the skirt of the white robe, but it did not seem to feel like a common substance. At this the shining seraph turned round, and most benignly smiled upon him; and then appeared to soar up to the heavens.

Straker a few hours after penned every particular of this visitation, and directed it in a letter to his father.

He was soon after seized with a dangerous disorder. After being seated in a chair, he presently raised his drooping head, and cried, "I come, I come, my dear friend, I will soon follow." His friends around him, being surprised, asked him the reason of his exclamation; "I have just seen," said he, "my dear friend, Thomas Ostrahan; I shall expire in three hours." On being told that the young lady he courted was in the house, he desired his friends to

introduce her into his chamber. He then embraced her with great tenderness, and kissing her, mournfully exclaimed, "Farewel, my dear M.——May heaven love you, as I have done! Farewel, my dear friends!" After this he prostrated himself on his face; and, after lying some time in that posture, he expired with a gentle sigh.

Dr. Pordage's Account of several Apparitions made one Night to him in his bed chamber; Extracted from Lord Chief Justice Hale's Collections of Matters of Fact.

I Judge that God calls me to make a free and open discovery of those wonderful apparitions which were seen in my family about four years since. And if all that read this, can but receive and judge of it by that rule and principle from which I write, they will be so far from judging me, that they cannot but bless God for his mercy to me; and the more admire his wonderful works, and the greatness of his power.

In August, 1649, there appeared in my bed-chamber, about the middle of the night, a spirit in the shape of Everard, with his wearing apparel, band, cuffs, hat, &c. who, after drawing the curtain, walked through the chamber very easily, and disappeared.

That night there was another appearance of one in the form of a giant, with a great sword in his hand, without a scabbard, which he flourished against me; having the figurative similitude of a green tree lying by him.

After this had continued for the space of half an hour, it vanished, and there succeeded a third appearance, which was very terrible, being in the shape of a great dragon, which seemed to take up

most part of a large room, appearing with great teeth and open jaws, whence he often ejected fire against me, which came with such a magical influence, that it almost struck the breath out of my body, making me fall to the ground.

These three dreadful apparitions were very terrible to nature, and might have hurt me much, had I not been supported in an extraordinary manner; the last of which continued till the day began to dawn, and then disappeared.

Virtuous Friendship renewed in Heaven.

IF, when the spirit quits her clay built cell,
Ascends to heaven with spirits pure to dwell;
The friendships form'd on earth, their force retain,
And with encreasing ardor still remain;
What raptures most possess the virtuous mind,
(Virtue alone those joys can hope to find,)
To meet in worlds of never ending bliss,
All whom we loved, esteem'd, rever'd in this!
The long-lost child shall glad the parent's sight,
Deck'd in refulgent robes of spotless light:
Children with grateful smiles their parents greet,
Who fled before them to the blissful seat.
They, whom th' untimely stroke of death disjoin'd,
The faithful pair, by sacred vows combin'd;
Meet in the realms of happiness, shall prove
The true delights of pure celestial love,
And when two hearts whom tender friendship sways,
On virtue founded, in their earliest days:
Who ne'er could wish one pleasure to conceal,
Nor knew one grief but Friendship's balm could heal,
Sincerely anxious for each other's good,
By mutual counsel, sweet reproof, they stood:
When two such spirits wing their airy way,
And reach the bright abodes of endless day;
Enraptur'd, each the dear-loved friend shall view,
And ardently their former love review:

They part no more, nor change their glorious state,
Completely blest beyond the power of fate.
Let us, then, form such friendships here below
As only can survive death's certain blow;
Since Vice, tho' leagu'd, her trust will soon betray,
As Folly's airy vows fly swift away;
While virtuous Friendship scorns the attack of time,
Secure to flourish in a nobler clime;
Of never-fading happiness possest,
In heavenly mansions of eternal rest.

A Remarkable Account of the Death of two Sisters.

THIS extraordinary account was taken out of an old parish register, at East-Dean, in Essex, by the Rev. Mr. Mitchell,

"Agnes Payne, daughter of Edward Payne, was buried the first day of Feb. 1560. Johan Payne was buried the first day of Feb. 1560.

Then follows the under-written remark in the hand writing of the vicar, and attested by the churchwardens.

"In the death of these two sisters last-mentioned, is one thing worthy recording, and diligently to be noted. The eldest sister called Agnes, being very sick unto death, speechless, and was thought past hope of speaking, after she had lain 24 hours without speech, at last, upon a sudden cried out to her sister to make herself ready and come with her. Her sister Johan, being abroad about other business, was called for; who, being come to her sick sister, and demanding how she did, she very loudly and earnestly bade her sister make herself ready, seeing she stayed for her, and could not go without her. Within half an hour after, Johan was taken very sick, which increasing all the night upon her, her other sister still

calling her to come away, in the morning they both departed this wretched world together."

Then follows, in the same handwriting, this just observation. "O the unsearchable wisdom of God! how deep are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

Testified by
HENRY HOMEWOOD, } Church-
JOHN PUPP, } Wardens.

Jedediah Buxton's Prediction.

JEDEDIAH BUXTON, a poor man of Elmton, in Derbyshire, well known to several eminent, and many curious men for his uncommon talents for numbers, and extraordinary natural powers of arithmetical calculation, died about six years since; who was as famous for the exact prediction of the time of his death, as for his curious enumeration of every incident in his life while living. This man was firmly persuaded that his death would happen on a certain day, which it precisely did. From this conviction, he took a formal leave of all his friends and acquaintances, who all equally joined in the laugh at his infatuation.

He first waited on the Duke of P.———, who had been kind to him, and esteemed him as an honest and singular man. He told the butler, that he must then see his Grace, or he should never see him again; the Duke being informed of his request, ordered him into the parlour, and desired to know the cause of his earnest desire to see him. His reply was to this effect: "I am come to thank your Grace for all the favors you have bestowed on me; for I shall never see your Grace any more." On the Duke's inquiry into the reason of that declaration, he answered,

"I must never see you again: I must come here no more." Why, Jeddy? replied the Duke; he said, "Because I shall die on Thursday next." The Duke, endeavoured to persuade him that he was only vaporish, and that there was not the least intimation of his death; and withal charged his servants not to give him much beer; adding, "for the old man's brain grows weak." In the kitchen, the laugh circulated freely concerning the old man's prediction. However he stiffly maintained his certainty of its accomplishment; the intervening days were spent in taking leave of his friends: none of whom believed him either in earnest, or in his right mind.

The predicted day arriving, the old man was still equally assured of his death on that day: —and after having dined, sat himself down in his easy chair, and expired; to the astonishment of all who had ridiculed his testimony.

Of the Immortality of the Soul.

THE proofs of the immortality of the soul are drawn, *First*, From the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, From its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that sweet satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, From the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among these other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from

the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full grown, and to be incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its great Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A man considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

——————*Hæres*
Hœredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.
Hor. Ep. 2 1 2. v. 175.

——Heir crowds on heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silkworm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs, and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has no time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise being make such glorious beings for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligencies, such shortlived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom that shines through all his works, in the information of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity.

There is not a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity: that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress

of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim that now appears as a God to a human soul, knows that the period will come, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is; nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true the nature still advances higher, and preserves its distance, and superiority in the scale of being: but he knows that how high soever the station is of which he stands prepossessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge? such inexhausted sources of perfection? we know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw near to another to all eternity, without a possibility of touching it. And can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness.

A remarkable Conversion.

SAMUEL W. was so abandoned for many years, that he cast off the fear of God, and gave up himself to almost all kinds of wickedness. Being destitute of all employment, he engaged with another like himself, as trumpeter, to a set of strolling players. One morning his companion told him, that he was violently tempted of the devil to destroy himself

Samuel laughed at him for his weakness in regarding such thoughts. However, in a few days, the deluded wretch perpetrated the horrible deed. Very soon after, Samuel was violently tempted to commit the same crime. His mind was continually in a tempest. He thought Satan urged him to destroy himself directly, as his comrade had done; telling him, that he had sinned beyond the reach of mercy, and the longer he lived, the greater would be his condemnation. He was harassed thus for more than a year, although he applied to a physician, and also sought the advice of two clergymen, without any benefit. In this distressing situation, he saw in a dream, a minister, who said to him, "I know your troubles, and am come to show you the way, to peace with God: Follow me." Presently, he thought, that he was conducted into a beautiful garden, where every thing he saw was transporting to his mind. In a few weeks after this dream, in the streets of Truro, he saw the Rev. Mr. Walker, Curate of the town. He instantly cried out, "That is the very man who appeared to me in my dream; I must go and tell him what my sufferings are." Accordingly he did so: and Mr. Walker after representing the sinfulness of sin, and the necessity of repentance, preached Christ to him. The poor criminal almost fainted away, and said, "I cannot believe what you say, unless you now take a solemn oath that it is true; and tell me that you yourself have no other hope, but Christ dying on the cross to save you." Mr. Walker was so struck with the poor man's simplicity and sincerity, that he did then, in the most solemn manner possible, swear, "He had no other hope." In that very hour, Samuel was set free from the bondage of sin and satan;—he forsook all his wicked companions, got into another employment: and led a new life: a life becoming a follower of Jesus Christ.

A Singular History of a Murder, found out twenty-two years, after it was perpetrated, in the town of Chelmsford, and discovered by the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, author of the Dictionary of Engravers, &c. &c. &c.

SOME years ago having occasion to be at Chelmsford, a very strange adventure happened to me. I arrived late in the evening, on my journey from Colchester, and after having inquired for the best inn, was recommended to the White Horse, which was at the other end of the town, facing the market, and adjoining to the churchyard; in the morning I was desirous of seeing the church, a long, large, and stately edifice, and then just finished: after I had surveyed the building, I walked among the tombs in the churchyard, and the sexton was then digging a grave for a burial, which was to be made of a townsman that evening: I stood awhile to observe the man, who, without the least compunction or reflection, cast out from the earth, the remains of his fellow mortals, and whistled with indifference.

Amongst a variety of bones thrown out of the pit, was a skull, which appeared whiter than ordinary; this induced me to take it up, and turning it about, I heard something rattle within it; upon examination, I found a large nail, covered with rust, full four inches long: it surprised me to find a nail in such a situation, and on turning the skull about, I found on the forehead a perforation, encrusted with the rust of the iron, and in which a part of the nail yet remained; this led me to suspect, that the owner of that skull had been murdered, but without mentioning any suspicion to my grave companion, I inquired, if he knew to whom the bones which he was now throwing out of the earth belonged? "Yes, Sir," said he, "and well too; he was as hearty a cock as ever broke bread, and was the master of the White Horse, two and twenty years ago."

"How came he by his death? "Oh, very suddenly! alas, my worthy master, we are here to-day and there to-morrow; death when he comes will not be said nay. Would you believe it, I drank with him the night before, and he seemed as well in health as I, but in the morning he was dead, and I buried him with my own hands in this grave." "He died, suddenly, you say?" "He was dead, I tell you the next morning." "Was any cause assigned?" "He died in a fit." "And do you think this was his skull?" "I'd not deceive you, Sir, I am sure of it." "See then, said I, the cause of his dying suddenly," showing him the nail rusted in the skull, and the remainder corroded and loose in the cavity. He seemed astonished. "Had he no family?" "No, he left a widow, the woman who at present keeps the inn, and before two months were past from the death of her husband, she married the hostler—he is at present the master."

Without farther questioning the sexton, I inquired for the residence of the Justice, and taking the skull in my hand, I wrapped the end of my mantle about it, and went to him: I was readily admitted; and after apologizing for my intrusion, told him the cause of my coming, and then showed him the skull! he was struck in the same manner as I had been, that the owner of this skull had been murdered, and sent for the sexton, who confirmed what he said to me, and declared he was ready to make oath to the identity of the skull. The magistrate then sent for the woman, by a mere verbal message, that no alarm might be given; she instantly attended. She seemed surprised at seeing me there. I smiled, and bid her, good morrow, said I had rested well, and had walked out for amusement; when after some little extraneous conversation, the magistrate gave it a different turn, and without any more of previous introduction, began to question her concerning her first husband. She then affected to weep, and praised him for a paragon of kindness and virtue. "But still,

I hope, you have no reason to complain of your present good man." "Certainly not, your worship, said she, not upon the whole; but he has not the learning and breeding of my dear, dear Gregory!" "You married him, I understand, very soon after your dear Gregory's death?" "Why, la! your worship, what could a poor woman do, left alone, as you may say, in a large inn, and all men-folk about her! indeed, I wept for Gregory, but I was obliged to think for myself" "He died suddenly, I heard?" "Ah, your worship, I was happy as the days were long in the evening, and in the morning, your honor, I was a poor miserable lone woman! indeed, it is true, your honor!" "Did you know the cause of his death?" "Oh, he was taken in a fit of apoplexy, and fell back on his chair, and spoke no more! we put him to bed, chaffed and rubbed him, but all to no purpose." "What help did you call in, did you not send for the doctor?" "Oh, your worship, it was to no purpose, he was stone dead." "But bleeding in such cases is sometimes efficacious. Then you did not call in the doctor?" "No, your honor, I was too much frightened to think on't." "You said, we put him to bed; who was it that assisted you?" "Robert, the hostler, for I could not lift him by myself: but forsooth, your worship, we called in the gossips, they saw my dear husband's corpse, and helped to lay it out too; therefore there was no need of the coroner's inquest, and he was buried, your honor, as a man, St. Michael bless him, should be buried, and holy mass said over him, or I had been much to blame, your honor," "No doubt; but prithee, did he never complain previously of the headach?" "Yes, your honor; after he had been mellow with his customers, for your honor must know, Gregory was a rare hand to make his customers drink."— "Yes, but immediately before his death," said the Justice, "did he not complain of the head ach?"

"Not in the least, your honor, he had just drank a cup of ale." "Well, said the magistrate, abruptly, "he complained not of the headach."—"Not in the least." "Why, said he, fixing his eyes full on her, "that is strange, indeed? I think a nail of half the length, would have made me complain."—"Nail! your honor," said she, trembling, "nail! oh, that is false! there was no nail!" She then hesitated, and soon after recollecting herself, rejoined, "Forsooth, I do not know what your worship means by a nail!" "Why, I'll tell you, good woman," said he, producing the skull, and the part of the nail found in it: "had such a nail as this been driven into my skull, it would also have prevented me from complaining." The moment she saw the skull and the nail, she exclaimed, "Murder will out! Yes, Robert must die!" and instantly fainted away.

The Justice caused her to be removed into an inner room, and sent for the husband, who was at home, but excused himself, on account of his wife being absent, and customers being in the house; but the constable told him the business was of consequence: he put on his hat, and went with him. When he entered, The Justice said, "Pray, Mr. Robert, excuse my sending for you in so peremptory a manner, but there is a question between this gentleman and me, which you can readily answer." Your Worship knows you may command any thing which is in my power," replied Robert. "Well then, tell me, without disguise, how long can a man live after a long nail has been driven into his skull?"—On the sudden satement of this question, his courage forsook him, his knees knocked each other, and his teeth chattered in his head, and he exclaimed, "Why—why—why——your wor—ship———how should—I—I—kn—o—w!"———"What is the matter with thee, Robert?" says the Justice. "What is it that frightens thee! Surely it is not the ghost of

of Gregory, thy master, which has occasioned this astonishment!" "Oh, then," cried he out, "I see that my she devil has betrayed me! but it was all her doing," "What," cried the justice, "what was her doing?" "Aye," cried he, a little recollecting himself, "I want to know why your worship asks such strange questions? I am sure as how I do not know how to answer them; but your honor must know I have got some horses from Thaxted fair, coming home this morning, and, I dare say they are home by now. I hope your honor will excuse me at present. If your worship is in this merry mood in the afternoon, I'll come and answer any of your honor's questions, with all my heart." "Stop, my friend," says the justice, "we cannot part at present, quite so easily, shut the door there; and for the horses, your hostler, good master Robert, must look after them. But you must know, that you stand charged with murder: your wife has confessed the same, and it appears from her confession, you are the murderer." "I—I—your honor!" "Yes, of your master." "Did she confess?" "I tell you she did, and accuses you of doing the deed."—"Oh, 'tis false! she wants to get rid of me as she did of Gregory; she persuaded me, but I never did any such thing!" "Look here, Robert," said the magistrate, "see this skull, it was thy master's—yes, 'tis Gregory's skull! see this nail found within it, corroded by age; see where the head remains still in the bone, and recollect at once your handy work."

The sudden exposure of the skull, and the address, so worked upon the mind of the unfortunate culprit, that, aided by the terrors of a guilty conscience, it led him to a full confession; he and his wife were consequently committed to the prison: I was obliged to appear as an evidence at the yearly assizes, held for the county, where various circumstances were adduced in proof of the murder, and they, being justly condemned, suffered the condign punishment.

The Rake reformed in the House of Mourning.

FLORINO was young and idle; he gave himself up to all the diversions of the town, and roved wild among the pleasures of sense; nor did he confine himself within the limits of virtue, or withhold his heart from any forbidden joy. Often hath he been heard to ridicule marriage, and affirm that no man can mourn heartily for a dead wife, for then he hath leave by the law to choose a new companion, to riot in all the gayer scenes of a new courtship, and perhaps to advance his fortune too.

When he heard of the death of Serena. "Well, said he, I will go visit my friend Lucius, and rally him a little on this occasion." He went the next day in all the wantonness of his heart to fulfil his design, inhuman and barbarous as it was, and to sport with solemn sorrow. But when Lucius appeared, the man of gaiety was strangely surprised, he saw such a sincere and inimitable distress sitting on his countenance, and discovering itself in every air and action, that he dropt his cruel purpose, his soul began to melt and he assumed the comforter.

Florino's methods of consolation were all drawn from two topics: some from fate and necessity, advising an heroic indolence about unavoidable events which are past, and cannot be reversed; and some were derived from the various amusements of life which call the soul abroad, and divide and scatter the thoughts, and suffer not the mind to attend to its inward anguish. "Come, Lucius, said he, come, smooth your brows a little and brighten up for an hour or two: come along with me to a concert this evening where you shall hear some of the best pieces of music that ever were composed, and performed, by some of the best hands that ever touched an instrument. To-morrow I will wait on you to the play, or, if you please, to the new opera, where the scenes are so surprising and so gay, that they would almost

tempt an old hermit from his beloved cell, and call back his years to three and twenty Come my friend, what have the living to do with the dead? Do but forget your grievances a little and they will die too: come, shake off the spleen, divert your heart with the entertainment of wit and melody, and call away your fancy from these gloomy and useless contemplations." Thus he run on in his own way of talking, and opened to his mourning friend the best springs of comfort that he was acquainted with.

Lucius endured this prattle as long as he was able to endure it, but it had no manner of influence to staunch the bleeding wound or to abate his smarting sorrows. His pain waxed more intense by such sort of applications, and the grief soon grew too unruly to contain itself.

Lucius then asked leave to retire a little; Florino followed him softly at a distance to the door of his closet, where indeed he observed not any of the rules of civility or just decency, but placed himself near enough to listen how the passion took its vent: and there he heard the distressed Lucius mourning over Serena's death in such language as this:

What did Florino talk about? Necessity and fate? Alas, this is my misery, that so painful an event cannot be reversed, that the divine will has made it fate, and there is a necessity of my enduring it.

Plays and music and operas! What poor trifles are these to give ease to a wounded heart! To a heart that has lost its choicest half! A heart that lies bleeding in deep anguish under such a keen parting stroke, and the long, long absence of my Serena! She is gone. The desire of my eyes and the delight of my soul is gone.—The first of earthly comforts and the best of mortal blessings.—She is gone, and she has taken with her all that was pleasant, all that could brighten the gloomy hours of life, that could soften the cares and relieve the burdens of it. She is gone, and the best portion and joy of my life is

departed. Will she never return, never come back and bless my eyes again? No; never, never—She will no more come back to visit this wretched world and to dry these weeping eyes. That best portion of my life, that dearest blessing is gone, and will return no more. Sorrows in long succession await me while I live; all my future days are marked out for grief and darkness.

Let the man, who feels no inward pain at the loss of such a partner, dress his dwelling in black shades and dismal formalities: let him draw the curtains of darkness around him and teach his chambers a fashionable mourning: but real anguish of heart needs none of these modish and dissembled sorrows. My soul is hung round with dark images in all her apartments, and every scene is sincere lamentation and death.

I thought once I had some pretences to the courage of a man: but this is a season of untried distress: I now shudder at a thought, I start at shadows, my spirits are sunk, and horror has taken hold of me. I feel passions in me that were unknown before; love has its own proper grief and its peculiar anguish. Mourning love has those agonies and those sinkings of spirit which are known only to bereaved and virtuous lovers.

I stalk about like a ghost in musing silence, till the gathering sorrow grows too big for the heart and bursts out into weak and unmanly wailings. Strange and overwhelming stroke indeed! It has melted all the man within me down to softness: my nature is gone back to childhood again: I would maintain the dignity of my age and my sex, but these eyes rebel and betray me; the eyelids are full, they overflow; the drops of love and grief trickle down my cheeks, and plow the furrows of age there before their time.

How often in a day are these sluices opened afresh? The sight of every friend that knew her calls up my

weakness and betrays my frailty. I am quite ashamed of myself. What shall I do? Is there nothing of manhood left about my heart? I will resist the passion, I will struggle with nature, I will grow indolent and forbid my tears. Alas, poor feeble wretch that I am! In vain I struggle; in vain I resist: the assumed indolence vanishes; the real passion works within, it swells and bears down all before it: the torrent rises and prevails hourly, and nature will have its way. Even the Son of God when he became man, was found weeping at the tomb of a darling friend. Lazarus died and Jesus wept.

O my soul, what shall I do to relieve this heartach? How shall I cure this painful sensibility? Is there no opiate will reach it? Whither shall I go to leave my sorrows behind me? I wander from one room to another, and wherever I go I still seem to seek her, but I miss her still. My imagination flatters me with her lovely image, and tempts me to doubt, is she dead indeed? My fond imagination would fain forget her death-bed, and impose upon my hope that I shall find her somewhere. I visit her apartment, I steal into her closet: in days past when I have missed her in the parlour, how often have I found the dear creature in that beloved corner of the house, that sweet place of divine retirement and converse with heaven? But even that closet is empty now. I go thither, and I retire in disappointment and confusion.

Methinks I should meet her in some of her walks, in some of her family cares or innocent amusements: I should see her face, methinks, I should hear her voice and exchange a tender word or two——Ah foolish rovings of a distressed and disquieted fancy! Every room is empty and silent; closets, parlours, chambers, all empty, all silent; and that very silence and emptiness proclaim my sorrows: even emptiness and deep silence join to confess the painful loss.

Shall I try then to put her quite out of my thought,

since she will come no more within the reach of my senses? Shall I loosen the fair picture and drop it from my heart, since the fairer original is for ever gone? Go, then, fair picture, go from my bosom, and appear to my soul no more. Hard word! But it must be done: go, depart thou dearest form; thou most lovely of images, go from my heart: thy presence is now too painfnl in that tender part of me. O unhappy word! Thy presence painful? A dismal change indeed! When thou wert wont to arise and show thyself there, graces and joys were wont to arise and show themselves: graces and joys went always with her, nor did her image ever appear without them, till that dark and bitter day that spread the veil of death over her; but her image drest in that gloomy veil hath lost all the attendant joys and graces. Let her picture vanish from my soul then, since it has lost those endearing attendants: let it vanish away into forgetfulness, for death has robbed it of every grace and every joy.

Yet stay a little there, tempting image, let me once more survey thee: stay a little moment, and let me take one last glance. One solemn farewel. Is there not something in the resemblance of her too lovely still to have it quite banished from my heart? Can I set my soul at work to try to forget her? Can I deal so unkindly with one who would never have forgotten me? Can my soul live without her image on it? Is it not stampt there too deep ever to be effaced?

Methinks I feel all my heartstrings wrapt around her, and grow so fast to that dear picture in my fancy, they seem to be rooted there. To be divided from it is to die. Why should I then pursue so vain and fruitless an attempt? What! forget myself? forget my life? No; it cannot be; nor can I bear to think of such a rude and cruel treatment of an image so much deserving and so much beloved. Neither passion nor reason permits me to forget her, nor

is it within my power. She is present almost to all my thoughts: she is with me in all my motions; grief has arrows with her name upon them, that stick as fast and as deep as those of love; they cleave to my vitals wheresoever I go, but with a quicker sensation and a keener pain. Alas it is love and grief together that have shot all their arrows into my heart, and filled every vein with acute anguish and long distress.

Whither then shall I fly to find solace and ease? I cannot depart from myself: I cannot abandon these tender and smarting sensations. Shall I quit the house and all the apartments of it which renew her dear memory? Shall I rove in these open fields which lie near my dwelling, and spread wide their pleasing verdure? Shall I give my soul a loose to all nature that smiles around me, or shall I confine my daily walk to this shady and delightful garden? Oh, no: neither of these will relieve my anguish. Serena has too often blessed me with her company both in this garden and in these fields. Her very name seems written on every tree: I shall think of her and fancy I see her in every step I take. Here she prest the grass with her feet, here she gathered violets and roses and refreshing herbs, and gave the lovely collection of sweetness into my hand. But alas, the sweetest violet and the fairest rose is fallen, is withered, and is no more. Farewel then, ye fields and gardens, with all your varieties of green and flowery joys! Ye are all a desert, a barren wilderness, since Serena has for ever left you and will be seen there no more.

But can friends do nothing to comfort a mourner? Come, my wise friends, surround me and divert my cares with your agreeable conversation. Can books afford no relief? Come, my books, ye volumes of knowledge, ye labors of the learned dead; come, fill up my hours with some soothing amusement. I call my better friends about me, I fly to the heroes and the philosophers of ancient ages to employ my

soul among them. But alas! neither learning nor books amuse me, nor green and smiling prospects of nature delight me, nor conversation with my wisest and best friends can entertain me in these dark and melancholy hours. Solitude, solitude in some unseen corner, some lonely grotto, overgrown with shades: this is my dearest choice; let me dwell in my beloved solitude where none shall come near me; midnight and solitude are the most pleasing things to a man who is weary of daylight and of all the scenes of this visible and busy world. I would eat and drink and dwell alone, though this lonesome humor sooths and gratifies the painful passion, and gives me up to the tyranny of my sharpest sorrows. Strange mixture that I am made of! I mourn and grieve even to death, and yet I seem fond of nothing but grief and mourning.

Woe is me! Is there nothing on earth can divert, nothing relieve me? Then let my thoughts ascend to paradise and heaven, there I shall find her better part, and grief must not enter there. From this hour take a new turn, O my soul, and never think of Serena but as shining and rejoicing among the spirits of the blest, and in the presence of her God. Rise often in holy meditation to the celestial world, and betake thyself to more intense piety. Devotion has wings that will bear thee high above the tumults and passions of lower life: devotion will direct and speed thy flight to a country of brighter scenes.

Shake off this earthliness of mind, this dust of mortality that hangs about thee: rise upward often in an hour, and dwell much in those regions whither thy devout partner is gone: thy better half is safely arrived there, and that world knows nothing but joy and love.

She is gone; the prophets and the apostles and the best of departed souls have marked out her way to heaven: bear witness ye apostles and holy prophets, the best of departed souls bear witness, that

I am seeking to follow her in the appointed moment. Let the wheels of nature and time roll on apace in the destined way. Let suns and moons arise and set apace, and light a lonesome traveller onward to his home. Blessed Jesus, be thou my living leader! Virtue, and the track of Serena's feet be my daily and delightful path. The track leads upward to the regions of love and joy. How can I dare to wander from the path of virtue lest I lose that beloved track? Remember, O my soul, her footsteps are found in no other road.

If my love to virtue should ever fail me, the steps of my Serena would mark out my way, and help to secure me from wandering. O may the kind influences of heaven descend from above, and establish and guard my pious resolutions! May the divine powers of religion be my continual strength, and the hope of eternal things my never-failing support, till I am dismissed from this prison of the flesh and called to ascend to the spirits of the just made perfect, till I bid adieu to all that is not immortal, and go dwell with my God and my adored Saviour; there shall I find my lost Serena again, and share with her unutterable joys of paradise.

Here Lucius threw himself on the couch and lay silent in profound meditation.

When Florino had heard all this mournful rhapsody, he retired and stole away in secret, for he was now ashamed of his first barbarous design: he felt a sort of strange sympathy of sorrow such as he never knew before, and with it some sparks of virtue began to kindle in his bosom. As he mused the fire burnt within, and at last it made its way to his lips and vented itself. "Well, said he, I have learnt two excellent lessons to-day, and I hope I shall never forget them. There must be some vast and unknown pleasure in a virtuous love beyond all the madness of wild and transient amours; otherwise the loss of the object could never have wrought such deep and

unfeigned woe in a soul so firm and manly as that of Lucius. I begin now to believe what Milton sung, though I always read the lines before as mere poesy and fable.

" Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In paradise, of all things common else:
By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son and brother, first were known:
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual amours, mixt dance, or wanton mask,
Or midnight ball, &c.

" Blessed poet, that could so happily unite love and virtue, and draw so beautiful a scene of real felicity, which till this day I always thought was merely romantic and visionary! Lucius has taught me to understand these lines, for he has felt them; and methinks while I repeat them now I feel a strange new sensation. I am convinced the blind poet saw deeper into nature and truth than I have imagined. There is, there is such a thing as a union of virtuous souls, where happiness is only found. I find some glimmerings of sacred light rising upon me, some unknown pantings within after such a partner and such a life.

" Nor is the other lesson which I have learnt at all inferior to this, but in truth it is of higher and more durable importance. I confess since I was nineteen years old I never thought virtue and religion had been good for any thing, but to tie up children from mischief, and frighten fools: but now I find by the conduct of my friend Lucius, that as the sweetest

joys of life are derived from virtue, so the most distressing sorrows may find a just relief in religion and sincere piety. Hear me, thou almighty Maker of my frame, pity and assist a returning wanderer, and O may thy hand stamp these lessons upon my soul in everlasting characters."

One Devil casting out another.

LATRISSA is often indisposed. Her friends attend her with most obliging visits, and sometimes give her relief in a gloomy hour. Last Friday she was seized with her usual discomposures; two ladies of her greatest intimacy spent the afternoon in her chamber; they talked of public business, and the commotions of the world, she was all silence and unmoved.—They brought in virtue and religion, and tried to raise the conversation to heaven; her soul was very heavy still, and her ears were listless. They descended to common trifles, surveyed the green fields through the window. and blessed the fine weather and the warm sunshine; Latrissa was all cloudy within, and received the talk very coldly.

When they found all these attempts were in vain, they ran to the charming topic of dress and fashion, gay colors and new habits; they traversed the park, and rehearsed the birth-day; but even this would awaken no pleasing airs, nor introduce one smile, nor scarce provoke an answer.

At last one of the visitants happened to mention a name or two, for which Latrissa had a known aversion, and began to expose their conduct and their character. Latrissa soon felt the wicked pleasure; the luscious poison wrought powerfully within, her voice echoed to every accusation, and confirmed all the infamy. A discourse so agreeable scattered the inward gloom, and awakened her gall and her

tongue at once. After a few sentences past she assumed the chair, and ingrossed the whole conversation herself. She railed on triumphantly for an hour together without intermission and without weariness, though when her friends first came in to see her she could hardly speak for fainting.

Thus have I seen an old lap-dog lie sullen or lazy before the fire, though pretty Miss hath tried a hundred ways to awaken the creature to activity and play: but a stranger happening to enter the room, the little cur hath called up all his natural envy and rage, nor hath he ceased barking till the stranger disappeared. When the sullen animal would not play, he let us hear that he could bark.

But I reprove myself. This vice is too big to be chastised by ridicule, for it is a most hateful breach of the rules of the gospel. What a dismal spectacle is it to see this engine of scandal set on work so successfully among christians, to drive out the deaf and dumb spirit! to see satan employed to cast out satan, and one evil spirit dispossessed by another!

O the shameful gust and relish that some people find in reproach and slander! The great apostle says, "Speak evil of no man;" and he excludes railers and revilers from the kingdom of heaven: yet Latrissa performs the duties of the church and the closet, rails daily at some of her neighbours, and thinks herself a christian of the first rank still; nor will she see nor believe the iniquity of her temper or the guilt of her conversation.

The Church-yard.

WHEN I enter into a church-yard, I love to converse with the dead. See how thick the hillocks of mortality arise all around me, each of them a monument of death, and the covering of a

son or daughter of Adam. Perhaps a thousand or ten thousand pieces of human nature, heaps upon heaps, lie buried in this spot of ground; it is the old repository of the inhabitants of the neighbouring town; a collection of the ruins of many ages, and the rubbish of twenty generations.

I say within myself, What a multitude of human beings, noble creatures, are here reduced to dust! God has broken his own best workmanship to pieces, and demolished by thousands the finest earthly structures of his own building. Death has entered in, and reigned over this town for many successive centuries: it had its commission from God, and it has devoured multitudes of men.

Should a stranger make the inquiry which is expressed; Deut. xxix. 25. "Wherefore has the Lord done thus to the work of his own hands? What meaneth the heat of this great anger?" The answer is ready, verse 25, &c. "Because they have sinned, they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord God, therefore the Lord has rooted them out of their land in anger, and in wrath, and in great indignation, and hath cast them into another land, even the land of corruption and darkness, as it is at this day."

But have not other towns, cities and villages their church-yards too? My thoughts take the hint, and fly abroad through all the burying-places of the nations. What millions of mankind lie under the ground in urns, or mingled with common clay? Every ancient town and city in the world has burnt or buried all its inhabitants more than thirty times over: what wide spreading slaughter, what lamentable desolation, has death made among the children of men! But the vengeance is just in all; each of them are sinners; "and the anger of God hath kindled against them to bring upon them the first curse that is written in his book, "In the day that thou sinnest thou shalt surely die;" Gen. ii. 17.

Go to the church-yard then, O sinful and thought-

less mortal; go learn from every tombstone and every rising hillock, that the wages of sin is death. Learn in silence among the dead that lesson which infinitely concerns all the living: nor let thy heart be ever at rest till thou art acquainted with Jesus, who is the resurrection and the life.

Common Occurrence moralized.

AS Theophron one evening was sitting solitary by the fire, which was sunk low, and glimmering in ashes, he mused on the sorrows that surrounded human nature, and beset the spirits that dwell in flesh. By chance he cast his eye on a worm which was lodged on the safer end of a short firebrand; it seemed very uneasy at its warm station, writhing and stretching itself every way for relief. He watched the creeping creature in all its motions. I saw it, said he, when he told this incident to Philemus, I saw it reach forward, and there it met the living coal; backward, and on each side, and then it touched the burning embers: still starting from the present torment, it retreated and shrunk away from every place where it had just before sought a refuge, and still met with new disquietude and pain.

At last I observed, said he, that having turned on all sides in vain, it lifted its head upward, and raised its length as high as possible in the air, where it found nothing to annoy it; but the chief part of the body still lay prone on the wood; its lower or worser half hung heavy on the aspiring animal, and forbid its ascent. How happy would the worm have been, could it then have put on wings and become a flying insect!

Such, said he, is the case of every holy soul on earth; it is out of its proper element, like the worm lodged amongst hot embers. The uneasy spirit is

sometimes ready to stretch its powers, its desires, and wishes, on every side, to find rest and happiness amongst sensible goods; but these things instead of satisfying its nobler appetites, rather give some new pain, variety of vexation, and everlasting disappointment. The soul finding every experiment vain, retires and shrinks back from all mortal objects, and being touched with divine influence, it raises itself up towards heaven to seek its God: but the flesh, the body, the meaner and worser half of the man, hangs heavy, and drags it down again, that it cannot ascend thither, where rest and ease are only to be found.

What should such a soul do now, but pant and long hourly for a flight to the upper world, and breathe after the moment of its release? What should be more joyful to such a spirit, than the divine and almighty summons to depart from flesh? O blessed voice from heaven that shall say to it, "Come up hither?" and in the same instant shall break off all its fetters, give it the wings of an angel, and inspire it with double zeal to ascend.

At another time, said Philemus, I happened to be with this good man when he was walking through a grove, and we unperched a squirrel and a lark. The squirrel leaped nimbly from bough to bough, and ran round half the trees of the grove to secure itself; but the lark, after it had just tried a bough or two, took wing upward, and we saw it no more. Just such is the difference, said Theophron, between a christian and a man of this world. When the sons of earth are beat off from one mortal hope, they run still to others, they search round among all the creatures to find relief, and dwell upon earthly comforts still: but the soul of a christian, unperched from his rest on earth, flies immediately towards heaven, and takes its relief in the upper world among things that are invisible.

When Philemus told these little occurrences of

Theophron, together with his pious remarks upon them, Ridelio sat simpering with an air of contempt till the story was done, and then burst out into a loud laugh. "What, says he, is the old puritanical age returned again? Must we spiritualize the affairs of larks, and worms, and squirrels, and learn religion from all the trifles in nature? At church let us be grave, and mind the business of the church; but let us not fill our chimney with lessons of godliness, nor sadden our fireside with devotion; let us never be so excessively religious as to make temples of the fields and the groves, and talk of God and heaven there."

Philemus could hold no longer, but, with a solemn and severe countenance, gave Ridelio a just rebuke. Must we never think of heaven but at church? I fear we shall then banish religion out of the world. Hath not the blessed God given us notices of himself among all the creatures, and must we never dare to take notice of him in any of them, lest we be out of the mode, and ridiculed as unfashionable? Perish all these fashions of an ungodly world, which would thrust heaven from our thoughts! Let the fashion of our Saviour obtain among us, who, when he came down from God and dwelt among men, from every occurrence of life took occasion to raise the thoughts of his hearers to things divine and heavenly. He drew the lessons of his gospel from the fig-tree and the mustard-seed, from a lost sheep and a louring sky, and there was scarce any occurrence of the meanest kind which he did not improve to holy purposes; nor does it become any man who wears the face of a christian, to laugh at the practice of his Saviour, or to forbid his followers the imitation of so sacred an example.

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